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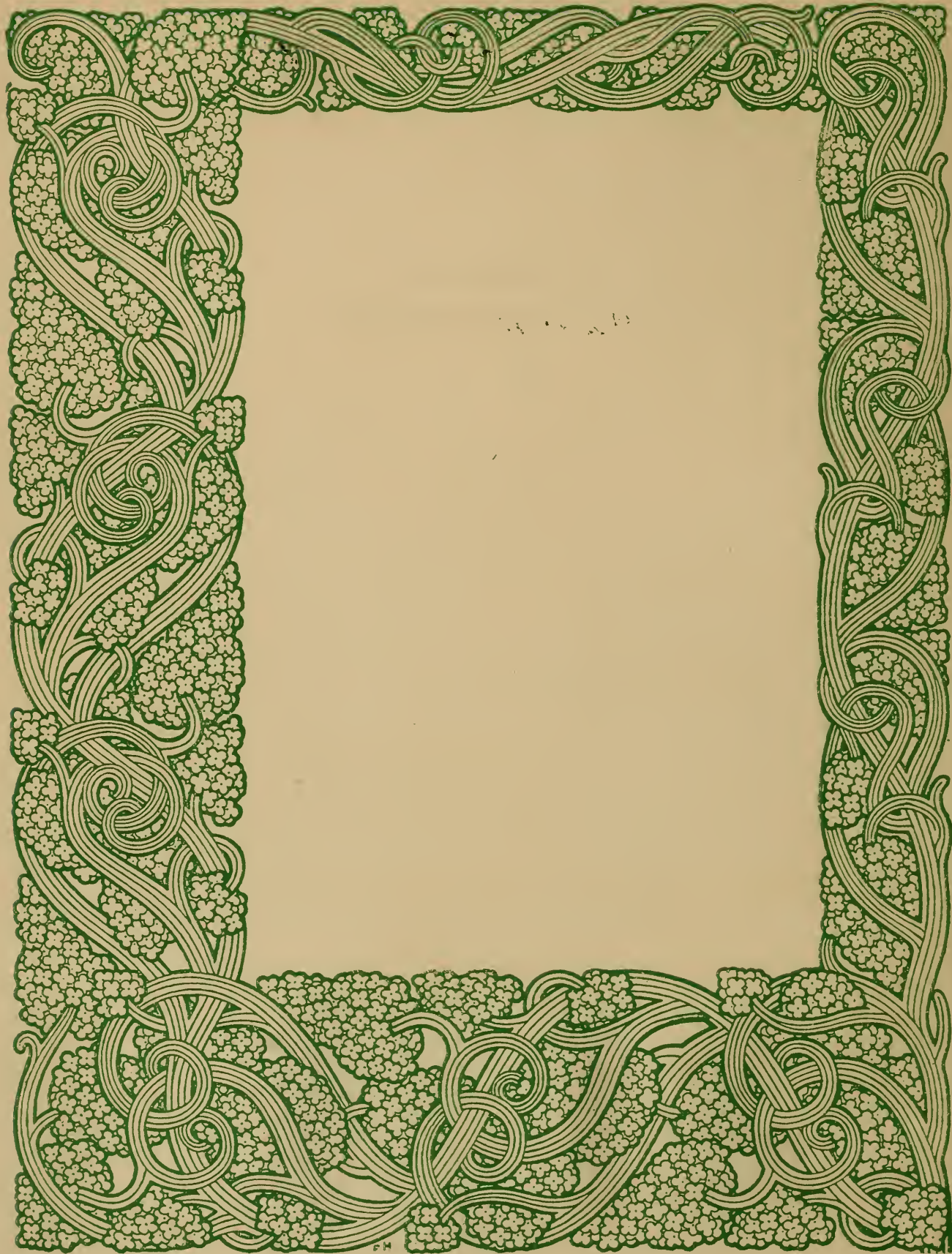
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1897

EVE'S GLOSSARY
The Guide-book of a *Mondaine*





EVE'S GLOSSARY

By the
Marquise
de
Fontenoy,

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INTRODUCTION



WHY should women ever cease to be attractive? There is absolutely no reason, save neglect and carelessness. Beauty and youth consist of a fine skin, good features, abundant tresses, long eyelashes, delicately pencilled eyebrows, red lips, white teeth, a fine figure, and small hands and feet. Well, all of these can be preserved, or, if lacking, may even be acquired to a certain degree with comparatively little trouble.

Bulwer has said somewhere that no one preserves imagination after forty; and it seems to be the general belief that at this age, also, women should give up the idea of being admired for their looks. This is a grievous error, and Madame de Sévigné was quite right when she asserted that a woman has only attained the fulness of her charms when she reaches her thirtieth year. As a rule, we feel convinced that advancing age casts an unpoetic shadow on our life, that the glorious kingdom of youth over which we once reigned must needs become in time a sad, pale-gray shore where we

shall find nothing but disappointment and disenchantment. We try to face this dread emergency with courage, but often fail to conceal our bitterness thereat, with the consequence that we make the purely imaginary evil twenty times worse, to ourselves and to others, by brooding over it.

The attention of middle-aged women should be directed far more to the care they should take of their persons than to the taste they display in their toilets. Who has not heard women with grown-up children say, with touching simplicity, "Oh, I need not mind how I look, now that I am becoming an old woman"? This is about the greatest mistake that one can well commit, for, on the contrary, it is when youth and beauty begin to disappear that women should be most anxious to repair *du temps l'irréparable outrage* by bestowing extra attention upon their appearance in public or at home. Sons and daughters like to be proud of their mother, and old husbands are just as eager as youthful ones to hear their life's companion praised for her beauty and elegance. In order to bring about this result it is necessary to take the most minute care of one's person. Daily baths, weekly shampooing, daintily polished nails, faintly perfumed underwear, etc., are absolutely *de rigueur*. Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness, and ought to be observed in

of anxious young mothers and wives. I shall of course begin with the chief subject,—the care which should be taken of the outward woman.

Numerous imperfections brought on by age can easily be softened, if not completely avoided, with just a little trouble. Wrinkles—the terror of women—are among the number. The first rule to observe is to dry the face after bathing it from chin to brow, instead of rubbing it harshly and in all directions. A gentle massage of the face is also recommended, and a few drops of tincture of benzoin added to a basinful of warm water render the skin smooth and firm.

Banville—an author of much acumen and wit—often used to declare that “a woman can always be beautiful if she wants to be so.” Nothing is truer: but to succeed in this pleasant undertaking she must possess an iron will and much perseverance. I propose to give here a few hints and some advice, together with a number of recipes, both ancient and modern, which if followed and applied will prove quite as valuable to the girl yet in her teens as to the married woman, or even the grandmother who, out of consideration for those about her, has not given up the desire to please by the care she takes of her mature charms. I will let my readers into many a little dressing-room secret, and attempt to demonstrate how every woman

on earth, whether she has been especially gifted by Nature or not, can succeed in rendering herself lovely and lovable to all those with whom she comes into contact.

I am sorry to say that many "very good" wives have a way of thinking that because they are devoted to their husbands, they can abandon all harmless coquetries and renounce, once and for all, the many little innocent artifices which so much enhance the appearance of those who have lost the first bloom of youth. In my opinion it is, on the contrary, the married woman who ought to turn her full attention to the difficult undertaking of keeping her husband's admiration and love alive. It is easy enough to first attract a man's attention, but to retain his regard after years of wedded life is another question altogether, and well worthy of our consideration.

A great number of society women, of course, rush to the opposite extreme and become martyrs to the all-pervading thought of being pretty. Strangely enough, it is precisely these tireless *mondaines* who lose their *fraîcheur* first. This is explained by the unnatural life they lead. First of all, the innumerable gayeties of their existence result in their never going to bed much before daylight, — at least during the season, — in their never eating anything digestible, or drinking

anything wholesome, in their attempting by hook or by crook to make their waist half as small as it really is, and in their destroying their nerves with chloral, morphine, tea, sweetmeats, bonbons, ices, and many other things.

The preservation of beauty necessitates that of health, and also a perfect repose of heart and brain, not to mention a sweet temper; for nothing brings on wrinkles like perpetual frowns. However, it is best to begin this work by treating the different points of the subject one by one, in detail; or, so to speak, by setting the principal lines of the scaffolding meant to uphold "the beauty of woman."

CHAPTER I

THE DRESSING-ROOM AND BATHS

THE woman in moderate circumstances, as well as she whose wealth is almost unlimited, should make a point of having one room which is the *sanctum* especially devoted to her exclusive use, a place where she dresses and undresses, where she can find a refuge in the moments when she feels out of sorts or sad, and entrance to which is obtained only by her special permission. The dressing-room should be furnished as elegantly as possible, according to the means of the fair divinity of this shrine, and always kept in perfect order. It is desirable to have a bath-room attached to it, or at any rate a smaller apartment where the bathing apparatus, tubs, etc., are kept; but, failing this, the tub can easily find a place in the dressing-room itself if care is taken to put a large square of oilcloth or linoleum underneath it in order to prevent the carpet from being splashed.

It is well known that the dressing-rooms of great ladies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were

more like boudoirs than anything else. The walls were frescoed by celebrated artists, the draperies were of delicate, hand-painted satins, and the *objets-de-toilette*, strewed on porphyry and onyx tables, of gold, silver, and *vermeil*. In Paris, the most perfect *cabinet-de-toilette* belongs to a young and beautiful Duchess of the *noble-Faubourg*, and a short description of it may be useful to any woman possessing a sufficiently large rent-roll to afford such luxuries.

"A casket fit for a pearl" is this peerless room. The furniture is of finely carved ivory mosaics, the hangings are of ivory-hued velvet, embroidered by hand, with trailing garlands of peach-blossoms and knots of rosy heath. The ceiling is decorated with "the Story of Love," and the glass in the windows is milk-white, engraved with the crest of the Duchess and overhung with double curtains of point d'Alençon lace lined with pale pink satin. The floor is covered entirely by a silver-fox fur carpet, and broad lounges, deep arm-chairs, and piles of silken cushions are scattered here and there. In each corner are large square, pink-and-white Sèvres boxes mounted on silver claw-feet, containing flowering pink and white shrubs. The toilet-table stands between two windows. It is shrouded in Alençon lace over pale pink satin tied with *moiré* bows, and the Saxe mirror, framed by a *ronde* of Cupids, is

surrounded by gold-topped bottles and gold-backed brushes, with the monogram and coronet on each piece in rubies and diamonds. The monumental mantel-piece, of pink marble, supports a low jardinière of silver repoussé work, at every season of the year filled with violets.

On the tables and cabinets are a profusion of cut flowers in rock-crystal vases and bowls, rendering the atmosphere odorous as that of a hothouse. Opening into the dressing-room is a bath-room of pink marble, with a tub as big as a small pond, and farther on is a chamber lined throughout with cedar, violet, and sandal-wood closets, where the Duchess's dresses and lingerie are kept.

Without all this extravagance, however, a dressing-room may be made to look elegant and attractive. The prettiest combination is as follows: Have the walls and ceiling covered with pale-green, pale-pink, pale-lemon, or pale-blue Pompadour cretonne — according to your complexion. Cream-hued lace window-curtains underlie those of cretonne, and the floor should be spread with a thick Aubusson carpet harmonizing in color with the hangings. The lounge, chairs and arm-chairs can be of Japanese bamboo or of pitch-pine, upholstered in cretonne, and a large three-leaved mirror should be placed in a light corner. A

long table should be provided for the basin and ewer, the dishes where sponges, toilet-brushes, etc., are contained, and the *flacons* of perfume.

On another table, surmounted by a mirror, can be put the numerous pieces of the dressing-case, and also a large duchesse-pincushion made of lace over silk. The newest brushes, boxes, etc., are tortoise-shell inlaid with gold and silver, or ivory inlaid with silver, which is extremely pretty, but somewhat costly. A great many women continue to use the beautiful repoussé silver-backed brushes, with combs in silver frames, heart-shaped trinket boxes, hairpin boxes, hat and clothes-brushes, buttonhook, bottles, tray, etc., and they are likely to remain in vogue for years to come. The tub and its accompanying linoleum cloth are stowed away behind a curtain when not in use, and consequently do not detract from the dainty appearance of the room.

Although a tepid bath should be taken at least once a day, a hot bath is indispensable once or twice a week. It should never be forgotten that the human skin is a respiratory organ, and that through its myriads of pores the entire system exudes impurities; therefore health suffers when the pores become clogged up. Many diseases and illnesses would be avoided were more attention accorded to the function of bathing. A

daily bath is absolutely necessary for health's sake. A delicate woman may take it at night if afraid of catching cold, but a daily bath every woman must have if she wishes to remain beautiful and in good health.

When the bath is taken in the morning a thorough sponging of the entire body should be indulged in at night, and care should be taken not to expose one's self to draughts or sudden changes of temperature for at least an hour after any bath. Cold baths in a tub are not to be recommended, as they convey too great a shock to the feminine organization. Very hot ones are good for full-blooded persons, but are enervating and enfeebling. As a rule it is safer to use water heated to about eighty degrees, and the duration of the "dip" should never be prolonged beyond ten minutes in a tub.

A wonderfully soothing bath is prepared in the following way: Put in a bag of muslin or cheese-cloth two handfuls of violets, two handfuls of dried primroses, an equal quantity of elderblossoms, of rose leaves, of lavender, and of rosemary. Let this mixture soak for half an hour in boiling water and then add enough cold water to make the bath lukewarm.

Oatmeal or bran-baths are excellent for the skin, and so is the so-called *bain-de-beauté* to which our great-

grandmothers were addicted, but this is a little more complex in its preparation.

Take 2 pounds of barley.

- “ 2 “ oatmeal.
- “ 2 “ fine bran.
- “ 2 “ rice.
- “ 2 “ pulverized lupine seeds.
- “ 8 ounces bi-carbonate of soda.
- “ 8 “ borax, and 1 pound each of dried lavender flowers, thyme, and bay-leaves.

Boil this in a sufficient quantity of rain water for an hour, and after straining carefully mix two quarts with the bath water.

The celebrated beauties of antiquity improved their loveliness by adding to their bath all kinds of vegetable and organic substances. Poppæa, Nero's beautiful wife, used to bathe in ass's milk wherein lettuce leaves had been previously soaked. Isabeau, of Bavaria, consort of Charles VI., took every morning during the spring and summer a bath of strawberry juice. In the eighteenth century the great ladies of the court of France were addicted to the use of linseed-water baths, while Marie Czetwertynoska, the *belle-amie* of Alexander I. of Russia, plunged every morning into a large tank filled to the brim with Spanish wine. It is asserted that Ninon de l'Enclos owed her wonderful

complexion and extraordinary preservation from the ravages of old age to her daily bath of chickweed water, oatmeal, and cows' milk. Madame Tallien, who prided herself on her exquisite skin, bathed all the year round in raspberry juice, which was prepared in enormous quantities for her during the time when this fragrant fruit was in season, and kept in cedar-wood casks in the cellars of her house.

Without wishing to intrude on the domain of medicine just yet, I may add, however, that a most strengthening bath, excellent for the cure of rheumatism and lumbago, is prepared thus: Make an emulsion of soft, white soap, essence of turpentine, tincture of benzoin, essence of rosemary, and essence of Norwegian pine, in equal parts. Add two quarts thereof to the bath water, in which have been previously dissolved, four ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, a quart of spinach juice and twenty pounds of sea-salt. This bath must be taken before going to bed and very hot.

One cannot insist too strongly on the necessity of baths. Uncleanliness is unfortunately the portion of the great majority of people, and physicians when questioned on the subject will be forced to acknowledge that at least one good half of the ailments to which poor humanity is subjected result from a too infrequent use of soap and water.

A question which agitates the feminine heart is — soap, or no soap? Some skins are so delicate that even the purest of soaps forms an irritant. For such as these, a sprinkling of borax in tepid water will be found both a cleansing and a pleasing substitute. Rub the skin well with a soft towel, and afterwards polish the face with a chamois leather, of the kind obtainable at the chemists. These ablutions may be performed at night shortly before retiring. For those to whom soap is essential, due care must be exercised to see that this much advertised article is pure; once a day is quite sufficient to lather the face, otherwise too much of the natural oil may be brought off the skin. In my opinion soap cannot be dispensed with, as nothing better to clear the pores of the skin from impurities has as yet been discovered. I often wonder if Adelina Patti ever realizes the immense amount of harm which she has wrought throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world by her admission that she uses neither soap nor water, but merely cold cream for the purpose of cleansing her face? This confession has had the effect of convincing thousands upon thousands of women that the great songstress is indebted for the marvellous preservation of her beauty, and, above all, of her complexion, to the absence of those two great elements of cleanliness, soap and water; and the result

is that they religiously abstain from the use thereof, under the mistaken impression that by so doing they are likely to enhance their physical attractions. Daily I encounter numbers of pretty women whose beauty is marred by the greasy, unwholesome aspect of their complexion, which bears striking and abundant evidence of the fact that, following the example of Patti, they have confined themselves to the use of cold cream in "washing" — the word is inappropriate — their faces. Poor, deluded creatures! They entirely lose sight of two important considerations in the matter. The first is that the slightest suspicion of greasiness or uncleanliness of the face has the effect of repelling rather than attracting admiration. For men naturally infer that if these defects are apparent on that feature of our body upon which we are supposed to lavish our greatest care, namely the face, the remainder of our anatomy must necessarily be in a still greater degree unwholesome and lacking in freshness.

The second point to be borne in mind is this: that Adelina Patti is indebted for the preservation of her beauty, not to the absence of soap and water or to the use of cold cream in so far as her face is concerned, but to her carefully organized mode of life, to her Spartanlike diet, and to her abstemiousness. Her loveliness is part and parcel of her stock in trade, and serves

to enhance the charm of her voice. The one completes the other, and the two have contributed in nearly an equal degree to her fame and her popular success. It is therefore only natural that she should lavish as much care upon her beauty as upon her voice, and it is for the sake of the former, even more than for the latter, that her mode of life is ordered on such stringent lines. Patti understands better than any one else that the principal factors in the preservation of beauty and in the maintenance of a lovely complexion are not, as popularly supposed, the absence of soap and water, or the use of cold cream and other greasy ointments and washes, but merely a perfect digestion, plenty of sleep and bodily exercise, and the most complete abstemiousness with regard not only to all food and drink, but as well to subjects of excitement or irritation calculated to raise in an undue degree the temperature of the blood. Patti's fare, as I have stated above, is of the most simple description, and when she is residing at her beautiful castle in Wales, or is travelling on her operatic tours, every endeavor is made by her large staff of attendants and by her managers to shield her from everything that could possibly annoy her or disturb her equanimity. To these precautions, far more than to the use of cold cream, are due her beautiful complexion and the remarkable preservation of her

loveliness. Be it as it may Madame Patti has found many disciples who think it necessary when reclining in their warm bath to plaster their face with some greasy substance or other in order to keep any of the bath-water from touching the skin. I cannot for an instant advocate such a practice, and must moreover warn my readers that the adoption of it is extremely likely to bring on pimples and turgescence of the epidermis.

Another important consideration is that of donning clean linen after the bath. I do not mean that it is absolutely necessary to put on an entire set of fresh underclothes after each matutinal plunge in the tub, but in any case the clothes which have been worn during the day should be perfectly aired at night, and if possible hung on a clothes-horse or screen to dry and sweeten during the hours of sleep. The Mahomedans of the lower classes, who are so careful in the observance of the ablutions prescribed to them by the Koran, may not be thought to be much cleaner than the thousands of benighted individuals who do not bathe at all, for after having minutely washed themselves in pure water they are compelled, by poverty, to dress themselves again in the squalid garments which they had temporarily cast aside. Still I would infinitely prefer their clean healthy skins in this miserable apparel to the

deplorable condition of so many unwashed, but fashionably dressed men and women, whom we meet every day in our ultra-civilized part of the world. It reminds me of the words of Ben Jonson who says so truly —

“Still to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art’s hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound !”

CHAPTER II

COMPLEXION AND PERFUMES

A FACT which is not generally sufficiently noticed by women is that any alteration in their complexion always corresponds with the condition of their health. This is all the proof needed to demonstrate that even the slightest feeling of illness exercises a marked influence on the good looks and that the complexion is, so to speak, a thermometer indicating the state of the entire system. Therefore, a yellow tinge of the skin, a heightening of the color of the face, pimples, blackheads, exfoliation and other affections of a like nature, should always be attended to without delay. I do not speak of the ordinary skin diseases, which of course are very serious and belong entirely to the domain of the doctor, but simply of momentary changes of the complexion.

Pimples are frequently brought on by the use of unclean towels, sponges, face-cloths, etc, and also by the use of injurious or rancid cosmetics, cold-cream, vaseline and other substances, employed when not fresh. The surest remedy in such cases is to wash the face

three times a day with very hot water and immediately afterwards in tepid milk. Dry the skin thoroughly with a fine linen towel, apply a light layer of white vaseline or English cold-cream, and after having rubbed this off gently with flakes of medicated cotton, powder the face slightly with ordinary baby powder. Black-heads or flesh-worms, which are very liable to degenerate into ugly-looking white pimples, are by no means endowed with a life of their own, although this is the general belief concerning them. They are simply the result of uncleanness, for the oily matter exuded by the pores forms these black specks which dishonor the prettiest face and are in reality nothing but accumulated dirt ! When the black-heads have once been permitted to form, it is a difficult matter to get rid of them. Many applications are recommended for the purpose, for instance, bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in hot water, borax water, white of egg applied to the skin on retiring to bed, pure alcohol, etc. ; but besides being irritating to the tissues, all these substances are only successful for a brief period, and when too often repeated are worse than the evil that they are supposed to cure. The only way of getting permanently rid of black-heads is to wash thoroughly night and morning with water as warm as it can be borne, and then bathe the face for ten minutes at least in tepid milk by means of a soft

and very fine sponge. Continue this for a month and you will find that your skin has become pure and sweet as a baby's.

All the remedies so highly recommended in newspaper advertisements for beautifying the complexion are decidedly to be avoided; for not only are they almost always inefficacious, but often absolutely dangerous and liable to bring about most serious skin diseases. Arseniate of lead, mercury, bismuth, salts of copper, etc., enter to a greater or lesser extent into the composition of lotions and cosmetics, which although guaranteed by the manufacturers to be perfectly harmless, have worked much havoc and are likely to work more, in spite of all these assertions as to their harmlessness.

Some time ago a young friend of mine who, although celebrated for her extreme loveliness, committed the error of trying to enhance still further the beauty of her pink and white complexion by the use of cosmetics, suddenly fell into a state of incomprehensible languor and ill-health. She lost all her appetite and became so weak and wan that the doctors consulted were unanimously of the opinion that although her heart, lungs, liver, and in short all her vital organs were in perfect order, she was yet rapidly approaching the end of life. Fortunately, one morning her family physician was

ushered into her dressing-room just as, seated before her luxuriously appointed toilet-table, she was carefully rubbing her face and neck with a pink, creamy substance contained in one of those highly decorated and gilded boxes so dear to the fashionable perfumer.

"What is that?" said the doctor, pointing to the cosmetic:

"Oh! it is a wonderful preparation for softening the skin," replied his pretty patient, enthusiastically.

He took up the box, smelled its contents suspiciously, and then coolly put it in his pocket, saying as he did so, "Well, I am going to have this analyzed, for I think I have discovered the cause of your troubles."

The sensible physician was right. Analysis proved that the deliciously flavored "cream" contained a large percentage of white lead, and this it was that was poisoning my young friend. Subjected to heroic treatment in order to eliminate the quantities of lead absorbed by her system through the pores of the skin, she completely recovered, and is now as blooming as ever; but had it not been for the lucky chance that permitted her doctor to discover the source of the evil, death would undoubtedly have been caused by the attractive cosmetic wherein so frightful a poison lurked. This instance only constitutes an additional proof of my statement that complexion and health are

very closely associated, and that by the variations of the former we can always ascertain the state of the latter.

In Oriental countries ladies have, according to their own assertions, a yet more effective and rapid way of discovering the slightest disorder of their constitution by wearing certain stones, that change color when their wearer is threatened by illness of any kind. It is a well-known fact that turquoises turn green when worn by persons suffering from fever, but what is not generally known is that there exists a kind of ruby, found in Ceylon and called the "sympathetic ruby," which, when its wearer is ill, or even out of sorts, loses its bright pigeon-blood hue and turns a dull, milky pink. Likewise, some kinds of emeralds are believed to possess the property of warning their wearers of coming evil. Like the ruby, the emerald was a gem greatly prized and much idealized by the ancients, and like the ruby and the diamond, it was said to give forth a brilliant, self-generated light, which paled when worn by people attacked with mysterious diseases. Whether the power of the emerald is really as great as the ancients believed it to be or not, this beautiful stone has been in times gone by, and is at the present day considered in the light of a talisman. Charlemagne had a huge emerald, which did good service as the guard and casket of a piece of the true cross. This talisman rendered him invisible,



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and was found round his neckbone when his tomb was opened.

My principal object in writing this book is to forewarn women against all empirical so-called "secrets of beauty," and to encourage them to adopt the many means which Nature herself has placed within their reach to preserve and enhance their charms, without having recourse to the counsels of quacks, whose only aim is to make money, regardless of the harm that they may work with the poisonous compounds they sell or recommend. There are, of course, among the many products sold for beautifying the complexion, a number of waters, oils, and unguents which are, comparatively speaking, harmless. One of these is the Queen of Hungary's toilet water, the secret of which was discovered some time after her Majesty's death. Queen Elizabeth of Hungary is supposed to have owed the marvellous preservation of her extreme loveliness to the use of this water, and as, when she attained the age of seventy her beauty was still dazzling enough to inspire a burning passion in the eighteen-year-old Grand Duke of Lithuania, who never rested until she consented to become his wife, there must surely have been some potent virtue in this face-wash. It is composed of rectified alcohol, essence of Hungarian rosemarin, essence of lemon peel, essence of mint, essence of

balm, spirits of roses, spirits of orange blossoms, and it is applied with a soft tuft of cotton, and allowed to dry on the skin before retiring for the night.

Face powders should be selected with the utmost care, for in many instances those sold under pompous and high-sounding names contain a harmful proportion of carbonate of lead, oxide of zinc, or arsenic. The only absolutely innocuous powder is the ordinary baby powder, scented with violet, or if something more adherent is desired, one should use Fay's Veloutine.

Wrinkles, the great destroyers of beauty, have a language of their own, and are occasionally even eloquent. An unusually great development of the vertical lines produces the arched wrinkles of the forehead, which graphically tell of long and cruel physical suffering or mental torture of a terrible kind. The wrinkles that descend from the nostrils to the mouth come of frequent smiles or laughter. Habitual frowning results in disagreeable lines converging toward the centre of the brow. Temper writes its story on the face, and he who runs may read. Crow's-feet, says Signor Mantegazza, belong to the fortieth year, but there are many people who miraculously elude them. There are women in France who are treated for wrinkles by a professor, who banishes them by gently rubbing the skin about the eyes for an hour a day. The cost of

this treatment is very great, but it is willingly paid, although I cannot imagine why one could not do it one's self. An excellent preventive of wrinkles is the application to the face at night of a teaspoonful of sweet cream taken from the morning's milk. This extremely mollifying substance should be very gently rubbed into the skin with the finger, following the direction of the wrinkle, and never crossing it. The massage must be continued for at least a quarter of an hour, after which some more cream is well rubbed in and the entire face powdered with finely ground starch, into which a small quantity of alum, say one teaspoonful to a pound of starch, has been incorporated.

A very effectual lotion for the removal of wrinkles is that known throughout France as *Eau de Circe* :

Take of powdered benzoin,	32 grains.
“ “ incense,	32 grains.
“ “ gum arabic,	32 grains.

Dissolve completely in 8 ounces of alcohol, when add :—

Powdered sweet almonds,	46 grains.
Ground cloves,	16 grains.
Ground nutmeg,	16 grains.

Let this stand for two days, shaking it occasionally ; then add rose water, 1½ fluid ounces, after which filter and use at night before retiring.

Premature wrinkles brought on by sudden loss of flesh, frequent weeping or suffering, may be effaced by the application at night of a lotion prepared according to this formula : —

Rose water,	6 fluid ounces.
Almond milk,	1 ½ fluid ounces.
Sulphate of aluminum,	60 grains.
Shake well until dissolved.	

On returning from the seaside women often observe with regret that sun and salt breezes have turned the milky whiteness of their face and hands to a golden brown, which certainly does not look well when *décolleté* dresses are worn, and gives them an appearance vaguely recalling coffee-and-vanilla ice. An old and tried remedy for this temporary disfigurement, handed down to us from the Middle Ages, is prepared by boiling a handful of parsley in a quart of distilled water; filter, then add 15 grains of powdered alum, 15 grains of powdered borax, and 15 grains of pulverized camphor. Shake well and use twice a day. From the Middle Ages, too, comes a recipe for giving a pink and healthful appearance to the complexion. Take of

Vinegar,	2 pints.
Isinglass,	3 ounces.
Nutmeg,	2 ounces.
Honey,	6 ounces.

To which add a pinch of shredded red-sandalwood. Let all this remain for half an hour over a slow fire, care being taken that it does not come to a boil. Filter and place in a stone bottle to cool. Wash the face with weak soap-water, then sponge with the mixture, letting it dry on the face, to which it communicates a delicate, rosy tinge.

For freckles a sure remedy is : —

Distilled water,	6 fluid ounces.
Dextrine,	$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.
Glycerine,	2 ounces.
Oxide of zinc,	160 grains.
Oxychloride of bismuth,	60 grains.
Mercuric chloride,	6 grains.

This being a powerful application it should be used very sparingly and applied to the affected parts with a soft camel's-hair brush. A far more harmless, if a little less efficacious, remedy is : —

Castor oil (white),	4 ounces.
White wax (dissolved),	300 grains.
Vaseline,	300 grains.
Spermaceti,	100 grains.
Salicylic acid,	100 grains.
Essence of bitter almonds,	60 drops.

To be applied at night.

There are many people falsely imbued with the idea that perfumes are bad for the health and especially so

for the nervous system. This is a great mistake, and I for one am a firm believer in the axiom which says :

“If thou wouldst keep in health, fear not perfumes ;
If thou wouldst keep in beauty, fear not perfumes.”

If we cultivated more the use of perfumes, there would be less disease in the world. It has been proved beyond a doubt that no epidemic ever enters a perfume laboratory. Hospital nurses in many European countries escape contagion by carrying musk in their clothes. Moreover, perfumes contain nutritious elements, for Pliny tells us of an Indian tribe whose nourishment was confined to certain perfumes. Old people, it is said, may prolong their lives by mixing saffron and castoreum with their wines. Bacon mentions a man who fasted many days surrounding himself with aromatic herbs. There are no less than 80 remedies which are attributed to rue, 41 to mint, the same number to iris, 32 to the rose, 21 to the lily, and 17 to the violet. Nothing purifies bad air better than perfumery, and it is a great mistake, therefore, to decry scents and banish them from our homes and toilet. They should not be considered as mere objects of luxury, but as a necessity to preserve us from illness.

Spices are also conducive to health, and it is a well-

known fact that, after the Dutch despoiled the Spice Islands of their trees, those islands, which until then had been exempt from disease, soon became overrun with dreadful epidemics. Of course, all perfumes are not healthy; some are poisonous, as some kinds of food are poisonous. But should we discard food because all kinds are not equally nutritious? Doctors of old were wiser in their generation than our present lights of medical science. Hippocrates, for instance, rid Athens of the plague by perfumery after every other means had failed. Flowers and plants were hung on all the houses of the city and aromatic herbs were burnt in all the streets and public places. The four thieves who stripped the victims of the plague at Marseilles owed the preservation of their health to a similar cause. They carried with them an aromatic vinegar made of herbs, which enabled them to laugh at death until they were caught, when three of them were hanged; the fourth saved his life by disclosing his secret to the doctors, who had probably forgotten Hippocrates' experiment, or had never heard of it. Musk, the most decried of all perfumes, should on the contrary be held in high esteem. A proverb compares it to Virtue — who sheds her beauties around without being seen. Among flowers, however, the rose enjoyed the greatest favor in ancient India; and it is in

the Vale of Cashmere that the loveliest roses grow. Perfumes entered—and still enter—into all religious ceremonies in India. They are supposed to drive away devils; and it is a fact that a delicate and suave perfume acts with singular strength on our imagination and varying moods.

It stands to reason, moreover, that perfumes purify the atmosphere and in a great measure destroy millions of microbes floating in the air of our dwellings. This evil can be most successfully combated by burning or scattering perfumes all over the house. Attar of roses, although somewhat sickly to inhale, is a most healthful odor. Unfortunately, real attar of roses is so expensive as to be beyond the reach of most people, but I may add that one drop of this all-powerful essence is sufficient to fill the entire house with fragrance, whereas a pint of its imitations found at all perfumers' would not achieve the same result.

Violets are, *par excellence*, the perfume of true women of the world. Their discreet, lasting, and penetrating fragrance is refreshing in the extreme, and very *distingué* besides. The violet is a flower of legend, and its delicious odor has something mystical about it. According to tradition it was once a damsel. All the popular flowers have been human beings in their time, changed through some misfortune or by the

beneficence of the gods into immortal flowers. The violet was Ianthe, a favorite nymph of Artemis. Apollo fell in love with her, and the goddess, wishing to protect her favorite from apparently undesirable attentions, dyed her blue. Ianthe, however, preferred the annoyances attendant upon beauty to ugliness. She pined away, and Artemis, full of regret for her mistaken interference, changed her into a violet.

Sachets filled with violet-powder mixed with crushed orris-root ought to be placed in the cupboards and closets of every dressing-room, as also in the chests of drawers containing baby-linen.

A very effective way of perfuming wardrobes is to rub the woodwork of the interior with sandal-oil, oil of wild geranium, oil of verbena, or oil of violets, according to taste.

Every woman ought to adopt an individual perfume instead of mixing several fashionable scents, as is too often the case. This is a very vulgar mistake and produces a regrettable cacophony of odors, disagreeable to sensitive nostrils. I need not add that the *lingerie*, petticoats, and, in one word, all the articles of apparel that one is about to put on, should always be previously vaporized with an atomizer containing the perfume of one's choice. Tiny sachets sewn into the skirts and bodices of dresses are very pleasant, and

some fair *Parisiennes* go so far as to have a gigantic sachet spread under the carpet of their dressing-room and boudoir, — a very *raffiné* and effective means of pervading a room with a soft and permanent fragrance.

Perfumes, unfortunately, are often influenced by fashion. At one time their use is exaggerated, while at another they are altogether condemned. Then most persons think it correct to affect the greatest aversion for perfumes; even those who love them dare not confess their predilection. Sweet odors also preserve us from the evil effects of bad odors which are poisons to us. The one is an antidote for the other. Let us, then, be ashamed of bad odors, but not of sweet perfumes.

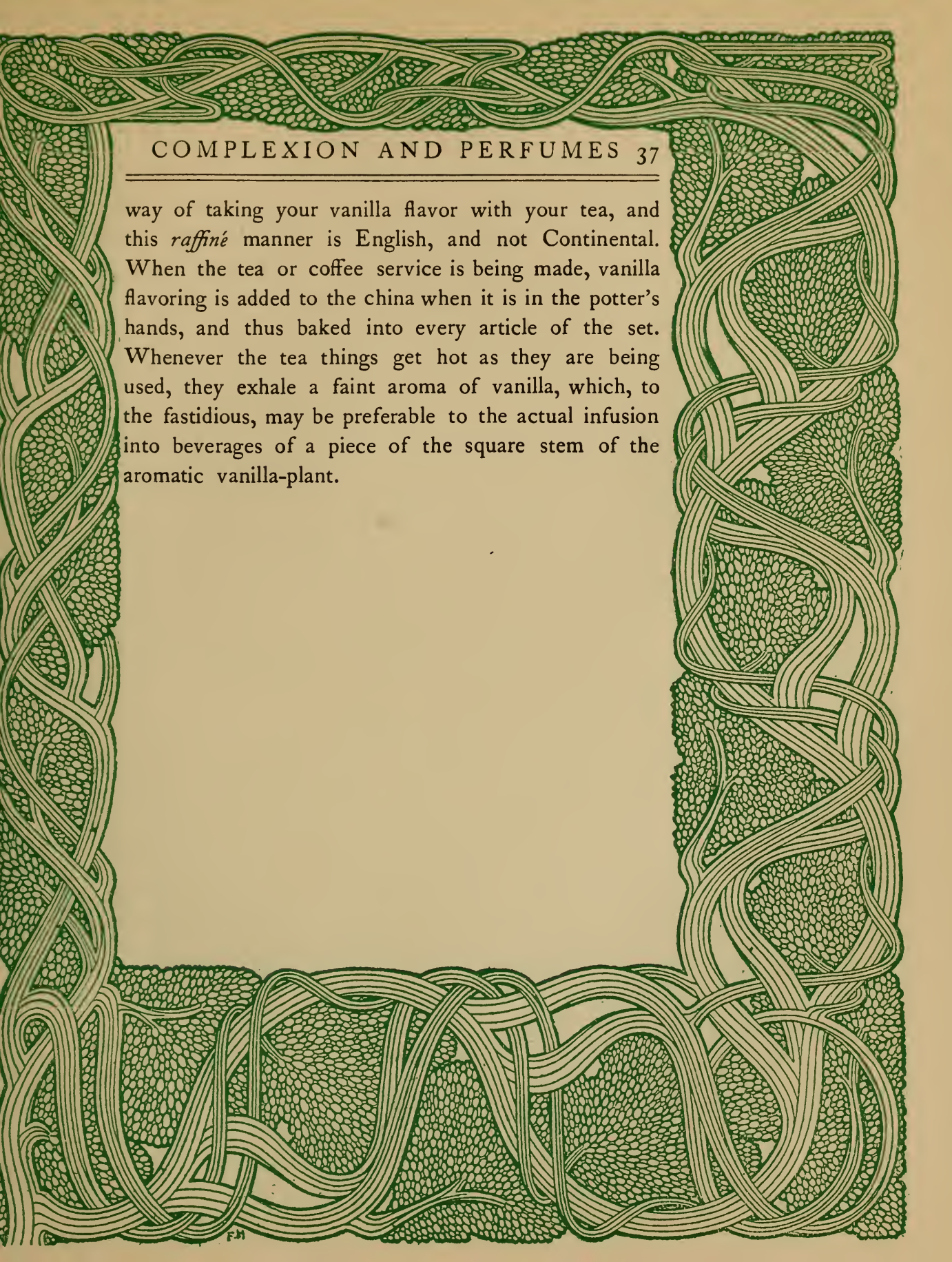
Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes ingeniously remarked that smell recalls a long-forgotten scene, or person, more readily than any of the other senses. Many people, doubtless, have verified the statement. Dr. Holmes explains that the nerves of smell communicate with the brain by a shorter cut than others, and thus rouse it to greater activity; so, at least, we understand the explanation.

It accounts in a manner for the ease with which dogs recognize an old friend after years of absence, even though they be blind; it accounts also, perhaps, for a curious custom of some savages, who greet a relative or comrade unseen for awhile by smelling him

all over. I once beheld in the Soudan the return of a youth who had been captured in childhood and enslaved. His kinsfolk took him in their arms warmly; but, instead of kisses, one after another sniffed his head, shoulders, and breast with a thoughtful air, and handed him to the next! Possibly the sense of smell is still so keen among these primitive tribes that they recognize a distinct odor of individuals; more probably, the practice is a "survival." With the forest-races of Borneo, indeed, a gesture as of smelling takes the place of our shake-hands; but it is merely a suggestion, as a rule. If Europeans ever had such a development of the olfactory nerves, it has been mercifully withdrawn. Most of us are acquainted with persons who have an abnormal power of smelling, and desperate nuisances they are; if all of us could nose a scent like dogs, decidedly life would not be worth living. The convenience of such a faculty under the conditions of civilized existence would be far outweighed by its annoyances. There might be fewer accidents from gas, for instance, but a very large proportion of the population would pass its days and nights in a state of nausea. In fact, it would be no loss worth speaking of if the sense of smell perished altogether in the anatomy of Europeans. One would be puzzled to show what useful purpose it serves. Tea tasters find a

profitable employment for it; but tea is a very dubious boon. Doctors and analysts save themselves some little trouble by consulting their noses; but in the long run they have to use less uncertain means. But in primitive stages of human progress the sense of smell was of great assistance, no doubt, in the struggle for life, — a help in obtaining food, a protection against dangers of various sort. Nowadays, in the realms of civilization, it gives annoyance or pleasure without utility in either case.

A charming way of perfuming apartments is to procure what the French call *bâtons aromatiques*, — a recent invention of Lenthéric, the great Parisian *parfumeur* and chemist. These flexible sticks are not unlike a piece of yellow whalebone twisted into a true lover's-knot. You light one end of it, and as it slowly smoulders away, a delightful, penetrating scent of vanilla floats through the air. Vanilla is one of those perfumes which are enjoyed by almost everybody. A few seem to have formed the opinion that vanilla used as a flavoring is intoxicating, but these are the identical people whom a piece of underdone beefsteak renders tipsy, and to whom green vegetables give all kinds of complaints. In some parts of the continent of Europe a small piece of vanilla is put into the tea-pot together with the tea. But there is yet a daintier



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way of taking your vanilla flavor with your tea, and this *raffiné* manner is English, and not Continental. When the tea or coffee service is being made, vanilla flavoring is added to the china when it is in the potter's hands, and thus baked into every article of the set. Whenever the tea things get hot as they are being used, they exhale a faint aroma of vanilla, which, to the fastidious, may be preferable to the actual infusion into beverages of a piece of the square stem of the aromatic vanilla-plant.

CHAPTER III

COSMETICS

IT is very much against my inclinations to write about a practice of which I thoroughly disapprove. But, as a great many society women have adopted the custom of "making up," or, to speak more plainly, of painting their faces, I consider it my duty to point out to them how they can do so without endangering forever the beauty of their skin, not to mention their health, which, as I have said in a preceding chapter, may suffer seriously from the use of poisonous paints, powders, and cosmetics.

I caution my readers in the most earnest way to pause before they begin to "make up," if they are not yet in the habit of so doing; and if they have, to stop short. I have heard actresses, whose profession obliges them to have recourse to *maquillage*, loudly deplore its effects on their complexion; and it is therefore a mystery to me why women of the world who have no need to do so insist upon plastering their skin with all sorts

of pastes and powders, which, to begin with, deceive nobody, and which, I may safely add, give any woman an appearance of doubtful respectability.

But enough preaching, and let us come to the point ; for I know too well that my admonitions are without avail, and that, in spite of all I may say, society belles will continue to "make up" as if I had abstained from any warning in that direction.

"*Qui a bu boira*" (Who once drank will drink), says the French proverb, to which I feel inclined to add, "*Qui s'est maquillé se maquillera*" (Who has once made up will continue to make up).

One of the most important points in making up is to carefully cleanse the skin before and after this operation with very pure white vaseline, which in some measure prevents painting from becoming too irritating. Wipe the face off with antiseptic gauze or tufts of medicated cotton-wool. Under no circumstances should *blanc* of any kind be applied, for not only does it make one look like a *Pierrot*, but this preparation almost invariably contains nitrate of silver or acetate of lead, and even mercury. I hope, therefore, that the good sense of my readers will impel them to taboo this execrable and deleterious paste, which can be advantageously replaced by a light application of a cream which is much used in Oriental harems, acting

as a purifier upon the skin rather than injuring it, and which is prepared as follows :—

BEAUME DES SULTANES.

Incorporate in 4 ounces of sweet almond oil

320 grains melted white virgin wax.

320 “ whale white.

100 “ finely powdered benzoin.

60 “ tincture of ambergris.

320 “ pulverized rice feculæ.

15 “ pure carmine.

Heat and stir thoroughly to mix together ; pour into a china jar and allow to cool. This cream must be spread with extreme care and gently rubbed into the skin, taking care not to put any on the eyebrows or in the immediate neighborhood of the eyes. When this is done, dip a swan's-down puff or “hare's-foot” made of eiderdown, in some *veloutine Rachel* powder, or, if you are very fair, in pink veloutine. White powder ought never to be used, for a snow-white complexion, in spite of the poetical similes of that kind which abound in novels, would be simply ghostly and appalling. Excellent face-powder can be prepared at home with very little trouble, the advantage being that one can be certain that the ingredients are absolutely pure. A flesh-colored powder of which I will give the recipe is extremely adherent, and when used in conjunction with

the *Beaume des Sultanes* masks completely any imperfections of the skin, and creates by artificial light the delightful illusion of a creamy and superbly even complexion. This recipe has been handed down in my family from an ancestress who was a celebrated beauty at the Court of Louis XIV. of France.

It was called then *Poudre d'Amour*, and is prepared in this fashion: —

Scrape six juicy raw carrots and half a pink beet-root, squeeze the juice out through a muslin bag and put it aside. Take 3 ounces finely powdered corn-starch, mix it with the carrot and beet juice, expose it to the sun and stir occasionally until the fluid evaporates, leaving the tinted starch dry. Sift through a piece of silk gauze and add: —

Powdered Venetian talc,	300 grains
“ lycopodium,	300 “
“ bergamot,	45 “
“ bismuth,	7 “

Sift again and keep in a sandalwood box.

This powder is sprinkled on the face, shoulders, and arms after the *Beaume des Sultanes* has been applied, and wiped off with flakes of cotton or antiseptic gauze. Brush off the surplus with a swan's-down puff, and the skin is now ready for “rouging.” The latter is a far more difficult task than might at first be believed, and

requires great attention and care; for badly applied *rouge* is abominable and alters the entire expression of the features. The best kind of *rouge* is undoubtedly in powder form and is a mixture of carmine and cochineal. A piece of fine silk flannel is dipped into the powder, and the cheeks, ears, nostrils, and chin delicately touched therewith, the hand moving with a rotary motion, care being taken not to produce any streaks of color. When only a slight tinge of pink is desired, and no grease or powder has been previously applied — this slight heightening of color just suiting women who have a naturally pale, clear skin, and who merely wish to brighten up their face a bit, — there are two kinds of simple *rouges* which can be recommended. The first is merely the juice of a beet-root diluted with rosewater to the shade you want to obtain. The second is a little more tedious in preparation, but keeps for a longer time, and is, like the former, quite harmless. It is known in Paris under the name of *mousse de fraises* (strawberry-foam) and can easily be made at home when strawberries are in season or can be obtained from hot-houses.

Take three quarts of fine ripe strawberries, put them in a wide-mouthed, thick glass bottle together with a pint of distilled water. Place the bottle in a large saucepan of water on a slow fire and let it boil for two

hours. Strain through an extra fine hair-sieve and set aside. When absolutely cool, add : —

- 4 drops attar of roses
- 2 “ “ “ neroli
- 12 ounces deodorized spirit
- 15 grains pure carmine, and
- 30 “ best Russian isinglass which has been previously melted.

Keep in a glass jar in a cool place. Both these liquid *rouges* are applied with a fine sponge.

Turkish women make a very effective *rouge* from the petals of damask roses macerated in pure white vinegar. It should not be forgotten that when *rouge* is applied to the cheeks, the lips, nostrils, ears, and chin should be slightly tinted.

No greater mistake can be imagined than the impression that there exists any face ointment or paint, whether liquid or powdered, which contributes to the amelioration and beauty of the complexion. Having in the course of sojourns in Egypt, Turkey, and India had the opportunity of visiting many harems and zenanas, I can assert from personal experience that no true Oriental beauty would ever render herself guilty of plastering her fair skin with any of the many paints, ointments, jellies, powders, and unguents used by European and American women. Harem women have but

one object in life, namely, the maintenance and preservation of their beauty, and they understand better than anybody else the way of "being beautiful." Let me once more entreat my readers, therefore, — at the risk of being considered as already in my dotage and of repeating myself too often, — to abandon the reprehensible and barbarous practice of "making up," especially when carried to the extent to which it now prevails in London and in New York society.

One little secret which I acquired in the Far East, and which I will describe, as, far from being injurious or unhealthy, it possesses medicinal properties, is the existence of a powder called *Mesdjem*, and which, when applied to the eyelids, improves the growth of the eyelashes. This powder is mentioned in the Koran under the name of *Es-Med*, and it is this substance which the women of the tribe of Ammon used three thousand years before the Christian era. I do not know if *Mesdjem* is procurable in New York, but there are perfumers in Paris who send it by mail to any part of the globe.

Alas! from the earliest ages woman's besetting sin (or one of them) has been the love of paint. But at least for a good many generations it has been tacitly acknowledged that paint and self-respect somehow could not go in double harness; and it is the fear that

this most excellent and wholesome quality should be in considerable danger of dying out that causes me to raise a note of protest and to endeavor to point out to women, young and old, that if they *must* make up, they should do so as unobtrusively, discreetly, and as safely as possible, and never buy paints or cosmetics at random on the recommendation, perchance, of some artfully worded advertisement. It was written of the wicked Queen of Israel that she "painted her face, dyed her hair, and looked out of the window," with the object of fascinating the son of Nimshi. As women are credited with desiring to please the opposite sex, it would seemingly follow that the latter must admire what is commonly called "paint;" otherwise we should not be afflicted with the hideous caricatures of nature which are so painfully evident at every gathering of society. This is an egregious mistake, for I have always found that men jeer at painted women,—not in their presence, of course,—and seriously object to *maquillage* where their wives, sisters, or daughters are concerned. How could it be otherwise? Do those who redden their cheeks with *rouge*, darken their eyes, and cover their complexion with chalk, verily believe that they call back the semblance of youth promised them by cosmetic concoctions? Or by constant contemplation of their own artificiality have they become blind

to the spectacle they present to the world? It has been charitably alleged that the increase in "painted ladies" is the fault of fashion, the complexions of whose votaries would, but for artificial aid, appear hopelessly washed out by contrast with the brilliant hues of their garments. But as the *rouge* and *blanc de perle* are only too painfully apparent on the wearers of many a white or black gown, the blame cannot consistently be laid at the door of fashion. No one who has any idea of modern social life can deny that the use of all the adventitious aids to the toilet which have been condemned since the days of Jezebel — paint, powder, enamel, hair-dye, and every other kind of "beautifier" — is enormously on the increase in society. They seem to have attractions for all ages. No longer are girls proud of those skins which have made the name of the American and British beauty famous in all parts of the habitable globe. The competition for admiration has become so keen that public attention must be arrested at all costs. The *débutante* sees with the keen eye of feminine criticism — that visual sense which it is not possible to deceive when the object of its study is another woman's appearance — that the "smart" young married women who are the most surrounded by crowds of admirers are those who owe the most to the aids above-mentioned; and poor, tender little rosebuds

that they are, bedaub their clear, fresh, young skins with red, white, and blue, — very patriotic colors, to be sure, but which look far more in place on the silken folds of Uncle Sam's flag than on the cheeks of his daughters.

"Making up," except when it is done in a very discreet and thoroughly artistic fashion, stamps the most honest woman at least as "fast," and this ought certainly to be sufficient to deter the fair sex from indulgence in so unladylike a practice. A painted, or worse, an enamelled face loses its individual expression; for the artificial complexion constrains one to avoid any passing emotion. Tears would destroy it, smiles or hearty laughter would crack it, and as to blushes — if *fin-de-siècle* women still blush — these delicate waves of color, so becoming to the feminine countenance, are invisible under a thick crust of *blanc de perle* and *rouge*.

Professor Baeyer, of Munich University, in his researches among Egyptian mummies, recently discovered certain cosmetics used by the ladies of fashion in the land of the Pharaohs in the time of Princess Aft, entombed and embalmed some three to four thousand years ago; and the question naturally arises whether the analyses made by this distinguished chemist have revealed secrets hitherto hidden from the complexion

artists of to-day. Are the women who powder and paint in any way in advance of their Egyptian antetypes? Has Science, during the march of three or four thousand years, placed new compounds at their command for ensuring that youthful beauty shall continue despite the ravages of time? Or is there less disposition in these enlightened days to have recourse to artificial aids? Or, again, if women are as vain as they were when Princess Aft employed the ancient cosmetics which have been extracted from her mummy coverings, have they anything yet to learn from the Egyptians?

Careful inquiry as to the present condition of the art of self-beautifying reveals that the methods now employed are practically identical with those which have been in vogue since the earliest days. Superbly dressed women are, nevertheless, frequently seen on the streets wearing artificial complexions which are perfectly unnatural, and which present, with every change in the temperature of the skin, ludicrous variations of color. A warning is held out by Parisian professors of "making-up," that certain face washes contain white lead, and produce a bluish tint after a long day in the sun. The mauve hue so common in cold weather also, it is alleged, proceeds from such deleterious ingredients as oxide of zinc, which is said to have been used for

forty centuries by the Egyptians, tinted, when so required, by the alkamite root. In America even young girls are sometimes prone to fly to the paint-box instead of taking healthful exercise. On the other hand, it is very well known that calisthenics and open air recreations are growing rather than declining in popularity. There might well be, then, a corresponding decline in the employment of the artificial aids to beauty.

Powder as a means of personal adornment is apparently regarded by the majority of women as perfectly legitimate. At all events, the consumption of violet-powder and kindred preparations can be reckoned in tons. They are composed of various starches and other ingredients, of the nature of which there is some reluctance to speak; because it is not pleasant, perhaps, to be told that potatoes, nuts, French chalk, and ground talc may enter into the composition of these skin-coolers. The public often displays an extraordinary disregard of its own health in the use of injurious mixtures; and if she does not feel inclined to prepare them herself, the only safe thing for a woman to do is to buy her powders and cosmetics of the best manufacturers, whose reputation is a guarantee that they will not permit adulteration.

I am sorry to add that "making up" is by no means

restricted to the weaker members of society in these decadent and degenerate days, for some of the so-called young "exquisites" which one meets in New York and sometimes also on the Continent are guilty of improving—as they believe—their complexions by *maquillage*. A weak-kneed, miserable, vain specimen of humanity is this sad creature, who has literally no redeeming points that I can discover, but who yet gives himself all the airs of one to whom the universe ought to do homage. He is to be seen at first nights waddling to his seat with a gait which he imagines to be graceful, but which is in reality painfully absurd. His thin, high-pitched voice is heard at private views, pronouncing a languid and final decision upon the merits of the works of art exhibited. He stands against the walls of ballrooms,—unable to dance because nobody asks him, and he could hardly be so manly as to invite anybody,—with poised head and rounded eyes, intent upon his artistic pose, and anxious that every gaze should be upon him. Nor is that all; for, as I have said above, it is an absolute fact that a large number of young men get themselves up. Old beaux I leave entirely out of the question. The *rouge* pot and the powder puff find a place on the toilet-table of the former. Their eyebrows are darkened; their hair is often crimped or curled and sometimes even

dyed, and their figures are trained and artificially improved.

There has been of late years much talk about the "mannish" woman, but it is well to remember that she is closely rivalled by the womanish or "ladylike" man to whom I am referring.

Many of the toilet shops in London, Paris, and New York would have to put up their shutters if deprived of their male customers. Paint, powder, perfumes, dyes, creams for the complexion, and washes for hair and moustache are among the more innocent of the purchases of these dandies. Manicure sets to trim their dainty finger-nails, irons for waving and curling that exquisite moustache, which, by the bye, must be dyed to the latest tint of reddish brown, scented sachets to fasten inside their coats, perfumed cachous wherewith to sweeten their breath,—all these and many other items of toilet trickery form part of the indispensable "get up" of our modern ultra society man. Alas! where are the knights of old to whom the weaker sex used to look up! "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" Is this to be tolerated? and ought not we, women of sense and heart, to deride these young monsters into abandoning so reprehensible and degrading a custom, and lead the way ourselves in a great measure by discarding all *maquillage*, and by trying,

instead, to improve our appearance, simply with the aid of daily ablutions, exercise, healthy living, and by the use of such cosmetics as are derived from Nature's rich stock, and which I have described so many times in these chapters?

Although soap can hardly be looked upon in the light of a cosmetic, a few words on the subject in addition to what I have already said previously are not out of place in this chapter; for, while we have left far behind us the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, we have now reached, I am happy to say, the Soap Age, at least in so far as the higher classes of society are concerned. We cannot help looking back with wonderment not unmixed with pity, to the days of our forefathers, who, poor dear creatures, were perfectly satisfied with a cake of old brown Windsor for toilet purposes. Now the names of toilet soaps are legion. Turn where we will we see swarms of advertisements, each extolling the merits of its own particular soap. If we are stay-at-homes, sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, we still have our opportunities of observation, for directly we put a paper-knife between the pages of the last new magazine the cunningly concealed strips flutter around us like leaves in autumn; these are mostly of a refined, pictorial description, becoming the smallness of space

allotted to them; sometimes they rush into verse or anecdote, but more often, they are either transparencies, puzzles, or thaumatropes. But the true field for display is the railway station. We have only to take the shortest journey to be convinced of this; they even extend far along the line on either side.

There are soaps warranted to wage war against and vanquish roughness, redness, and pimples; there are others guaranteed to fortify the most delicate cuticles against wind and weather, and to make shaving even the most stubbly of chins a positive delight; there is even one which defies the wrinkles of old age, another which renders the teeth pearly white and threatens ruin to the dentists. There are others which insure you a charmed life against infectious disorders; another brings about such a state of perfection that it can only be dedicated to the goddess of beauty herself; and another is of such prodigious strength that it can only be likened to a giant. There are even some whose powers are so soothing, and withal so expeditious, as to render the humble home a haven of rest on washing days!

A witty physician remarked some time ago, whilst talking of soap, that the crowning invention of the age with regard to this useful article had yet to be made. This will happen when some enterprising chemist shall

have discovered the formula of a soap which can be swallowed and which will perform for the inner man all that the above-described brands profess to do for the outer. When this is discovered, suffering humanity will have reason to hug the period in which it was born!

He added laughingly: "The last and best use of this delightful household commodity would be one which, alas! seems as unattainable as the Philosopher's Stone, — altogether too Utopian to be sought here. If some moral soap could be found which would wash away all recollection of injuries, all that is base and ignoble, allowing worldliness and frivolity to float away and die into nothingness like soap-bubbles, leaving only what is noble and best, so purified as to shine with undying refulgence, we should be very near the realization of the trite proverb, — 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' "

At any rate, seductively advertised soaps are both a snare and a temptation to woman, when she reads that this soap will make her beautiful, that this one will wash anything without labor, or that the other will cure any complaint under the sun; and I therefore consider it my duty to make a loyal attempt to enlighten her on the subject.

When fat or oil is boiled with caustic soda it is con-

verted into soap. The process involves a chemical change termed saponification, which is not very well understood. All that need be said about it is this: Natural fats and oils — which are practically the same thing — consist of glycerine combined with what are called fatty acids; and when they are boiled with caustic alkali, — soda or potash, — the acids combine with the alkali and form soap, while the glycerine is separated. The essence of good soap-making, apart from the use of good materials, consists in getting the right proportions of alkali and acid so that they exactly neutralize each other. An excess of alkali makes the soap too strong, and therefore irritating; while an excess of acid — that is, of fat — makes it rancid. This is true of all soaps: they are all made essentially upon the same principles. Any that claim superior merit from being made on a special principle, different from that of other soaps, do so under false pretences. The main ingredients are not merely mixed; they are chemically combined, and therefore must always preserve the same proportions.

The best soap is made from animal fat, beef and mutton. Many other substances are used, and chiefly the vegetable oils, such as cocoanut oil, cotton-seed oil, and so forth; but these have certain great disadvantages. For instance, cocoanut-oil requires a larger

proportion of alkali, which makes the soap harsh ; and some others leave an unpleasant smell behind. This is noticeably the case, as many laundresses and housewives have discovered, with some much-advertised washing-soaps which are made from cotton-seed oil. I will humbly add that from personal experience there are only three kinds of soap which I can safely and conscientiously recommend : plain white castile soap, which is always the safest ; cucumber soap, a very refreshing preparation ; and finally, if one desires to use something ultra-fine and highly perfumed, the French *savon aux orchydées*.

CHAPTER IV

A FEW HINTS ON HYGIENE

AS I remarked at the beginning of this work, health is the first condition of beauty; and women ought, therefore, to be more careful in their diet and general mode of life if they are desirous of preserving their bloom and *fraicheur*. In order to avoid the ailments and decrepitudes of old age, this final bankruptcy of womanly charms, one should never indulge in highly-spiced food or fiery drinks. Alcohol especially has a disastrous effect on the health in general, and on the complexion in particular. A distinguished physician gave a sharp and salutary shock to society some time ago by his startling exposures with regard to the prevalence of heavy drinking among women of fashion, both in Europe and America. He stated that many women of all climes who were living idle lives had consulted him for nervous symptoms which revealed a condition of alcoholism bordering on delirium tremens, but that alcohol was not the only fashionable failing, as chloral, chlorodyne, and morphine were taken in secrecy in boudoirs, and were adding to the maladies of modern life. It is

is a fact, incredible as it may appear, that women belonging to the highest circles of society are slowly but surely becoming inveterate tipplers; that many have recourse to "eye-openers" at 11 A. M., brandy and soda during the day, wine at dinner, and "something hot" at bed-time, not to mention the post-prandial liqueurs of which they partake quite as freely as do the men. The consequence of all this is a heightened color verging on salt-rheum, inflamed eyes, headaches, vertigo, the loss of one's fine tresses, the destruction of the dental enamel, and many other physical and moral ailments, besides the loss of one's own self-esteem, as well as that of others.

One of the most noteworthy and painful features of the present epoch is the alarming increase of dipsomania among the women belonging to the highest classes of society in Great Britain, and in a less degree here in the United States. There is but little of it on the continent of Europe, and the tendency to strong drink, so far as the women are concerned, appears to be confined to the Anglo-Saxon races. It is difficult to assign any reason for this, but a reference to the records of the divorce courts in London, Edinburgh, and New York, will furnish abundant evidence of the fact that in almost every case where the dissolution of the marriage has been pronounced in favor of the husband,

dipsomania has played a very prominent part in bringing about the matrimonial shipwreck.

It is especially in the higher circles of London society that this vice is rampant; and it would seem that in proportion as the old-fashioned heavy drinking of the men diminishes, that of the ladies augments. Nothing is more instructive than to watch the women, both young and old, at the dinner parties in Mayfair and Belgravia, or to observe them lunching, dining, or supping, at the Hotel Bristol, at the Amphitryon, the New Club, at the Bachelors, and at every other club where the fair sex are admitted. Formerly women of social eminence would have recoiled from the idea of drinking spirits, liquors, or even wines in public, and if they felt the need of stimulants, they took them *sub rosa* and in secret. Now, however, their hesitation on this score has disappeared, and the amount of sparkling and still wines and liquors that they consume *coram publico* is absolutely appalling.

As a general rule the heads of our sex are not our strongest point. Our hearts are superior thereto, and we are invariably disposed to permit the latter to obtain the mastery over the former. When, therefore, we allow ourselves to give way to any disposition toward stimulants, we lose our heads far more rapidly and more completely than do men, and become far more reckless

and heedless of consequences. And when we lose our heads we generally end by losing the *retenue* which is one of women's most potent charms. When we are struck by the rash and eccentric behavior of some pretty society women we may safely augur that it is through drink that they have lost their mental equilibrium, their common sense, and their powers of reasoning at the time. When their moral and mental faculties are obscured by stimulants they can no longer be held strictly accountable for their words or acts; and inasmuch as men are aware of this, they are apt, especially when unscrupulous, to take advantage of the knowledge, to the detriment of the weaker sex.

Rotten Row and Vanity Fair, the two promenades of Hyde Park which during the London season are thronged at certain hours with all the smartest element of society, have repeatedly during the past years been the scene of manifestations of drunkenness on the part of women belonging to the highest rank.

In New York there is far less abuse of stimulants among the higher classes than in England, and the best safeguards against it are the cares consequent upon a family of children. The women who become a prey to the habit, and to all the evils in its train, are mostly those who have no domestic worries, and who find the time hang heavily upon their hands. They cannot be

all the time visiting, shopping, or driving, and whenever they find themselves left to their own resources, the strain relaxes, and they feel the need of some stimulant to revive them. This soon develops into the regular habit, which, especially in the case of our sex, proves almost incurable. It invariably leads to the most disastrous results, and few have any idea of the appalling number of wealthy Anglo-Saxon homes which are ruined thereby. As a general rule, I repeat it, it is the idle woman — the one who has nothing to occupy her attention and her mind — who falls a prey to the vice. The woman who has the cares of a family and of a household upon her shoulders rarely finds time to indulge in this vice. Her body and mind are maintained in a state of healthy activity; and having no leisure to brood over troubles that are sometimes real, but far more often imaginary, she does not feel the need of bracing herself by the use of stimulants.

In order to be healthy and beautiful, women should make their habitual beverage water, with which a little fresh lemon juice has been mixed. They should eat plenty of fruit at all seasons. Oranges are especially recommended, this fruit possessing, it appears, extraordinary virtues. The Marquise de Crequy, who died at the end of the last century at the age of ninety-eight, and who was then still a most attractive

old lady, with an apple-blossom complexion, an abundance of snow-white silky hair, and all her teeth unimpaired, lived during the last forty years of her life almost exclusively on oranges. She was wont to eat a dozen of them for her breakfast, and the same number for luncheon and dinner, accompanied each time by a few thin slices of rye-bread and a bowl of chicken broth.

✓ Sobriety is one of the first conditions of health. Plenty of vegetables, chicken, eggs, milk, and fruit, ought to be the almost invariable diet of a pretty woman, — a diet from which fish, game, heavy butchers' meat, condiments, pastry, liquors, pepper, and vinegar, ought to be almost entirely excluded. A good plan is to begin the day by drinking a large glass of orange juice upon awakening. It clears the liver of all impurities, refreshes the mouth, and gives one an appetite for breakfast. Late hours are very injurious. A woman ought to have at least eight hours' sleep, and many being prevented by household cares from remaining in bed in the morning, midnight should always find them asleep. After a night spent in dancing, one ought always to make up for it by sleeping for a few hours during the following afternoon.

Walking is the best of all exercises. Tennis, riding, rowing, are also good, of course, but not equal to walking, which promotes strength and suppleness in the

different parts of the body simultaneously. Tight corsets are extremely detrimental to health, and are often the cause of an ugly reddening of the nose, the heart being contracted by the objectionable whalebone cuirass, and the blood forced to the face, to the detriment of the rest of the system. Another point to which I especially desire to attract the attention of my readers, is the reprehensible practice of dyeing their hair when silver begins to sparkle among the dark or blonde tresses. It is not only unwholesome, but shows a great lack of taste and of tact. God does well all that He does, and white hairs are certainly given us to soften our countenances when age begins to harden our features. It is therefore a serious mistake to attempt any interference on this score. If women who begin to have gray hair could be induced to see how much better they look with their silvered tresses than with dyed, dead-looking locks, there would be far more attractive faces in our drawing-rooms than is usually the case. When wrinkles begin to make their appearance, and when the pink and white bloom of youth has fled, the features are, as I have said above, very apt to become hard and angular, and nothing tones down so well the marks left by the merciless hand of Time as do gray or white waves of hair prettily and daintily arranged above the forehead. One of the pret-

tiest noblewomen in Paris was snow-white at twenty-six years of age, and never consented to dye the superb masses of her long silky hair. She well knows that nothing can set off her rose-leaf complexion and sapphire-blue eyes better than the snowy fringe which curls down to her delicately pencilled dark eyebrows. Talking of white hair reminds me of the legend attributing the snowy lock which every member of the ancient and noble family of Montmorency possesses, and which is the distinctive mark of their race, to the touch of the Archangel Michael's finger. Every Montmorency is born with a broad streak of white hair above the brow, and the old legend says that a Sire de Montmorency to whom the archangel appeared many centuries ago, received this remarkable sign from a touch of the heavenly messenger's finger, placed on the bowed head in blessing, and that the privileged noble transmitted it to all his descendants after him.

In connection with the hygienic department of this work, I may mention that, as far as woollen undergarments are concerned, — and most delicate women are forced to wear them, in winter at any rate, — hygiene daily affiliates itself more to beauty. Even the authenticity of the "natural" gray is often ameliorated by white lace, while pink wool garments appear in ever greater proportions. There is some fascination about

pink. Gray savors too much of virtuous unostentation, and of other unpleasant things; but pink is the color of youth and beauty, and of all things joyous. Very light and dainty combination underclothes, which are both elegant and comfortable, are now made of soft pink all-wool jersey, embroidered with pink silk. It certainly is absolutely necessary for women to adopt in our cold climate something warmer than silk or batiste underclothing, and our innate coquetterie makes us reluctant to wear anything that does not look and feel *chic*. We are only too happy to find that the ever-inventing French *couturiers* have solved the difficulty of being both warmly and elegantly clad under our so fashionable tailor-made dresses. Nowadays it is by no means unusual for a woman to discard all petticoats, dressing herself in a suit of "combinations," and wearing over these colored silk knickerbockers of enormous dimensions, — these, with her dress, forming all her garments. Satin breeches, made like the knickerbockers of a man's shooting suit, very wide and fully gathered into the waist, are in great demand in Paris and London. In some cases these knickerbockers are lined with flannel; in others they are made about two yards wide; then again they are of surah frilled with lace, or of satin, buckled beneath the knee. Thinking over the details of these underclothes, one is tempted to

recognize a strong measure of reason in their adoption: they are certainly warmer than innumerable petticoats, they are infinitely more comfortable, and when frilled with lace and tied with ribbons, they are just as decorative. Combination garments, uniting chemise, petticoat, and knickerbockers, have become wonderfully popular, and are exceedingly pretty when made in accordeon-plaited, light-colored surah, or of shot silk trimmed with lace. Tweed knickerbockers are considered quite the thing abroad, to wear with tailor-made walking costumes, — a very wise precaution indeed, for nothing can be more revolting to gaze upon than a white petticoat that has been worn on a muddy day, and no amount of care can prevent its bedraggled flounces from soiling the *chaussure*. A woman who wears knickerbockers and gaiters under her skirt for walking, comes home in a trim condition very pleasant to see, and the fatigue of holding up a train and several petticoats to keep them from dipping in the mud having been spared to her, she is generally in a charming temper, a fact which enchants husbands and renders them great advocates of the “knickerbocker craze.”

More and more as time passes, the ridiculous and burdensome walking dresses of years gone by are disappearing. In Paris, trains are now absolutely discarded for street wear, doctors having inaugurated a

veritable crusade against these microbe-collecting, slovenly-looking objects, which are more liable to spread contagious diseases from sweeping the unclean pavement, than anything else.

It is singularly fortunate for the advocates of trains that our sex does not derive its fashions of dress from Germany. Otherwise we might find grounds for alarm in the species of persecution against the wearing thereof which is now raging in Central Europe. The Supreme Sanitary Board of Hungary, which is the government department intrusted with the settlement of all questions relating to public health, has issued a decree prohibiting the feminine portion of the population, under the penalty of a fine, from making use of trailing skirts in the streets. In Austria a similar law has been put into force, and is being applied with great stringency in a number of the provincial cities, especially at Meran, Salzburg, Ischl, and Prague. In Germany the government has until now refused to do anything in the question. But the matter has been taken up unofficially by the male population who in Berlin, Mayence, Cologne, Munich, Stuttgart, and other leading cities of the empire have organized clubs for the purpose of endeavoring to abolish the wearing of trains in the streets. Each member has to swear, before he is admitted as a member, that he will boycott all ladies

who permit their skirts to trail in the public thoroughfares, and that he will refuse to accompany, escort, or even bow to any woman thus attired. It is scarcely necessary to add that Emperor William has pronounced himself in favor of the movement, and he loses no opportunity of giving expression to his sentiments on the subject. A short time ago a couple of ladies belonging to the highest ranks of Berlin society were engaged in shaking from their trains the dirt and dust accumulated during their stroll in the Thiergarten. Their carriage was standing close by awaiting them. Suddenly they heard a mocking laugh behind them. It was the Emperor on horseback. Without taking the trouble to salute in any way, he exclaimed in sneering, sarcastic tones: "It's no use; you can't get rid of the 'dreck' [translated muck]. You will have to cut them off," and then rode on with his aide-de-camp.

The argument upon which the promoters of this anti-train crusade base the *raison d'être* of the movement, is that women's trains by sweeping up and collecting the dust and dirt of the streets convey from one locality to another, and thus disseminate, the germs and bacilli of tuberculosis, of fevers, and in fact of every kind of contagious maladies. It is alleged that the trailing skirts carry infection from street to street and from

house to house, so that pestilence literally stalks the land.

It cannot be denied that there is a certain amount of sense and of reason in these arguments. There are no sufficient grounds, however, for the resuscitation at the end of the nineteenth century of the tyrannical sumptuary laws of the mediæval ages. The revival of these ancient statutes is not only an anachronism, but also a piece of intolerable despotism. I for one would never dream of dispensing with my train in the evening; and I have not the slightest doubt that the majority of my sex are of the same way of thinking. The trouble in Central Europe appears to have originated not so much in the actual wearing of trains as in the way of managing them. There are only two nations in the world whose women comprehend the delicate art of wearing a trailing skirt, namely, the French and the Americans. No *Parisienne*, and but few of the fair *citoyennes* of the United States, will ever be seen allowing their trains to drag in the dirt. They are far too dainty to be able to bear the idea of having all the filth and abominations of every kind dangling about their ankles and coming into contact with their hosiery. The bare thought of it is revolting to them. They alone possess the true chic for raising the trains from the ground at the right moment,

and for carrying them in their hand in a manner that constitutes another powerful adjunct to their well-stocked arsenal of coquetry.

Somehow or other the average German, English, Spanish, and Italian woman fails to grasp the delicacies of the art of train-bearing, — if I may be permitted to style it thus, — and sooner than display her lack of skill and her *gaucherie*, prefers to let her dress trail in the dirt of the public thoroughfares. I shall never forget, for instance, meeting old Queen Isabella of Spain, and the Duchess of Hiljar, her principal lady-in-waiting, strolling up the Avenue de Jena at Paris. The Queen, who is very stout, wore an immense green silk dress, which spread out over at least half of the pavement. The other half was taken up by the equally voluminous dress of the duchess. It would be impossible to describe the filthy state of the pavement. Drunken men, sick animals, and Heaven only knows what else, had left offensive evidences of their passage there. Yet through it all serenely swept the skirts of the Queen and the duchess, cleansing the street — but at the expense of their dresses. The condition of the latter, on reaching the Palais de Castille, can be better imagined than portrayed.

Against the train itself, when properly and skilfully handled, man should be the very last to object; for

whenever he seeks to look the most majestic, whenever he would appeal with the most striking emphasis to the imagination of his fellows, he dons a mantle with a train. What would an emperor or a king be on state occasions, if deprived of the royal train borne behind him by his chamberlain? He would recall the tale of the fox, or of the monkey (I forget which), who had lost his train, — I mean his tail, which is, after all, very much the same thing; for I cannot help thinking sometimes that our predilection for trains — a predilection which is by no means confined to our own sex — is attributable to the sense of caudality which we have inherited through mankind, from its Simian ancestors. We are constantly harking back to the irrecoverable tail. The unsatisfied longing undoubtedly exists. We women endeavor to still it by wearing trains to our dresses, whereas man displays his yearning for caudal adornment by wearing tails to his coat. Who can deny the fact that a man in a short shell jacket reaching only down to his waist (they tried in vain to introduce them in the United States) conveys an impression of semi-nudity which we are not conscious of in the presence of tailcoated humanity? And what would a bridal dress be without its train of white silk and filmy lace!

No, no! the crusade against trains is in danger of

failing, since it seeks to suppress an inherited instinct, and I only mention its dangers out of conscientiousness, for I well know how impossible it would be to expect success to attend any such undertaking. Let men leave us our trains alone on the condition that we handle the latter properly, that we wear them only in the evening, and we in our turn will undertake to start no agitation in favor of amputating the tails of the masculine coat.

I think I have described walking as being the exercise most conducive to physical health and beauty in woman. I came to this conclusion after considerable thought and discussion with several eminent physicians of my acquaintance.

Tennis, although very exciting, is too violent, and tends to lengthen the arms, enlarge the hands, and to make the shoulders uneven. Moreover, it is a form of sport of which one is apt to become so fond as in consequence to indulge therein to excess. Croquet does not really give any exercise worth speaking of, and may therefore be left out of the question altogether. The side-saddle, to which we are restricted when riding on horseback, injures in the long run the hip, and sometimes, too, the spine. I deserve credit for my candid denunciation of the side-saddle, for riding has been my greatest passion since early childhood.

Women who have habitually ridden for years, usually have one hip higher than the other. The doctors whom I have consulted are unanimous in condemning cycling for women, as producing a weakness in the back; and my own observations in this matter convince me that it seriously impairs any grace and elegance which they may possess. The question is perhaps, however, still an open one. Fencing, besides being dangerous for women, has the disadvantage of developing the right arm and shoulder to such an extent as to give one the appearance of being lopsided. Nor can golf, which has recently become a favorite pastime of women, be regarded as destined to augment feminine grace; for, in order to drive a ball a long way, the club must be raised above the head and brought down to the ball with a sideways motion, twisting the body from the waist. Gymnastics, while healthy, tend to impair the beauty of the hands, and a woman with large and ugly hands is indeed to be pitied. Of baseball and cricket it is needless to speak; for, although we have feminine cricket elevens and baseball nines, yet it is useless to advocate them as a popular form of exercise. None of us like to appear ridiculous, or to render ourselves ludicrous in the eyes of men, and no woman can play cricket or baseball without exciting masculine laughter, either of an

indulgent or of a mocking character, for the very simple reason that, try as we may, we can never throw the ball properly. Nature never intended that we should. That is obvious; for the very build of our figure prevents us from doing so, and the smallest and most weakly of boys will invariably be able to throw straighter and more surely than the most athletic of women.

Walking, however, has everything to recommend it as a form of exercise for women, and it is an established fact that the women who do the most walking preserve their health, and, above all, their beauty and elegance the longest. It does not present the dangers that do some of the forms of exercise above mentioned, nor does it unduly develop one portion of the body at the expense of the others; moreover, it has the additional advantage of being cheap and within the means of every one, either rich or poor. It serves to maintain the internal organism of our anatomy in order, and in natural consequence thereof preserves our complexion when it is worth preserving, and improves it when it is not.

For some reason or other walking has never become popular among the women of America. Indeed, no form of exercise ever really has, and they seem to be imbued with a certain species of Creole tendency

towards physical indolence, — an indolence all the more striking and strange when contrasted with the brightness, the sparkle, and the activity of the mind of the average American woman. This disinclination on the part of the latter to adopt walking as a form of exercise is the more regrettable as the women of the United States are distinguished among all other women of the world for the beauty and elegance of their walk. A graceful walk is very rare in Europe, and there are but few women who know how to cross from one side of a ballroom to the other without impairing by their carriage the effect of any beauty which they may possess. English women, although passionately fond of walking, — an English girl thinks nothing of tramping twelve or twenty miles a day on foot, — very rarely walk with elegance. Their movement is too harshly accentuated, their step too vigorous, and their action deficient in feminine grace. The German woman walks too heavily, and as a general rule substitutes slow clumsiness for the somewhat masculine vigor and energy of the Englishwoman's step. The French women, the Hungarian women, and the beautiful Poles can none of them be considered good or graceful walkers. Graceful they are, and supremely elegant in all their movements, but they do not walk. They trip and flutter and prance and stamp their dainty feet like the "piaff-

ment" or "dishing" of some high-mettled horse, but they can't walk. Spaniards and Italians, especially those belonging to the lower classes, do walk very gracefully, and seem to glide—one might almost say hover—over the ground, without offending the eye by any angularity or accentuation in the movement of the limbs. Much of this elegance of carriage is attributable to the habit of these women, when young, of carrying jars of water balanced on their heads. There is nothing that contributes so effectively to give a woman a perfect walk as to accustom her to balance a pitcher, or even a glass of water, upon her head. It forces her to hold her head erect, her back straight, with her bust fully developed, and to move without any jerkiness or angularity. Otherwise the water would be spilled over her.

American women, who seem to have combined in their persons all the various graces, charms, and attractions of the different races of Europe, are not in the habit of carrying water pitchers on their heads, but, nevertheless, walk as if they were accustomed to do so; and one of the first things that strikes the returning tourist from Paris, London, and Berlin is the grace and elegance of the New York woman's walk. Unlike most of her foreign sisters, she always appears to advantage when walking, and were she to realize this,

and to take more of this species of exercise, we should see fewer women inclined to *embonpoint*; and alas! there always comes a time of life for women when they become either too voluminous or too ethereal.

Self-discipline, and capacity for taking pains in one's own behalf, and also in behalf of those who love us, are really, after all, the only reliable weapons for fighting old age, wrinkles, and their attending vexations of all sorts and kinds. Even a young girl making the most of her dazzling *beauté du diable* should keep before her mind the prospect of becoming, later on, sallow and shrivelled, or coarse and red-faced, and take measures to avoid this dismal possibility. A very ancient and wonderful French manual, written some time during the seventeenth century, asserts that linen bed sheets are pernicious to beauty, and recommends most urgently the use of chamois leather ones. Now, chamois leather has been used for many purposes, from a shoe to a card-case, but it is only lately that it has been once more called into requisition for sheets. The idea originated with a lady whose skin was of marvellous delicacy, and who had made a careful study of the book in question. Chamois leather sheets are now becoming quite popular, and women who use them travel about carrying with them their own sheets, smartly trimmed with colored ribbons. Naturally, only the very finest skins are

selected for this purpose, and this new fad is rather an expensive one, for the cleaning of these sheets is far more costly than were they of silk or batiste. While on the subject of the laundry, I may as well say that as far as hygiene is concerned, the fashion in which our clothes are washed is perhaps one of the most important of all with regard to our health. Nearly all the leaders of society in Paris and London follow the example of the British royal family in having their linen laundered in the country instead of in the city. Metropolitan laundries labor under heavy disadvantages with regard to drying and bleaching, disadvantages resulting from the constant presence of dust and soot flakes peculiar to the atmosphere of all great cities. In order to avoid the discolorations that inevitably accrue to clothes spread out to dry in back yards or on roofs, in populous districts, the laundries are obliged to have recourse to drying by artificial heat; and this, while drying linen with the desired completeness, is lacking in the bleaching properties possessed by sun and wind. Articles thus dried in a chest filled with hot air, or before a coal fire, acquire a dull hue which, while relatively unimportant in connection with sheets and counterpanes, pillow-cases and towels, is decidedly unfavorable to the appearance of shirt fronts, dinner napkins, table-cloths, and all such decorative

linen and napery, which, to insure the wished-for effect upon the eye of the spectator, should be whiter than the swan's plumage or the ermine's fur. What is of far greater importance, is that linen washed in cities and dried in the above way, is inevitably impregnated with countless microbes that float in the air of every big town, and the risk is great that skin diseases or other contagious maladies will be brought into our houses by these contaminated articles of wear.

CHAPTER V

THE HAND AND THE FOOT

A HANDSOME hand is, according to general belief, the sign of a long line of ancestors and of a thoroughly aristocratic descent. This is partly true, but many unaristocratic people are endowed with beautiful hands, and moreover, what inheritance has not given, care and attention can easily acquire. Indeed, it is always possible to beautify the shape and complexion of the hand, be either ever so indifferent or rough. The hand cannot be pretty, however shapely it may be by nature, if the nails are in any way neglected. The nail has an expression, not to say an eloquence, of its own; for the social status of man or woman can easily be detected by the fashion in which it is shaped or cut and cared for. A broad, flat nail, cut very short and encroached upon by the skin, denotes a vulgar nature; while the true filbert nail, cut to follow the shape of the end of the finger, slightly pointed and daintily polished, gives the entire hand an aristocratic and refined appearance. Few people know how to take proper care of their nails without the

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assistance of the manicure; and yet with a small amount of trouble even the ugliest nails can in a short time become beautiful. Of course it is difficult to alter the color and shape thereof, but with some attention they may be considerably improved. To begin with, the hands should always be washed in very hot water, or, better, in warm oatmeal water. Failing this, a few drops of tincture of benzoin in the water add greatly to the whiteness and softness of the skin, and also conduce to the beautifying of the nails. When the hands are thoroughly clean, rinse them in clear, warm water into which a teaspoonful of almond meal has been thrown. Dry the hands on a soft towel and immediately rub them with the following mixture: —

One part pure glycerine, one part lemon juice, one part rose-water.

This can be prepared either for immediate use, or kept in a bottle for three or four days at a time. Twice a week the nails should be rubbed with this varnish: —

Half an ounce pistachio oil, 32 grains table salt, 33 grains powdered resin, 33 grains ground alum, 80 grains melted white wax, 2 grains fine carmine.

These ingredients should be thoroughly mixed over a spirit lamp, made into a kind of pomatum, and pre-

served in a small glass or porcelain jar. It should be applied to the nail by a tiny wad of medicated cotton and allowed to remain for half an hour. The thin membrane at the root of the nail should then be carefully pushed back with the round end of an ivory nail file, and the little "idle skins" that often grow at the root of the nail cut away with a pair of very sharp scissors. When this is done, the nail should be polished with the so-called diamond powder, a small quantity of which is put on a chamois-skin nail polisher. By doing this twice a week, the roughest and most ungainly looking hands and nails can be transformed into things of beauty. When the hands have been permitted to become chapped, bathe them every night before going to bed in a very clear pulp made of linseed meal and bitter almond oil; rinse them in tincture of benzoin, diluted with sixteen parts of hot water, dry them well, and powder thoroughly with ordinary violet powder. All this, as my fair readers will see, means but very little trouble in order to obtain the agreeable possession of a "thoroughbred" hand.

Strangely enough, there is no article of dress which is more universally worn, and yet to which less attention is given, than the glove. People who would hold up their hands in horror at the bare idea of donning clothes or boots which have not been especially made

for them, show no such antipathy to ready-made gloves, and consider it perfectly natural to imprison their hands in gloves that have neither been measured, cut, nor sewn for them. Now, if there is one portion of the human body which, more than any other, requires the freedom conferred by a perfectly fitting envelope, it is the hand, which should always remain unhampered and unimpeded in all its movements. People fret and fume at the slightest fault in the fit of a dress or of their shoes, but they will submit without a murmur to the discomfort caused by wearing gloves the fingers of which are either too long or too short, and which do not permit free play to the muscular action of the hand. Ready-made gloves never fit, and if there are a few exceptions, they merely suffice to emphasize the rule. In the first place, the right-hand glove and the left-hand glove of a ready-made pair are always made of identically the same size, while there is invariably a marked difference in size between a person's right hand and the left. There is always one hand that is half a size larger than the other. This is due to the fact that one hand is more frequently used than the other, and therefore more developed as regards both muscle and bone. The manufacturers and venders of ready-made gloves do not seem to take this into consideration, and the result is

that when a person buys a pair of gloves of the size suited to the right hand, it will be found that the left-hand glove is too large; whereas, if the gloves are purchased according to the size of the left hand, the right-hand glove will be too tight to be comfortable, if, in fact, it can be got upon the hand at all. Another reason why ready-made gloves never fit is to be found in the fact that there are very few persons who have fingers, and especially thumbs, of the same length as those of their fellow-creatures. Consequently, the thumbs of ready-made gloves are either too short or too long, and in the former event the glove invariably splits or prevents the free and unhampered use of the thumb.

Most of the leaders of society in Europe have realized this absence of common sense with regard to the purchase of ready-made gloves, and accordingly have their gloves made for them in the same manner as their clothes and shoes. Even those who have their gloves made for them experience great difficulty in securing a perfect fit, and the cutters of the great glove houses in France and at Brussels can earn higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives that they

use in their business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation, like heirlooms.

The glove ought always to be loose, for nothing disfigures the hand as does a tight glove, which brings a surplus of blood to the imprisoned member, making it red, besides cramping and deforming the fingers.

The beauty of the hand is, of course, enhanced when it is attached to a slender wrist and a rounded, well-developed arm. The slender wrist is a gift of Nature, and cannot be acquired; but a thin arm can easily be made to take on flesh and shapeliness by exercise and friction continued daily. Rub, rub, rub; and practise with tiny dumb-bells until you are nearly tired. Do with your arms what dancers do with their legs,—exercise them in every way; that and friction will soon increase their size and give beauty to their shape. If you cannot make them as perfect as those of the Venus de Milo before she lost them, you can at least improve them and make them less ugly, which is something not to be disdained.

Let me above all caution my readers against ever permitting their nails to grow too long. This fad is quite enough to mar the beauty of the prettiest hand on earth. In many widely separated portions of the world it is customary for the man who does not live

by manual labor to emphasize this fact by allowing his finger nails to grow to an extravagant and uncomfortable length. This repulsive custom since found its way in a modified form into America, whence the science of "manicurism" was comparatively recently introduced into Europe. I imagine, however, that the average civilized being is still healthy-minded enough to be able to resist the temptations of the delicate manicure cases that may be seen exposed for sale at the present time in many of our shop windows. Clean and well-trimmed nails are certainly desirable, but one may well shudder at the array of knives and scissors, brushes and polishers, which it seems are by some people thought necessary in order to attain this end.

The excess in the opposite direction, which unfortunately is also by no means uncommon, is entire disregard as to the proper conduct of the nails. Worst of all comes the vicious habit of biting the nails instead of cutting them. This is popularly supposed, when carried to excess, to be a sign of ill-temper. It is, however, also sometimes caused by nervousness, for I remember hearing of an amateur sculler of the first rank whose temper was unexceptionable, but who, before an important race, invariably used to bite his nails so persistently that he failed to attain the championship

honors which otherwise would undoubtedly have been his. It is also commonly supposed that dirty finger nails indicate carelessness as to the good opinion of friends and associates, and a recklessness in the matter of making a good impression upon strangers. Dirty nails are also said to be a common attribute of genius, though it is scarcely needful to add that their possession does not necessarily imply anything of the kind, but is an unmistakable sign of low-breeding, and of an utter disregard to the feelings of those about us.

The beauty of the foot, no less than of the hand, is necessary to complete the perfection of womanly loveliness. In Europe it is supposed that the tiny foot is the hall-mark of race, if only it be aristocratically shaped. The latter condition is absolutely essential, and it is a finer stamp of high-breeding to have a foot that is delicately formed and arched, even if it be somewhat long, than to have one that is short and flat. It is related that in olden times Cleopatra was famous for her small foot, and in more modern times Ninon de l'Enclos and Mme. de Pompadour, whose two feet Louis XV. could hold in one hand, are cited as remarkable for the beauty of their extremities. To judge by Canova's statue, Princess Borghese Bonaparte had a beautiful foot. Madame Tallien was wont to sit with her naked feet adorned with rings, while the beautiful

Duchesse de Dino could put her foot, with her boot on, into any other woman's *chaussure*.

In order to preserve the slimness of the foot, or, at any rate, not to augment its width when it is naturally somewhat wide, one must never walk barefoot, even on a carpet, or wear slippers devoid of heels. Upon coming in from a walk or drive, the out-door foot-gear should always be exchanged for a lighter *chaussure*, which affords rest to the foot. Never go to bed with cold feet; in the winter the use of a hot-water bottle is highly commendable, or, if preferred, a pair of lambs-wool socks will answer the same purpose. An excellent wash to strengthen delicate feet is prepared in the following fashion : —

Boil in five quarts of water, for twenty minutes, one ounce of dried mint leaves, one ounce sage leaves, three ounces Angelica, one pound of juniper berries, and two pounds rosemary leaves.

Keep the feet in this aromatic bath for half an hour before going to bed.

Tight shoes, like tight gloves, should never be worn. Order them always one size longer than your foot, and you will never suffer from corns, bunions, blisters, etc. This measure of prudence does not by any means make the foot look larger. On the contrary, it gives it an elegant appearance; for nothing is uglier and more

vulgar than a short, stumpy, compressed foot, which involuntarily reminds one of a cow's hoof.

The daintiest foot-wear is made in Paris. It is thence that the Empress of Japan, whose extremities are of marvellous delicacy and beauty of shape, obtains all her boots, shoes, and slippers.

A pretty foot is one of woman's greatest attractions, and it is an art to know how to display it to advantage without showing too plainly that one is desirous of attracting attention thereto.

Few women in our days know how to get into or out of a carriage prettily and gracefully. In order to accomplish this apparently simple but in truth quite difficult feat, the hosiery worn by the fair one must be just right, the silken web fitting snugly and without wrinkles around the ankle, and the shoe must be trim and pretty. When alighting, grasp the dress lightly at about the knee, stand steadily on the right foot, point the left foot sharply downwards, bend the right knee, letting the weight of the body steadily down toward the street level, the prettily pointed foot and the trim ankle being daintily in evidence. Directly the left toe touches the ground, let it take the weight of the body with graceful springiness. All the beauty of the movement depends on the steady lowering of the body on the right foot and the pretty pointing of the left. If there is need to

steady one's self, one may grasp the inside of the carriage with the hand which is not holding the dress. When getting into a carriage, the left foot should be lightly placed on the step, and by the aid of the right hand grasping the side of the vehicle, the body should be swung upward without apparent effort. As is to be seen too often, the usual way of alighting from a carriage is to extend the foot horizontally, coming down flat upon it, while the grip on the carriage side is so tight that the whole body is swung around awkwardly, the entire movement being so stiff and stilted as to detract greatly from the exhibition of pretty feet. There is really no time when a woman's elegant bearing of herself may be more charmingly shown, and more legitimately so, than when she is alighting in the full view of the passers-by.

There is in London an eccentric old gentleman whose delight is the sight of a pretty foot. If he sees one, no matter whether the owner be old or young, handsome or ugly, poor or rich, clad in purple or in rags, he follows it so long as it may continue to trip, tread, or drag itself along. And if, perchance, its *chaussure* is down in the sole, and its owner longingly lingers in front of a shoe store, then this eccentric old gentleman comes forward and humbly asks permission to present the extremity with a covering worthy of its

beauty. Sometimes the offer is rejected, sometimes it is accepted. The boots or shoes are then duly tried on, bought, and paid for. And our old friend considers himself amply rewarded by being allowed to be present at the trying on. He desires no further acknowledgment of his charity, — for charity it frequently is, — but with a final bow to the newly-shod foot he retires, and is not seen again until another little foot tempts him to repeat the scene.

Few things, in fact, fascinate men so much as a pretty foot, — a foot small proportionately to the person, well arched, and with pretty little toes resembling peas in a shell.

Respecting pretty feet, opinion is universal. There may be a difference of opinion on noses, mouths, eyes, skin, figure, etc., but there is no diversity of opinion respecting the foot, which must be small and arched to be pretty, — not small like the Chinese foot, which is a self-imposed deformity, nor cramped by tight shoes, which throw one toe over the other and cover them with corns, but small and perfectly formed in its natural, unshod state. Spanish women have naturally pretty feet, also Turkish and Polish women. The Frenchwoman's foot is not naturally smaller nor prettier than that of the Englishwoman, but her shoes are of the softest kid, and are cut to perfection. They fit daintily

and comfortably, and do all they can not to be felt, heard, or seen.

Rubbing the soles of the foot with lemon will soften and ease them after walking. The more the feet are bathed and rubbed, the smaller they will remain. Crushed elder leaves under the feet, it is said, will prevent fatigue when walking. In warm weather, after the ordinary bath, powder the feet with the following mixture :—

Powder of lycopodium, 150 grains ; powdered alum, 50 grains ; tannin, 25 grains.

This will prevent perspiration, and also keep the feet from swelling.

The nails of the toes should be cut square and be polished like the finger nails. Pedicures were in great request in ancient Rome, when shoes were unknown. They visited Roman ladies every morning to trim their feet for the day. Some families, indeed, kept their own private pedicures, not only for their own use, but for that of their guests.

One of the most distressing of ailments to which the human foot is subjected is an ingrowing nail. It was at one time thought that shoes were the cause of the trouble ; but as cases were observed in persons who went barefoot or were confined to bed, it became

necessary to admit that shoes were only a secondary agent in the question. The chief factor is some slight traumatism, combined with a habitual state of neglect, which enables the ordinary pus microbes to multiply along the side of the nail. In some instances it is a contusion of the big toe. Some one stepped on it, the patient paid no attention to it at first, but in trimming the nail a few days later a drop of pus was found on the edge, and this was the commencement of the trouble. In other cases the origin of the disorder was a slight wound made while cutting the nail.

I am inclined to believe the cause generally the action of slight wounds combined with uncleanness, and therefore think that the greatest cleanliness should always be observed as a means of prevention. When the complaint occurs it can often be cured by carbolic lotions and antiseptic dressings.

I may add here that if there is one thing more than any other upon which the American woman is entitled to pride herself it is her foot. Proportionately small to the person, well arched, and with pretty little pink-nailed toes, it fully matches in shapeliness the perfectly formed feet of the Spaniards, the Poles, the Russians, and the French, and is immeasurably superior to everything of the kind in England, Germany, Scandinavia, and Italy. This being the case, it has always surprised

me that they conceal, as if it were something hideous and improper, ankles and feet. In France, Great Britain, at San Sebastian in Spain, on the Italian seashore, on the coasts of Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and Belgium, even the most prudish women, as well as those who have the greatest pretensions to *élégance*, invariably bathe in the sea in costumes that leave the limbs bare from the knee downwards. No one ever dreams of donning a pair of stockings for the occasion, although there are many, especially in the northern portions of Europe, who might do so with advantage; and were a woman to appear on the beach of Trouville thus arrayed, she would immediately be set down as afflicted with some malady of the skin. In the shrimping and prawning parties which are all the vogue from Deauville and Dieppe all along the northern coast of Europe to the German seaside resort of Norderney, the ladies, both young and old, show no hesitation in removing their shoes and stockings and baring their legs to the knee, in order to tramp along in the water, exploring the various corners and crevices of the rocks in search of the tiny shellfish. It is considered perfectly natural and proper; there is not the slightest suspicion of indecency, and no one ever dreams of making any objection.

In the United States, however, where there are to be found exceptionally pretty ankles and feet, women are

forced to conceal them, and were any of them to venture on the beach at any of the popular seaside resorts with limbs bare from the knee downwards, an outcry would be raised on the score of injured morality. People with whom I have recently been discussing the subject claim that the strict ideas which prevail in America with regard to bare ankles and feet are a remnant of the old sumptuary laws and notions of our puritanical forefathers. That is all very well; but what, if you please, would these passengers of the "Mayflower" have said to the present style of *décolletage*? Surely there is less impropriety in displaying the feet and the legs as far as the knee, than in furnishing such a generous and liberal exhibition as is to be seen in the boxes on any good night of the New York opera season.

A shapely ankle is quite as attractive in its way as well-formed shoulders, and there is more grace in a pretty foot, untrammelled by any covering, than in a bare neck, and, I may add, back. Nor is there grace only in a woman's foot; there is expression as well. There is the capricious foot, the coquettish foot, the aristocratic foot, the phlegmatic foot, the nervous foot, the plebeian foot, the short-tempered foot, and the saucy foot.

A woman's character, nay, even her most secret thoughts, may often be read by the movement of the

toes,—far more so than by the action of the hands. For, whereas we have almost entire control over the play and muscular movement of the hands, we have but little mastery over the motion of our toes. Men know this, or, to speak more correctly, used to know this in olden times, and their anxiety to be “at our feet” may be ascribed, in a certain measure, to their hope that we might be betrayed into giving unawares some pedal indication of the real character of our sentiments toward them. The phrase “at our feet” is evidently one which dates from ancient times, when women wore neither shoes nor stockings, but merely dainty thin sandals. There was some reason for being at our feet then; to-day there is none. Of course I am perfectly aware that it is impossible for us to revert to sandals, and to dispense with hosiery, but women with pretty feet should at least be permitted the privilege of doffing shoes and stockings when bathing in the sea.

CHAPTER VI

THE HAIR, EYEBROWS, AND EYELASHES

IS there a woman in existence who is not proud of her hair when it is long, thick, and silky, or one who does not everlastingly break the Tenth Commandment — if she has not been well endowed by nature in that respect — when she sees the more abundant and luxuriant tresses of other women? The fact is that a fine head of hair is one of the most enviable charms of woman, and that no effort should appear to her too wearisome or too painful to acquire or to preserve it. There is also a great deal to be said about the way in which the hair is dressed, not merely on account of the change which different coiffures affect in the physiognomy, but also because, when it is always arranged in the same fashion, the scalp becomes tired and the hair itself thinned thereby.

It is a great error to believe that cutting short the hair of little girls improves its growth and thickness later on. Far from this being the case, the frequent cutting of the hair renders its texture coarse, and diminishes its brilliancy. Moreover, the fact that men suffer far more

from baldness than do women goes to prove that the old-fashioned theory of strengthening the hair by cutting it short is undeniably fallacious. Nevertheless, it is a good plan to trim off the ends once a month during the first quarter of the moon.

Cleanliness of the scalp is an absolute necessity in order to keep the capillary tissues in perfect condition. A thorough shampooing should be given once a week, the hair being rinsed with warm water to which has been added a dash of cologne. Russian ladies, who possess magnificent *chevelures*, make a point of shampooing their heads every other day; but this is not necessary, and if this operation be performed once a week, as I stated above, it is fully sufficient to remove all dust and impurities from the scalp and to promote the growth and luxuriance of the thinnest hair. Blondes will be interested to hear that nothing is better for golden hair than to wash it in pale ale, while brunettes should always employ hot water acidulated with lemon juice.

Friction stimulates the growth of the hair wonderfully, and it is a very good thing to rub the scalp with the tips of the fingers for ten minutes night and morning. Pomatums and oils are not to be recommended, for they rapidly become either sour or rancid, clog the pores of the scalp, and often cause the hair to fall off. When the latter is light-colored, a beautiful golden hue

can easily be imparted to it by applying a mixture of honey and rhubarb stalks in equal parts by weight, in white wine, to be used when cold. This is by no means a hair-dye, but simply a perfectly harmless "wash," which improves the natural color of blonde tresses. Dyes are always dangerous, in spite of what may be said to the contrary. They bring on headaches, even when they cause no further harm, and should be strictly tabooed by every person careful of his or her health.

While on the subject of headaches —perhaps one of the commonest maladies that afflict our sex — I may mention a very efficacious remedy which, especially in the case of nervous headaches, really works wonders. Some freshly scraped horseradish is the simple nostrum, and it must be held in the hand a minute or so until it is quite warm, and then sniffed at with energy. This requires courage, for the sensation is as if the pungent odor passed right through the brain; but it seems to drive the pain before it, and the consequent relief makes it worth while to endure the momentary pang.

In autumn, as a general rule, human hair has a way of falling off profusely, and in some instances this "shedding" — I don't well know how otherwise to describe it — is so abundant that, although it is

known that spring will bring with it a new crop of fine silken tresses, yet a kind of panic is created lest the temporary impoverishment should become permanent. In such cases an energetic medication is to be recommended, the following preparations being excellent for their individual uses : —

WASH TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE NEW CROP
OF HAIR.

Rose water,	4 ounces.
Rosemarin brandy,	2 “
Essence of bitter almonds,	100 drops.
Liquor ammonia,	100 “
Essence of mace,	30 “
White castor oil,	100 “

The essences should be first mixed together with the castor oil, the brandy and ammonia then being added, and lastly the rose water being added a little at a time, and with constant stirring. Use two soup-
spoonfuls of this to a basin of warm water twice a week.

POMATUM TO PREVENT THE HAIR FROM FALLING.

White vaseline,	3 ounces.
Cold drawn castor oil,	1 ounce.
Gallic acid,	20 grains.
Essence of lavender,	10 drops.

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The best remedy for the cure of dandruff is the unguent known under the name of the "Dupuytren Recipe": —

Take of

Beef marrow,	11 ounces.
Acetate of lead,	60 grains.
Black balsam of Peru,	300 "
Rectified alcohol,	2 fluid ounces.
Cantharide powder,	25 grains.
Essence of clover,	10 drops.
Essence of cinnamon,	10 "

Mix thoroughly and apply to the scalp every morning, for a week at a time, with a bit of soft rag. The treatment should then be interrupted for a week, and taken up again until the dandruff has entirely disappeared.

It is very important, in order to prevent the hair from falling off, to protect the head from undue heat. Hats should always be light, and in summer, if possible, perforated, when not made of open-work straw. At night the hair should be loosely braided, and in case of illness the braids should always be carefully tied at the ends, so as to avoid their becoming entangled.

Never use a celluloid or horn comb. The material of this article of a lady's toilet is very important, and

should invariably be tortoise-shell, ivory, or mother-of-pearl, — an innovation now very much favored by *Parisiennes*. The disgusting wire hair-pins of bygone days are now entirely discarded and universally replaced by shell or amber “forks,” or simply by a head comb. This will hold the entire coiffure in the shape so much in vogue in Paris, namely, the *huit restauration*, or, to make myself better understood, the loose coil in the form of the figure eight brought into fashion under the French Restoration, and revived last year by French *élégantes*.

It is, of course, exceedingly difficult to advise any woman as to the way in which she ought to dress her hair, for the style that suits one species of beauty does not necessarily suit another. Fashion should have very little influence in this matter, and the cast of features should be studied with a view to choosing a befitting coiffure. Heavy dark hair accompanying classical features is naturally treated far differently from fluffy fair locks crowning a piquant physiognomy. The latter should, as much as possible, be waved or curled, and allowed to fall over the forehead; while the former always looks to better advantage when disposed in plain braids or severe smooth coils at the back, and raised above the brow, antique fashion.

At any rate, curling irons should be banished from

the dressing-room of every woman careful of her hair ; for there is nothing more liable to spoil its texture than their use, as the heat renders the hair dull, brittle, and rusty. The only harmless means of curling straight hair is to wet it at night with rectified alcohol, and then to roll it on soft lead wires which have been previously covered with glove-skin. These curlers are called *bigoudis*, and may be found already prepared at every fashionable hairdresser's. It is much easier, however, to wash the fringe or "bang" vigorously with tincture of green soap and water, and after rinsing it thoroughly to ruffle it while still wet, allowing it to dry in this rumpled condition. A few light strokes of the comb will then produce a very becoming and artistic-looking tangle.

False hair is now very little worn, and it is only when downright baldness must be concealed — fortunately a very rare occurrence with our sex — that one should invest in so disagreeable an adjunct of the toilet. Of course, however, when after an illness, or in extreme old age, the hair has fallen to such a degree as to leave bare places on the scalp, it is necessary to employ some kind of wig or *postiche* ; but false tresses of any description should be bought from first-rate *coiffeurs* only, who will make a point of furnishing one with articles beyond reproach, taken from the

scalps of living beings, — never from corpses, — and carefully prepared.

With evening dress French ladies are beginning to wear their hair powdered. This is an excellent idea, for not only is powder very good for the hair, but the effect is extremely becoming to both old and young. Patches naturally accompany powder, and certainly give much piquancy to the countenance. It is not generally known that these little velvety, artificial beauty-spots, looking so frivolous and tantalizing, were once a symbol of religion. It is said that patches originated with the Saxon Queen Etheldra, who was canonized after her death, which took place at the end of the seventh century.

This queen, who had led a life of great dissipation, was touched by grace at the death of her second husband, to whom she was much attached, and seeing the folly of her ways, she forsook the world and its snares to enter a convent, where she was chosen to be the abbess. She gave herself up forthwith to the most severe practice of religion, — and in those days this meant a great neglect of soap and water. This, together with long fasting, numerous penances, flagellations, and other voluntary hardships, caused her pretty face to break out in pimples and blotches. She covered these disfiguring spots with patches, and all her

followers, although they did not sport pimples themselves, adopted the patches without them, as being the evidences of a really religious life.

Hair that is naturally greasy should be washed at least once a week with a gallon of warm water wherein half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved; while for naturally dry hair an occasional application of French "brilliantine" is commendable, as it nourishes the roots and promotes the growth of the hair. Here is the authentic recipe of the henna tincture used by Oriental women to dye their hair in the beautiful shades beloved by Titian. Not that I approve of a woman changing the hue of her tresses, but as everybody may not be of the same opinion, I trust that this harem secret, which was imparted to me during one of my visits to the far East, may prove serviceable to such of my fair sisters as dare use such strong ingredients.

Wash the hair with strong ammonia and water, and while it is drying prepare the following mixture: —

Dissolve a quarter-pound of henna powder in a quantity of hot water sufficient to make a paste, add one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of white honey, and one of powdered rhubarb.

Apply this paste to the hair very carefully and thoroughly from the roots to the ends, rolling the hair then

in strands, which are each separately pinned to the head. When this is done cover the entire mass of hair with the remainder of the paste and allow it to stay thus for two hours. When this time has elapsed the paste will have hardened in drying, and should be washed off in six consecutive changes of hot water made alkaline by the addition of a little washing soda. The hair must be dried in the sun so that it may acquire the true golden shine. Let me warn my readers to smear their hands well, before beginning the operation, with cold cream or vaseline; for otherwise it would be extremely difficult to rid them of the stains left by the henna.

Proper care of the eyebrows and eyelashes is generally neglected, — a fact much to be deplored, as nothing adds to the beauty of the human face as do well-trained and finely-pencilled eyebrows and long silky eyelashes. Too heavy eyebrows give a harsh and vulgar expression to the countenance, while an absence of eyelashes and eyebrows constitutes an absolute blemish to even the prettiest face. Therefore, when the eyebrows are too thick they should be thinned out, and, so to speak, regularized by uprooting the surplus hairs with a tiny pair of pincers. This process is somewhat painful, but is well rewarded by the remarkable improvement it generally produces on the appearance.

When the eyebrows and lashes are too thin, the

following method should be adopted. Wash the eyebrows and lashes with warm water before going to bed, and apply with a soft, narrow brush some pure olive oil. They should be gently rubbed three times a day with an infusion of white wine and mint leaves.

A very safe tincture for eyelashes and eyebrows is prepared thus : —

Red claret,	12 fluid ounces.
Coarse gray salt,	60 grains.
Sulphate of iron,	112 “

Boil for five minutes in a small enamelled saucepan, then add

Oxide of copper,	60 grains.
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Boil two minutes longer, and finally add

Gall-nut,	112 grains.
Fine white salt,	60 “

Strain, and pour into a small stone bottle. Apply to the eyebrows and lashes very carefully with a pointed camel's-hair brush, avoiding touching the skin, and after a quarter of an hour wash with warm water and dry off by means of a hot, soft towel.

Rectified alcohol rubbed into the eyebrows twice a day with the tip of the finger promotes their growth and gives them a fine lustre. A great many women

use "kohl" to enhance the lustre of their eyes. Now kohl in itself is not a harmful substance, but still I cannot recommend it to my readers excepting when they are about to appear on the scene of some amateur theatre; for, as I remarked in the chapter concerning cosmetics, I do not approve of any kind of paint for the face. Nevertheless, kohl is in great demand both in Europe and in the Orient for the purpose of giving to the eyes a soft expression and a languishing look, which our modern dames are proud to possess. The seductiveness of kohl has descended from age to age, and people to people, from the days of Cleopatra, who sought with her cosmetics and perfumes to beguile Mark Antony on the banks of the Cydnus. This preparation of antimony, applied by the Egyptians to this day to blacken the edges of the eyelids, both above and below the eye, necessitates the use of a small probe of wood, ivory, or silver, tapering towards the end, but blunt. This implement is moistened sometimes with rose water, then dipped in the powder and drawn along the edges of the eyelids. Something of the same character, *stibium*, also prepared from antimony, was used similarly by the luxurious Babylonians, and they were accustomed also to rub the skin with pumice-stone, to make it smooth. The Greeks darkened the eyebrows as well as the eyelids with Egyptian

kohl, and the Romans had a great variety of cosmetics. Ovid, the poet of love, in a book treating upon this subject, a fragment of which has come down to us, has given a recipe for the complexion which was composed of barley and bean flour, eggs, hartshorn, ground narcissus bulbs, gum, Tuscan seed, and honey. "Every woman who spreads this paste upon her face will render it smoother and more brilliant than her mirror," he says. In the far East the eyelids are darkened with *soorma*, and the eyelashes with *kajul*, used in the same way as kohl. The *soorma* is placed inside the lids, and, according to tradition, when the Almighty commanded Moses to ascend Mount Sinai to show him His countenance, he exhibited it through an opening of the size of a needle's eye, and at the sight Moses fell into a trance. After a couple of hours, on coming to himself, he discovered the mountain in a blaze, when he descended immediately. The mountain then addressed the Almighty thus: "What! hast thou set me, who am the least of mountains, on fire?" Then the Lord commanded Moses, saying, "Henceforth shalt thou and thy posterity grind the earth of this mountain and apply it to your eyes." Since then, says a well-known authority, this custom has prevailed, and the *soorma* sold in the bazaars of Hindoostan is supposed to be earth coming from Mount Sinai.

CHAPTER VII

THE MOUTH AND THE TEETH

THE purity of the breath, which is so desirable in every human being, is an absolute necessity for every pretty woman, whose beauty counts for very little if this one advantage is lacking. It would, therefore, be a terrible mistake to neglect the (practically speaking) simple precautions insuring this priceless possession, — a sweet and fragrant breath.

To begin with, one should avoid eating onions, garlic, or any too highly spiced meats and fish ; but, in case one has indulged in these aliments, a glass of milk drunk immediately afterward will remove the faintest odor from the breath. Badly cared-for teeth, dyspepsia, the use of liquors and tobacco, are among the agents most liable to destroy the purity of the breath. I have said in a preceding chapter how prevalent of late has become the use of liquor among women, and how disastrous this indulgence is both for health and beauty. I will now touch upon another subject, namely, the ever-increasing habit among fashionable women of



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smoking cigarettes. Having myself contracted this deplorable habit while in Russia and the far East, I cannot be accused of partiality when denouncing it as a great mistake on our part, and I know, probably better than any one else, how difficult it is to give it up when once one has grown to like the taste and sedative effects of the weed. What, therefore, should now be our aim is not to preach against smoking by women, but as far as possible to counteract its effects.

In Europe, not only do the members of the most blue-blooded aristocracy, but also a great majority of the empresses, queens, and royal princesses, rest in the conviction that life bears a more beautiful aspect when looked at through the opalescent clouds of fragrant smoke which escape through their lips. A number of the leaders of fashion have of late years been going in for smoking-rooms of their own, and the most exquisite smoking paraphernalia is now to be found in ladies' *boudoirs*.

The crusade against the use of tobacco during the past three centuries has been preached in vain. The consumption of the soothing herb first brought to Europe by gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, far from showing any signs of falling off, increases every year. Nor, as I just remarked, is the use thereof restricted to men. The fair sex, whose nerves are much more highly

strung, and whose hearts throb half as quickly again, are finding that the weed first dedicated to England's Virgin Queen is infinitely more effective than either chloral or morphine. It is true that in the United States the prejudice against smoking still remains, and there is a tendency to regard those who indulge in the habit as "fast," and even immoral.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, smokes from thirty to forty Turkish and Russian cigarettes a day, and for many years it has been her inveterate custom to puff away after dinner at a strong Italian cigar, one of those with a straw running through it, which is brought to her with her cup of Turkish coffee every evening on a gold salver. She says herself that smoking soothes her nerves, and that whenever she feels "blue" a cigar or cigarette will do more than anything else to cause her to see things in a happier light. She is a perfect Greek and Latin scholar, and when writing she smokes almost continually. On her writing-table are always a large silver box of repoussé-work, filled with cigarettes, a match-box of carved Chinese jade, and a capacious ash-receiver, made of the hoof of a favorite hunter which broke its spine over a blackthorn hedge, several years ago, during one of the autumn meets at Schloss Gödöllő, in Hungary. The Empress caused the handsome mare's front hoofs to be mounted in silver in the

form of ash-receivers, and gave one to the Emperor, the other constituting always part and parcel of her dressing-case wherever she goes. Almost mechanically her Majesty lights cigarette after cigarette, as she sits in her great writing-room at Gödöllő, which is fitted up with carved oak panels and Gobelin tapestries, the sombre hue of the walls being relieved here and there by trophies of the chase. Any one who has the opportunity of examining closely the slender white hand of the imperial lady will certainly have noticed a faint yellow stain on the first and second fingers of the left hand, caused by the cigarette. But Elizabeth's brain has not been dulled, nor has her marvellous beauty been impaired by nicotine. For she still remains not only one of the loveliest, but also one of the most quick-witted, spirituelle, and intellectual women of the age.

The dowager Czarina of Russia, who is likewise one of the vassals of King Nicotine, smokes in a somewhat more indolent and almost Oriental fashion. Stretched on the silken cushions of a broad low divan at Gatchina, she follows dreamily with her beautiful dark eyes the rings of blue smoke that her crimson lips part to send upward into the perfumed air of her *boudoir*, — a *boudoir* which she calls her "den," and which is copied from one of the loveliest rooms of

the Alhambra, with palms raising their banners against the gorgeous colors and diapered gold of the walls. Heavy-hearted and anxious as the charming sovereign of all the Russias often is, her mind filled with grievous fears of a cruel death for those she loves best, she finds in the cigarette her greatest solace, and she spends many an hour, her small patrician head, crowned by its wealth of brown braids, reclining among the gold-embroidered pillows of her couch, sending little clouds of smoke upwards to the ceiling, and sipping exquisite Caravan tea, at forty dollars a pound. The latter is brought to her in a service made by the goldsmiths of the Deccan, who provide work beside which all the best that Europe can furnish appears clumsy, vulgar, and inartistic.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is another of the royal ladies who see no harm in the use of tobacco. Her flashing black eyes look laughingly through fragrant clouds of smoke, and she is wont to declare that her cigarette is more essential to her comfort than anything else in life. King Humbert, who is still as much in love with his charming consort as on the day when, twenty-one years ago, he first brought home to the Royal Palace at Turin the lovely daughter of the Duke of Genoa, delights in smoking his cigar in her company.

Christina, Queen Regent of Spain, is a great advocate of tobacco. She consumes a large quantity of Egyptian cigarettes, and there is nothing that her little "*Bubi*," His Most Catholic Majesty King Alphonso XIII., enjoys more than when his mother permits him to strike a match and apply the flame to the end of her cigarette. When thus engaged the little fellow laughs merrily, and indulges in all sorts of antics, like a light-hearted little monarch that he is.

His Holiness Pope XIII. at any rate does not consider the use of tobacco as a vice, else he would scarcely have conferred the Golden Rose on so inveterate and confirmed votaries of the weed as Queen Christina and the ex-Crown Princess of Brazil. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that, like many other enlightened spirits, he regards the objection to cigarettes as being mere smoke after all.

The smoking paraphernalia of the beautiful and voluptuous-looking ex-Queen Natalie, of Servia, is of the most elaborate and magnificent description, while the poet Queen of Roumania, so well known in the literary world under the pseudonym of "*Carmen Sylva*," is content with a gold cigarette-case suspended at her chatelaine.

The Comtesse de Paris, the queen de jure of France, is addicted to mild Havanas of delicious flavor,

and her daughter, Queen Amelia of Portugal, is a source of considerable fortune to the manufacturers of Russian cigarettes at Dresden. All the Russian Grand Duchesses and most of the Imperial Archduchesses of Austria—including Marie Thérèse, Elizabeth, and Clothilde—smoke to their hearts' content and in the most public manner, and their example is followed by Queen Olga of Würtemberg, who is a daughter of Czar Nicholas; by Queen Olga of Greece, who is likewise a Russian Grand Duchess; by the Princesses Leopold and Luitpold of Bavaria; and by Queen Henrietta of Belgium. Neither of the empresses of Germany, nor the Queen of Saxony, nor yet the Grand Duchess of Baden is known to use tobacco in any form; and if either Queen Emma of Holland or the Queen of Sweden indulges in an occasional cigarette for the purpose of soothing sorely-tried nerves, she does so in private.

Queen Victoria has an intense horror of smoking, and it is strictly prohibited at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne. This, indeed, is one of the main reasons why the visits of the Prince of Wales to his august mother are so brief, and so few and far between; for the heir apparent to the English throne is so little accustomed to self-denial, and so fond of smoking, that he is scarcely ever to be seen for an hour

together without a cigar or cigarette between his lips. Of his sisters, only the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, smokes; but both his wife and daughters, especially Princess Maud, are accustomed to indulge in a cigarette when in their morning-room at Sandringham or Marlborough House. Many, in fact, most of the great ladies of France, such as the Duchesses de Mouchy, de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, d'Uzès, and de Maillé, are fond of cigarettes, the fashion having been set in France some five and thirty years ago by Empress Eugenie, who, like all Spaniards, was never at her ease except when puffing clouds of fragrant smoke from her lips. Indeed, during the Napoleonic régime there was scarcely a corner in the palace of the Tuileries, St. Cloud, or Compiègne, which was not redolent with the fumes of tobacco. Of the members of the Imperial French Court, Napoleon's cousin, Princess Mathilde (who, although much over seventy years of age, has not very long ago contracted amorganatic marriage with a young man of twenty-eight, and bearing the peculiar name of "Porquet," little porker), the Princesses de Sagan, the Marquise de Belbœuf, and the Comtesse de Pourtalès may every one of them have been said to have seen life only through hazy clouds of smoke. In Austria and Hungary all the great ladies divide their loyalty equally

between their beloved Emperor on the one hand and King Nicotine on the other; and many is the time that the Princess Metternich, Princess Leontine Fürstenberg, Margravine Pallavicini, Countess Schönborn, Princess Clam-Gallas, and Countess Andrassy have been seen smoking on the race-course of the Freudenau, or even in the Stadt Park, while listening to the strains of Strauss's orchestra.

It is in the Orient, however, that smoking has been developed into a fine art. Debarred from all the social pleasures and active mode of life of their European sisters, the ladies of the zenana are restricted to gossip, coffee, and tobacco. Nowhere else in the world are these three things brought to such a standard of perfection. A fair idea of the importance attached thereto by Turkish women of high rank may be obtained by my readers from a short description of a visit which I made a few years ago, during Tewfik-Pacha's lifetime, to the harem of the Khedive of Egypt at the Ismailia Palace on the banks of the Nile. This is what I wrote at the time in my diary:—

“The audience-chamber of his Highness's only wife is a casket fit for a jewel. The furniture is of ivory and mother-of-pearl, and the hangings of silvery satins, embroidered with pale roses and violets in silk and silver thread. The ceiling and woodwork are painted with groups of flowers, and the

glass in the windows is milk-white, while the floor is covered with thick white Aubusson rugs, strewn with a design of rose leaves and buds. Here, lying back on a low velvet divan, is the Vice-Queen, smiling her welcome to the approaching visitor. She is still extremely beautiful, although a little too short. Her face is brilliant and lovely like a Titian or a Rubens ; her eyes are very large and velvety, full of the slumberous fires of the Orient ; her scarlet lips are like a double camellia petal, and her skin of the warm, creamy whiteness of the tea-rose. She is generally clothed in white silken tissues, cut à l'Européenne, with a great profusion of marvellous lace, and a perfect shower of pearls and diamonds glittering on her hair and on her white bosom, encircling her wrists and covering her small, plump hands. Diamonds sparkle everywhere ; the tobacco-box, which lies on a low inlaid table near the Vice-Queen, is studded with them. The inkstand and penholder which adorn her writing-desk are all ablaze with splendid gems. Her Highness's slippers are thickly sewn with brilliants, and more jewels form monograms on all the dainty trinkets which surround her, from her gold footstool to her powder-box and tortoise-shell hand-glass. On her heart the Vice-Queen wears a miniature of her husband framed with huge diamonds and rubies, and around her waist is a broad band of the same stones to which is suspended a fan of snowy ostrich feathers, its handle encrusted with pearls, emeralds, and sapphires. In spite of all this profusion of jewelry, there is nothing discordant in the sovereign's appearance. The nature of the luxury is in perfect keeping with her Oriental style of

beauty, and the setting in absolute harmony with the great brilliancy of the picture she presents.

“The Vice-Queen frequently smokes a narghilé (water-pipe). This becomes her even better than the more prosaic cigarette. The Khedive once presented his wife with a narghilé of great magnificence. The bowl is of engraved rock crystal mounted in chased gold, fashioned in the form of a lotus flower. The tube is concealed by a deftly wrought network of pink silk and gold thread, while the amber mouth-piece and gold plateau are one mass of sparkling jewels.”

I am bound to say, however, that every one of King Nicotine's worshippers, both in Europe and in the Orient, alike takes precautions to preserve her breath from becoming tainted by smoke, one of the safest being to swallow, several times during the course of the day, some tiny lozenges prepared by taking

Pulverized charcoal,	2 ounces.
Powdered sugar,	2 “
Finely powdered chocolate,	6 “
Powdered vanilla,	1 teaspoonful.

Melt all these ingredients over a slow fire, stirring until thoroughly mixed. When reduced to a thick paste pour on a marble slab and, after letting it cool completely, cut into pastilles or lozenges. Oriental women chew tiny pieces of cinnamon or lentisque



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seeds, and rinse their mouths morning and evening with a mixture of incense, camphor, and myrrh.

Of course, when an offensive breath is caused by decayed teeth, I need not say that the dentist should immediately be consulted, and the teeth in question either filled or drawn without delay.

It should not be forgotten that even when the teeth are pretty, white, and carefully attended to, the mouth cannot be called perfect unless the lips are in keeping with the rest. They should be of a fine ruby hue, soft, pliable, and, to use the favorite phrase of the novelists, "dewy." The vinegars and salves sold by perfumers and druggists to redden the lips are all humbug, if I may be permitted thus vigorously to express myself. They only too often harden and roughen the texture of the lips, cause them to become chapped, and end by rendering them positively repulsive to look at. It is infinitely preferable to have pale pink lips than to destroy them by means of semi-poisonous substances.

A harmless pomatum, which softens the lips and brightens their color when used every night, especially during the cold season, is the *Onguent des Sultanes*, of which I give the recipe : —

White wax,	60 grains.
Whale-white,	60 "
Sweet almond oil,	5 ounces.

Rosewater,	1 ounce
Carmine,	5 grains.
Balsam of Peru,	60 “
Cocoa butter,	120 “
Melt and mix together.	Keep in a glass jar.

In Oriental harems a very effective balm is prepared for the same purpose by crushing a pound of fresh damask rose leaves in a cup of sweet cream; force the mixture through a piece of gauze, stir a pinch of powdered vanilla therein, and rub upon the lips at night. This balm does not keep well, and it should be prepared every day. The proportions as given are intended to suffice for several women.

Parents are severely to be blamed when they do not see that their children's teeth are properly attended to very early in life, for were they to do so much suffering and discomfort would be subsequently avoided. Cleanliness as far as the teeth are concerned is of the greatest importance; and when I say cleanliness, I do not mean the matutinal tooth-brushing, but also a thorough rinsing of the mouth after each meal, and a yet more scrupulous cleansing before retiring. If the tiniest pieces of food are allowed to remain between the teeth, even for a few hours, they are apt to induce soreness, and will breed decay with amazing fleetness.

Toothpicks should never be used: first of all, because



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they are intolerably vulgar and bad form, and also because they destroy the enamel. When anything has lodged between the teeth, and cannot be removed by the brush, a strand of white silk should be dragged up and down in the interstice, instead of attempting to dislodge it with a toothpick, or, horror of horrors, with a pin! The tooth-brush must be small, and not too hard, and should never be used for more than a month, as nothing is more deleterious to the healthy condition of the mouth than the employment of an old brush. The best of all tooth-cleansers is castile or carmel soap. It freshens the gums and renders them firm, while it keeps the teeth white and lustrous. As I mentioned in the opening chapters, a pinch of salt used once a week is excellent to remove and prevent tartar, but it is not to be used oftener. Many dental troubles arise from the delicacy or from the inflammation of the gums. When the latter are too soft the following specific rubbed into them will restore their firmness :

Powdered quinquina,	225 grains.
Powdered ratanhia,	90 “
Chlorate of potash,	40 “

If the gums bleed easily, rinse the mouth with water-cress juice or a tea made of this astringent plant. Lemon-juice is also excellent when applied with a soft

red-sable brush. An old time remedy for toothache is to crush a little parsley with some salt, and to place a diminutive poultice of this against the root of the aching tooth. In case the latter is hollow a small quantity of powdered alum dropped into it is very soothing. The best of all tooth powders is easy to prepare at home. It is composed of

French magnesia,	2 ounces.
Bi-carbonate of soda,	$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce.
Powdered orris root,	1 "
Green aniseed powder,	350 grains.
Powdered charcoal,	300 "
Powdered cloves,	350 "

Mix thoroughly, sift through a piece of silk gauze, and keep in a china or wooden box.

An elixir to be used simultaneously with this powder is:—

Essence of lavender,	$\frac{1}{4}$ fluid ounce.
" of cloves,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
" of cinnamon,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
" English peppermint,	120 drops.
Benzoic acid,	30 "
Rectified alcohol,	1 quart.
Carmine,	15 grains.

Ten to fifteen drops of this are to be used in a wineglass of water.

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I may add here for those whose misfortune it is to wear false teeth, that, with a view of avoiding the disagreeable odor which emanates from this foreign body introduced in the mouth, the set of teeth should be washed twice a day in tepid water wherein a teaspoonful of the following elixir has been mixed : —

Essence of watercress,	1 ½ ounces.
Tincture of cachu,	85 drops.
“ of ratanhia,	85 “
Pure thymol,	1 drop
Essence of thyme,	1 “

The mouth should also be rinsed with a weaker solution of the same elixir.

A very good tooth-paste is prepared by amalgamating thoroughly

Saccharine,	8 grains.
Essence of rose geranium,	15 drops.
“ of rosmarin,	8 “

I cannot forbear saying a few words in this chapter about the voice, which is certainly one of woman's greatest charms and powers of seduction. A sweet, melodious voice is sometimes enough to render a downright plain person agreeable, whereas a harsh grating or nasal vocalization is repulsive, especially in a woman. Like anything else, the voice can be trained

and modelled with a little care. One should never scream, shriek, or even raise the voice above its natural pitch, and when singing should avoid straining the vocal cords, which when once injured never regain their softness. Here I must again caution my fair readers against the exaggerated use of tobacco, alcoholic drinks, highly spiced food, etc., for their effect upon the voice is disastrous. Plenty of milk, buttermilk, raw eggs, lemonade, and occasionally a mouthful of hot water have a beneficial effect on the voice. Chickweed tea cures hoarseness, and so does an infusion of plaintain-leaves and elder-blossoms.

In the Orient a wonderful paste is prepared from the pulp of the apricot and of the fig, which marvellously softens and sweetens the voice. The fruit is peeled and slowly cooked with an equal quantity of sugar, until reduced to a thick syrup, when it is poured into flat pine boxes and allowed to dry in the sun. A few pieces of this paste eaten two or three times a day are said to cure all the small troubles of the throat and lungs, — cankers, colds, etc. Another, and this is a very ancient remedy for the same complaint, is to slice some raw carrots into a deep plate or dish, and to thickly cover them with fine granulated sugar. Put the dish on ice for three hours, when you will find that all the juice of the carrots has turned the sugar into

a delicious syrup, a spoonful of which is to be taken at a time.

While I do not propose to enter into absolute medical treatment, there are undoubtedly some simple prescriptions which every woman careful of her health and good looks should know how to prepare when troubled by those thousand little ailments liable to impair both, but not of sufficient gravity to necessitate a visit from the family doctor. I therefore occasionally give a few remedies which ought to be kept in the dressing-room just as much as powders, perfumes, and elixirs. One of these is for the removal of those horrid little white spots appearing sometimes on the gums or the tongue, which are a mild form of canker or ulceration:—

White honey,	2 tablespoonfuls.
Powdered borax,	15 grains.
Tincture of valerian,	1 fluid drachm.

Mix well and take from one to two teaspoonfuls a day, letting it melt gradually on the tongue.

Strange to say, it is the highest classes of society which suffer the most from delicate or imperfect teeth. The lower a human being stands in the social scale — nay, I might say the less civilized is a human being — the stronger and finer are his or her teeth. The Massai, a

ferocious and piratic tribe of East Africa, are renowned for the extreme beauty of their teeth, which are dazzlingly white and as even as rows of pearls. I may add that these savages may be numbered among the cleanliest and daintiest of natives. They use a quantity of soap made from the oil of the cocoanut-palm, and spend much time in polishing their teeth with corncocks dipped in palm wine. The inhabitants of Fernando-Po, who certainly belong to the lowest class of negroes, are also the happy possessors of magnificent teeth; but they practise the startling custom of painting them a lurid red with the juice of a shrub which grows plentifully in their forests. This, however, is only done by the upper ten, the inner social circle of Fernando-Po. It is rather remarkable that even the tribes lowest on the human ladder have their fashions, their "dudes" and their "belles."

Some of the natives of the Cameroon-German possessions beautify their teeth by diligently polishing them with short elastic sticks taken from the bark of a peculiar tree which grows in the swamps, and by rubbing them with the leaves of the box-tree thoroughly crushed to a pulp. A celebrated English traveller, who spent some time among them, adopted box-tree leaves as a *dentifrice*, and told me on one occasion when I had the pleasure of dining with him at the English Embassy

at Cairo that since he did so he had never suffered from toothache, and that his teeth were always in a perfectly healthy condition. I will not recommend quite as highly the peculiar "*secrets de toilette*" of the "Bakuti," a rather erratic tribe hailing from the Upper Congo, for their ladies not only pull out their eyelashes and eyebrows with tweezers, and cut patterns of elaborate design on their cheeks and foreheads with razor-edged knives, but have, like two other African tribes, a knack of arranging their teeth to suit their slightly fantastic taste. They file and break them into sharp points after a fashion which would probably arouse some astonishment in the bosom of European and American dentists, and which makes the poor dusky women look more or less like blood-thirsty sharks! Very likely, however, they know what suits them best, and, moreover, women of every clime can endure much in the good and worthy cause of a well-developed vanity! The French proverb, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle*," is, according to this, true, even in the wilds of Africa, as it is in our midst, or in distant Japan, where the *mousmés* blacken their teeth, gild their lips, and pour castor-oil over their tresses, in the fallacious hope of improving their good looks.

Voltaire truthfully remarked that no woman can be ill-looking with good teeth, or good-looking with bad,

and this is an additional proof of the need which there is for us to take care of our teeth. All teeth, however, are not alike, and those who find a difficulty in purifying their appearance may well take counsel of their dentist. Many, for instance, will find a toothbrush of badger hair both more comfortable and more effective than the ordinary variety. Of powders, tooth-soaps, pastes and fluids, there are surely enough and to spare, and it may prove that the best of these is also the simplest. Happy are those people who were taught in their infancy to attend to their teeth before going to bed at night as well as after getting up in the morning, for this excellent habit is not readily acquired in later years.

CHAPTER VIII

A FEW HINTS ON CORPULENCE

ALTHOUGH old people are singularly fond of talking of the marked decrease which time is bringing about in female beauty, it is by no means certain that there are not a greater number of pretty women nowadays than were to be found in preceding generations. My personal opinion (which I may in all humility put forward, as I have travelled pretty nearly all over the world) is that there can be no doubt as to the prevalence of beauty in the present day. No one who keeps his eyes open can fail to be struck by it. It is not merely that there are more beauties of the first order than there seem ever to have been before, but that beauty has become so very general. Any one who wishes to test this has only to stand in Piccadilly in London, in the Allée des Acacias at Paris, the Viennese Prater, the Roman Corso, the Prospekt-Newsky in St. Petersburg, or Central Park in New York, and watch the stream of life rolling past him in carriages and on foot, and if he does not in one afternoon

see more pretty faces than in all the Reynolds and Gainsboroughs he knows, he will be very unfortunate.

No woman has been more celebrated for her beauty than Mary, Queen of Scots, and yet nothing can be more disappointing than her portraits. As we are not satisfied with a degree of beauty which sufficed for Mary's contemporaries, — which sent the men of her day off their heads and filled her cousin Elizabeth with deadly jealousy, — the inference is that the standard of beauty has risen, and the rise has been gradual and constant, each generation making a certain advance over its predecessor.

In those days it must be confessed all our present "*recherches de toilette*" were yet unknown, athletic sports were more or less left to the sterner sex, and consequently fine ladies who lived an idle, contemplative life, devoid of bodily exercise and of hydrotherapy, deteriorated very fast indeed.

Bodily exercise is without a doubt the best of all cures for the dread evil which is called obesity, one of the most serious enemies which a woman past thirty may dread, and an evil especially aggravating as it drowns the greatest charm of feminine beauty, the figure and the contour of the features. It is not as difficult to conquer exaggerated stoutness as is generally believed to be the case; yet it would be better to take

precautions in order not to become too stout than to diminish an abnormal surplus of flesh which has been allowed to augment until life has become scarcely worth living.

This can easily be done by taking plenty of exercise, such as daily walks, rides, by playing lawn tennis or golf, and by swimming and practising gymnastics. Of all the above hygienic pastimes, walking and swimming are undoubtedly the best for preventing undue stoutness. The former can, of course, be indulged in both in summer and winter, but the latter presents difficulties during the cold months. Some thoroughly elegant European great ladies have swimming-baths attached to their bath-rooms. The most luxurious is that adjoining the dressing-room of the Dowager Empress of Russia. The walls, ceiling, and "pond" are entirely of pink Carrara marble, and there she dives and floats in cold water every morning for half an hour, even during the severest days of the bitter Russian winter. The room is, of course, heated to an almost tropical temperature, which makes the cold water extremely refreshing and pleasant. Few women, however, can afford to grant themselves such luxuries; so most of us abandon the idea of swimming in winter, and are content with walking regularly every day for one or two hours, with fencing, and with such other

sports as can be equally enjoyed at all times of the year.

Among the many remarkable features of this century of enlightenment and progress is the sporting woman. Even down to fifty years ago she was a *rarissima avis*, and Diana Vernons were the exceptions rather than the rule. To-day, however, there is scarcely a branch of sport which we have not invaded and adopted for our amusement. We play baseball; we shoot; we play cricket and tennis; we swim; we scull; we paddle canoes with far more grace than men and quite as much skill; we fence; we have become adept anglers of salmon and trout; we skate; we play golf; we sail; we drive four-in-hand and tandem; and we even ride steeple-chases. Indeed, almost the only form of sport to which we have not directed our attention is football; the reason being, I suppose, that we could not possibly enjoy a good hearty scrimmage without risking our beauty. One of the most expert anglers of the present day is Lady Colin Campbell, daughter-in-law of the Duke of Argyll, and sister-in-law of Princess Louise of Great Britain. Lady Colin, who is a very beautiful woman of above the average stature, starts gayly to her work dressed in a pair of tweed knickerbockers, kilt skirt, loose many-pocketed coat, woollen stockings, and thick hobnailed boots out

of which the water can "squelch" as easily as it enters. She starts at a low point down the stream, casts in the pools, tumbles in up to her waist, kills her fish without any trace of tenderness, and then sits down to a "thimbleful" of sherry — without a little flask of which no wise trout-fisher, either male or female, will set out on a day's fishing. The champion lady cricketer is Lady Milner, wife of Sir Frederick Milner, of Nun Appleton, Yorkshire; and many are the magazine articles and essays which she has published concerning her favorite sport. Some of them constitute very amusing reading, especially one in which she laments that "a favorite form of fielding with some ladies is stopping the ball with their petticoats." She likewise complains that cricketers belonging to our sex do not "dare to stand up to a fast ball when fielding." It seems, however, that when we are batting at the wickets the fielder known by the name of "cover-point" becomes unnecessary, as, owing to the presence of our skirts, we are unable to "cut." "Few of us throw well," says Lady Milner, sadly. Most of us, it seems, do not throw, but bowl the ball. Stays, according to Lady Milner, are a great drawback to feminine cricket, and to baseball as well, I should imagine; for women wearing corsets dislike to stoop, and stoop we must if we wish to become good "fielders." In

Austria ladies' steeple-chases have for a long time past been one of the favorite amusements of the great ladies; and both at Gmunden Gratz, Meran, and numerous other popular resorts, steeple-chases take place over really difficult courses, where all the riders are ladies of rank, who wear with the ordinary riding-skirt the colored silk jacket and peaked cap in true jockey style. The champion steeple-chase rider in Europe is the blond Countess Ugarte, who is one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Empress of Austria, and is married to Count Hector Baltazzi, uncle of the Baroness Marie Vetsera, who played so distressing a rôle in the tragedy at Meyerling, where Crown Prince Rudolph met with his death. A few years ago, for the first time on record, a ladies' steeple-chase was got up in England at Melton Mowbray; and it turned out a great success, there being no less than a dozen entries and no scratches.

Among the best sporting shots of our sex are Lady Florence Dixie, who has killed all kinds of big game, Countess Octavius Kinsky, Princess Metternich, and the Duchesse d'Uzès. I should also add the name of Lady Eva Quinn, who has slaughtered with her rifle several tigers during her stay in India. Lady Florence Dixie, who is the sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, has likewise a couple of grizzly bears, shot in

the Rocky Mountains, to her credit. No longer content to restrict ourselves to merely putting in an appearance at luncheon on the days when our husbands, brothers, and masculine relatives are out covert-shooting or attending "game drives," we nowadays take our place among the "guns," endeavor by fair and even foul means to secure a particularly "hot corner," and furnish quite a respectable proportion of the day's slaughter. The costume which we don on these occasions is particularly "fetching," our object being not only to divert the attention of the men from the game, so as to leave us the larger share thereof, but also to quench, by means of the admiration which we inspire, those feelings of irritation which the men quite naturally feel at our depriving them of the larger share of the sport.

The three best four-in-hand drivers on record among women are Queen Marie Henriette, of Belgium, the Countess Sparre, of Austria, and the Countess of Warwick, of England.

At golf, too, our sex has achieved distinction. Women now gayly "skelp" their "divots" over the holy "links," and show considerable skill in "putting." True, a woman in a "bunker" presents a somewhat melancholy spectacle, and it requires an immense amount of practice to hit the ball fair. It is, however,

a fairly healthy exercise for us, and is especially useful in accustoming us to discipline our tempers ; for there are few things more exasperating than to have the "cleek" swung into one's eyes, or to have for a partner a male "duffer."

But to return to the subject of obesity and the treatment thereof, I will say most emphatically that self-discipline and a capacity for taking pains are the only reliable weapons for fighting an invading *embonpoint*. I think I have already referred to an old book that still exists in France which reveals many secrets known to Ninon de l'Enclos and other beautiful women of the same epoch, and where there are to be found some excellent suggestions. It is from this old work that I translate those fundamental rules for the maintenance of a juvenile slimness.

"Linen sheets, candies, pastries, malt drinks, and hot baths should be avoided by the woman who fears stoutness. The simplest food and plenty of exercise are recommended, for, like all things really worth having, one pays a heavy price for the prolongation of youth beyond the allotted time. Breakfast should consist of weak tea, a soft-boiled egg, and some dry toast or light, dry biscuits. For luncheon, partake of a small piece of underdone steak or some cold, rare beef, a fresh salad, and fruit for dessert. At dinner time, a bowl of clear *bouillon*, again some underdone meat, salad, fruit, dry toast, and per-

haps a sherbet of fresh fruit ice, but no iced drinks, vegetables, potatoes, bread, or any other kind of farinaceous food. Claret or white Burgundy as a drink, and cold tea or mineral water in small quantities may be taken if one feels very thirsty. Before retiring at night the entire body should be sponged off well with cold water.

“Many women swear by some form of oleaginous application, which, however, has a tendency to clog up the pores of the face ; instead of this, an astringent which tightens the skin and wards off wrinkles is to be recommended. Rosewater diluted with pure tincture of benzoin is an excellent and harmless astringent which whitens the skin wonderfully. It may be applied both at bedtime and on returning from the open air, and the only safe and astringent “oily” unguent for the skin is mutton suet refined and slightly perfumed. It should be applied from neck to heels with the hand and gently rubbed in so as not to shine or become sticky. It then leaves a soft, satiny surface. This treatment prevents layers of fat from forming under the skin, and stout people will be surprised to see how rapidly it will reduce their bulk if continued nightly.

“Always sleep between extra fine flannel sheets, which absorb every particle of moisture thrown out by the body. In the morning take a plunge into cold water, rub yourself briskly first with a crash towel and then with a chamois-leather napkin. Once a week take a vapor bath, after which be sure to submit to a thorough friction with a flesh glove. In conjunction with this, horseback riding is excellent, also a three-mile walk daily, dancing whenever you can. At any rate no

less than two hours a day should be spent in the open air. Sleep in a cold room with ample covering; never eat after eight o'clock at night, and especially avoid sugar in all its forms."

Here is a quite modern formula, which is perfectly harmless, and which, taken in doses of a teaspoonful in a little water three times a day, is excellent for diminishing stoutness:—

Tincture of iodine,	30 minims.
Iodide of potassium,	60 grains.
Distilled water,	7 ounces.
Aniseed water,	170 minims.

When the case is an aggravated one, a good plan is to live exclusively on milk for three months, taking care to have the milk boiled and cooled off before drinking it. This is a somewhat heroic measure to adopt, but the results nevertheless are entirely satisfactory. A few years ago I knew a very pretty woman who, when she reached the age of thirty-five, began very suddenly to grow excessively stout. Her dismay was intense, for the delicate contour of her exquisite face and of her aristocratic figure threatened to disappear in the rapidly increasing waves of flesh. She not only submitted to the milk diet for five long months, but also caused herself to be rubbed from head to foot night and morning by her maid for half an hour at a time

with a weak solution of hydriodate of potassium in alcohol, and used for her bath iodine soap only. This treatment brought about marvellous results, and at the end of the fifth month she had entirely regained her graceful and juvenile figure.

I may also mention here the names of some of the European watering-places most celebrated for the cure of obesity. Among the best of them are Plombières, Pougues, Trèves, Aix-les-Bains, Carlsbad, and Kràpina-Teplitz. Mild purgatives are also to be recommended, say a seidlitz powder every other day before breakfast, or a bottle of citrate of magnesia twice a week. A very simple remedy for obesity which has come down to us from antiquity is to drink four times a day a glass of chickweed water prepared thus: Take some freshly gathered white-blossomed chickweed, wash it carefully, and boil for three quarters of an hour in an enamelled saucepan, — six handfuls of the plant being the correct proportion to the quart of water, — strain the liquid into a stone jar in which have been placed a few sticks of liquorice-wood and the thinly peeled skin of a lemon. When cool, strain again and use as directed.

It will be well to remember that a too rapid disappearance of flesh or fat is liable to bring on a looseness of the skin, which creases, wrinkles, and folds like the envelope of a balloon after the gas has almost

entirely escaped. This condition may be averted by an intelligent and persistent course of massage, and especially as far as the face is concerned, by adding a teaspoonful of powdered alum to a basin of water for ablutions before going to bed, the alum by its astringent properties tightening the skin and rendering the tissues firm. Before closing this chapter, I will say a few words to women who, far from being afraid of growing too stout, consider themselves too thin and are desirous of acquiring flesh. With this object in view the requisite treatment is singularly pleasant, and consists mostly in living well, drinking ale, porter, and beer, champagne and effervescent waters (all in moderation, of course) at each meal; eating savory food, pastry, rich fish, vegetable salads, croquettes, potatoes, etc., etc. If vinegar can be dispensed with, so much the better, as it and acids, such as that contained in the lemon, are well known to have a tendency to thin the blood and to be inimical to a gain of flesh. For breakfast a cup of creamy chocolate (coffee is ruinous for a fine complexion), some warm rolls, fruit in season, and underdone lamb chops. Luncheon: Fish, poultry, steak, and some kind of light pudding. Dinner: Oysters, soup, fish, roast meat, game, pudding, etc. Moreover, if one is anxious to obtain rapid results, a bottle of kumyss or some milk wherein two tablespoonfuls of malt have been

dissolved, may be taken at ten o'clock in the morning. Champagne, chicken and lettuce salads, ices, pickles, and thin white wines should be avoided, also whiskey, tobacco, and violent exercise.

Here is an invaluable formula for the preparation of an emulsion or balsam which promotes the firmness and volume of the breast, and prevents it ever becoming flaccid : —

Rosewater,	20 ounces.
Tincture of myrrh,	$\frac{1}{3}$ ounce.
“ “ benzoin,	$\frac{1}{3}$ “
“ “ guillaya,	$\frac{1}{3}$ “
Essence of bergamot,	1 drachm.
Almond milk,	1 ounce.
Rectified alcohol,	1 ounce.
Essence of verbena,	1 drachm.
Powdered alum,	90 grains.

Dissolve the alum in the rosewater, then add the other constituents, and shake until entirely incorporated. Apply at night by rubbing gently but thoroughly with the palm of the hand.

Strangely enough, tea is good for both thin and stout women, if taken in moderation, and especially when not allowed to “draw” too long. This bit of information will, I feel certain, delight my readers, for where is the true womanly woman who does not dearly love her cup

of tea? Let me here open a parenthesis, and although the subject is quite irrelevant, state my astonishment at the fact that although many of the millinery and dry-goods stores patronized by New York women of fashion are beginning to cater to the truly feminine longing of their fair customers for that most refreshing of all beverages, "a cup of tea," yet few, if any, devote sufficient attention to the manner in which it is served. As a general rule, the crockery is most unnecessarily thick and coarse, the bread and butter is cut in almost chunk-like pieces, and the style in which the entire repast is served painfully reminds one of a ragged-school treat. If once they could grasp the idea that the meal must be made as inviting as possible, the managers of the new style tea-room would not stop halfway in their efforts, but would have the courage of their newly adopted opinion and try to make all the arrangements as like those of a ladies' drawing-room as it lies in their power to do. The tea-room should be furnished in soft, light colors, the floor laid with fine Japanese matting, with here and there some handsome bright-hued rugs to break the monotony thereof.

Well-cushioned basket-chairs would be a pleasant feature of such an apartment, while screens hand-painted, or delicately inlaid, are sure to amuse the eye of the pretty *gourmandes*. The most important

point of all is, however, the china belonging to the tea equipage. It is absolutely necessary that this should be of the finest eggshell ware, daintily decorated and of attractive shape, for the "fragrant brew" acquires an entirely different flavor when drunk from such vessels. The store of provisions must, in any event, be kept out of sight, as nothing is more nauseating for delicate organizations than the display of quantities of food piled together, as if the provider had been catering for the famished inhabitants of a beleaguered city. An agreeable addition to the up-to-date tea-room would also be a few little "davenport," where letters could be written, or telegrams sent off, and vases of flowers, green palms in tubs, or blossoming shrubs. By such means would the owners of large fashionable stores, and also hotels and restaurants, considerably increase the attractions of their establishments, and secure a far larger and higher-classed patronage.

CHAPTER IX

LES DESSOUS

IT is difficult to give in English a fair translation of this expressive and comprehensive French word, *dessous*; but I may state that it includes every article of apparel worn beneath the outermost garment, and as the elegance of the *dessous* is a far more important criterion as to the social status of the wearer than the dress itself, this deserves the honor of a special chapter.

In too many instances this question receives but scant attention from women whose aim is more to appear fashionable and well-dressed than to be really so. This is a grave error, for no amount of silks, velvets, and embroideries worn over coarse petticoats, twill corsets, and cotton hose will produce the effect of true *chic* given by a plain tweed suit — silk lined, of course — that serves as a mere covering for the marvels of *lingerie* adopted by all sincerely elegant women. There are, sad to relate, very few so-called society women who, in case of accident, sudden illness, etc.

could afford to remove their outer garments without having to blush for the state of those that are underneath. Stand at the corner of any street leading from Broadway to Fifth Avenue, on a muddy afternoon, and watch the women tripping across the latter fashionable thoroughfare. Once in a long while the raised skirt reveals a dainty lace-edged or shimmering silken petticoat, but in the great majority of cases the spectacle is by no means pleasing.

Far be it from me, however, to advise any true *élégante* to indulge in those extremely elaborate, lace-decked and beribboned underclothes which always savor of the *demi-monde*. I have had the opportunity of examining a great many imperial and royal *trousseaux*, and can say that they are mostly composed of articles the texture of which is extremely fine and costly, but are absolutely devoid of any kind of showy ornamentation,—in many cases even of lace or embroideries. Fine batiste, hemstitched by hand, with a daintily worked monogram surmounted by a crown, for day wear, and equally fine batiste or silk mull, chastely trimmed with Valenciennes lace, for night robes, *peignoirs*, and dressing sacks, is the usual fashion in the *bona-fide grand-monde*.

Some time ago the Dowager Empress of Russia—who is one of the arbiters of fashion in Europe—

inaugurated a new kind of *lingerie* which created quite a *furor*, perhaps because, in spite of its apparent simplicity, it is exceedingly expensive. It is made of the sheerest of nettle-batiste, and is buttonholed with pure gold thread, which washes without tarnishing. The effect produced is by no means showy, and an untutored eye would not dream what the cost of such underwear really is.

We live in a progressive age, and on every side changes are taking place. These innovations affect every class of society and every condition and feature of our existence. They extend even to the bedroom, that most intimate and characteristic of all the apartments of the house. The highly burnished warming-pan and the picturesque night-cap of our grandmothers have vanished, while the stately and dignified four-poster has given way to that far lighter and more aerial contrivance, the French bedstead. And now, according to the latest edict of fashion from Paris and London, the *robe-de-nuit*, or, to call it by its plain English name, the night-gown, must go too. Its place is to be taken by pyjamas, those nondescript garments consisting of very loose trousers and a jacket, the use of which at night has hitherto been restricted to the masculine sex. The new pyjamas for feminine wear which I have seen and which have been made

at Paris, are very dainty and beautiful contrivances, trimmed elaborately with ribbons and laces. Far from diminishing the attractiveness of a pretty woman, they vastly increase it, by endowing her with an air of *gaminerie* which is exceedingly fetching. Of course it is easy to understand that pyjamas for feminine wear will not prove equally charming and picturesque in all cases. For instance, there are some of us, who, being endowed with a superabundance of adipose tissue, will resemble meal bags rather than members of the fair sex when arrayed in pyjamas; while others who suffer from a lack of avoirdupois will find the prominence of their bones and angles accentuated thereby. That they are more healthy, and more decent in the case of any emergency, such as the panic of fire at night, is obvious. A woman arrayed in her pyjamas can jump out of bed and make her escape from the burning house without having to stop to put on a dressing-gown to conceal the somewhat ridiculous aspect of a night robe.

Pyjamas should be made of the thinnest and finest wool. Here in the United States especially, where tropical heat is generally followed by sudden cool waves, wool next to the skin is essential for preventing chills. Moreover, they possess the inestimable advantage of being not only warm in cold weather, but of keeping

the body cool when the atmosphere is hot. Without a doubt, pyjamas are far more healthy than the long cumbersome night robes to which we are accustomed from childhood, and I can recommend them to children and to women who have not yet crossed the dread boundary of the fiftieth year.

Let us now come to the much-discussed and vexatious question of corsets. One can hardly open a newspaper nowadays without being stared in the face by some article peremptorily demanding the abolition of this "instrument of torture;" but let me state that, like the proposed adoption of the divided skirt, the abolition of the corset is instigated either by men whose knowledge about us is of a nature more theoretical than practical, or else by women whose lamentable deficiency in what is known as "figure" invests them with a far greater moral and physical analogy to the masculine than to the feminine gender. Neither the men nor yet the women to whom I have just alluded, are in any way qualified to discuss the subject; for they are equally unable to realize that even the most perfectly formed woman requires a certain amount of artificial support for the bust. If the latter is well shaped and generous in its proportions, a continued absence of this support imposes too heavy a strain upon the muscles of the breast, and in the contrary case a

well-built corset is still more to be recommended. The corset of to-day possesses much analogy with the *strophium* of Helen of Troy and with the *cingulum* of Lucretia; for it is made to follow the lines of the figure, showing them off to the best advantage. Men are wont to rave about the "classical beauty of form" possessed by the women of ancient Greece and Rome, and to compare it with that of the civilized women of to-day to the disadvantage of the latter. They use this comparison as the basis of their argument that corsets are both injurious and unnecessary. "Neither the Venus of Milo nor yet the Venus di Medici ever wore stays," they declare. This only demonstrates their intense ignorance; for there are any number of ancient pieces of sculpture depicting Roman ladies of the classical ages wearing the *cingulum*, or broad jewelled band, immediately beneath the bust, and evidently intended to support it. In Greece the *cingulum* was known as the *strophium*. Homer speaks of it in his Iliad, describing the siege of Troy and the beauty of Helen; while in the Paris Louvre there is a very antique statuette, found during the excavations at the Acropolis at Athens, representing a girl in the act of putting on a broad, supporting *strophium*. If, therefore, the women of ancient Greece and Rome possessed beautiful figures,—and men are very fond of extolling

their perfections of form beyond that of the fair sex of to-day,—it is clearly attributable to the fact that they adopted methods almost identical with those in use by their sisters of the nineteenth century for the protection and support of their bust. Those who are heartily to be pitied are our unfortunate ancestresses of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; for their corsets were most stupendous affairs, garnished with iron, compared with which the modern strait waistcoat used in lunatic asylums must be a comfortable tea-gown. Nor were the corsets worn by the great French ladies at the court of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. much better, and there are but few women to-day who would be willing to undergo so much torture as must have been borne by Madame de Maintenon, the Marquise de Pompadour, and Madame Du Barry when imprisoned in their stays. Corsets should always be made to order, for just in the same way that there are no two human faces exactly alike, there are no two women's figures that are fashioned on the same lines. Consequently, each woman should have corsets specially arranged to adapt themselves to her form. Otherwise, they are calculated to do her more harm than good, and to interfere later with the grace both of her carriage and of her walk. With regard to the latter, I wonder how it is that none of

the numerous teachers of deportment does not adopt the Oriental method of teaching young girls how to walk. There is no more graceful walk in the world than that of the Egyptian peasant woman, as I remarked in a preceding chapter. It is stately, poetical, and one might almost add rhythmical, with something of a gliding and undulating character. This result is achieved by accustoming the young girls from their early childhood to walk with jars of water balanced on their heads. In order to preserve the equilibrium of these jars, the girls are forced to hold their head erect, their shoulders back, their bust well forward, their whole body straight, and to permit nothing to interfere with the harmony of their motion.

It should also be understood that under no circumstances are tightly laced corsets to be worn; for this practice causes not alone much discomfort, but is liable to bring about the most dangerous kind of heart and stomach troubles, not to mention the fact that tight lacing at any time induces a most unbecoming redness of the nose. The latest innovation in the corsets is the Indian belt, — a very short and artistically made *ceinture* of thin untanned leather. No steel is used in it, but a broad and pliable whalebone replaces the busk, and is fastened with silver clasps placed an inch apart from top to bottom. As far as the material used

for corsets is concerned, it may naturally be left to the taste of the wearer, although I may say that, as in the case with the other articles of underwear, anything showy ought to be avoided. Black satin corsets, somehow or other, always suggest a motive of economy and lack of personal *recherche*, while pink, blue, green, or yellow are only permissible when they match in color and texture the chemise, petticoats, etc., to be worn with them. In my opinion the white *moiré* corset, delicately and slightly trimmed with Valenciennes lace and a dainty, pure, silver stitching, is the only one which a truly elegant woman ought to wear.

Corset covers should never be omitted, even with evening and ball dress, for without them not only does the corset become soiled in a few hours, but the fit of the corsage suffers, and moreover, when the latter is of some flimsy material, the bones of the corset are very liable to show through, thus producing a very inelegant effect. Nowadays, corset covers possess no resemblance whatsoever to the old-fashioned muslin underwaist, trimmed with Swiss embroidery, which was considered "the thing" some years ago. Sheer batiste encrusted with fine lace appliqué work, white surah with Valenciennes insertion and *comette* ribbon runners, or even rich old *guipure* on a pale pink, pale blue, or mauve transparent taffetas, are worn by the

truly dainty woman who considers her *dessous* as of far greater importance than her *dessus*. In the morning or afternoon, tailor-made corset-waists of light colored doeskin, suède or glacé kid for winter wear, and of Roman satin for the summer, are quite the rage; they must, of course, fit like a glove, without fold or wrinkle, and, so to speak, take the place of a man's waistcoat. Another style, again, is the lace zouave, fastened beneath the breast by a single little jewelled stud. This is a very *chic* little garment, and gives a slim, pretty woman the appearance of a little toreador bent on mischief.

A very important item comprised in the feminine *dessous* are the stockings. Never has there been so much luxury displayed in women's hose as at the present time. Some fifteen or twenty years ago the *ne plus ultra* of *chic* consisted in owning a few dozen pairs of white silk, or even white lisle thread, openwork stockings, which were worn on great occasions, and preserved carefully between fragrant sachets. Now, on the contrary, the different styles of hose are legion, and even those worn with tailor-made dresses, shooting costumes, or riding habits are perfect little poems of refinement and color. I need not say that the stocking must invariably match the shade of the *toilette* with which it is worn, excepting in the case of black stockings, which

may be worn with any kind of costume. In Paris, for day wear, black silk stockings embroidered with exquisitely tinted flowers in floss silk are the rage, and for evening wear there is nothing prettier than black or white silk hose with real lace insertions. I may also mention here that some extravagant women have of late introduced stockings made entirely of valuable lace, embroidered on the instep with seed pearls and small brilliants, the effect of which is exquisite, especially when this costly footgear is accompanied by a white kid slipper equally shimmering with gems.

Let now our undivided attention be given to the question of garters *versus* hose suspenders. The latter, which have now almost superseded the former, are in my opinion neither pleasant to the eye nor agreeable to wear, and cause, moreover, a stilted motion of the leg. Besides, as they hold up the stocking on one side only, the other side is apt to droop and roll itself up in a deplorable fashion. I am therefore an enthusiastic advocate of the simple elastic garter, worn, I need not add, above the knee, and fastened with a buckle, which may be extremely costly or perfectly plain, according to the taste of the wearer. One thing, however, must always be kept in mind with regard to garters, and that is, no matter how expensive to renew, they should always be scrupulously fresh and clean, a

fringed-out or long-suffering garter being absolutely disgraceful, even if enriched with the most magnificent gems. In America there is a superstition about yellow garters being exceedingly lucky. I do not know how far the truth of this assertion goes, but I confess that primrose garters clasped with topazes mounted in burnished gold are a very attractive adjunct to the feminine *toilette*. In my humble opinion, the prettiest of all garters are the black, ruched with Chantilly lace, and fastened by a buckle made of tiny brilliants, for wear with black silk hose, and garters of a shade to match that of the stockings for the evening. A detail which should never be omitted is to sew a tiny sachet in the inside of each garter.

A few months ago the acme of *chic* consisted in the possession of a pair of garters made of a broad band of soft pure gold elastic, with the words "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" inscribed thereon in letters of sapphire and brilliants. But this is so costly a *fantaisie* that the fashion could not become general. A very pretty French marquise, who for years has been one of *Madame la Mode's* most ardent leaders, secures her stockings with ruches of real flowers — tiny rosebuds, violets, or lilies-of-the-valley — the little blossoms being sewn twice a day by her maid on plain white silk elastic ribbons. This is certainly an exquisitely fragrant and

dainty *détail de toilette*, but is far from economical, and nobody but a very rich and *recherché* woman could afford to go in for such refinements.

The greatest attraction of French women, belonging both to the higher and to the lower classes of society, is the extreme attention they give to the daintiness of their *dessous*. One might say of them that, like the Japanese, they make a practice of wearing all their finest and most costly garments inside, and those of inferior quality or condition outside. It is well-known that Japanese women wear a *kimono*, or flowing robe, underneath all the others, made of the most expensive and finest silk, richly embroidered with gorgeous blossoms; whereas the two outer ones, which complete their attire, are of far coarser and more common material. In Paris you will often see a little *bourgeoise*, nay, even a *grisette*, tripping across the street bareheaded and clothed in the simplest of black woollen dresses, but displaying the most immaculate and dainty petticoats and hosiery. Quite typical of the French ideas on this subject is the fact that in most *trousseaux* ordered for marriages in the French *grand-monde*, the cost of the *lingerie* far exceeds that of the dresses, cloaks, etc., etc. In concluding this chapter, I cannot refrain from describing the *corbeille* of a lovely girl belonging to the Parisian *grand-monde*. In tasteful-

ness, expensiveness, in quality and quantity, I doubt if it was ever before equalled, even in the case of a royal or imperial princess, and altogether it goes far to show that in these days the question of *dessous* is even superior to that of *dessus*, and that in the same way that a magnificent gem is enhanced by appropriate setting, so too is lovely woman rendered still more lovely when she has at her disposal such treasures in *lingerie* and outer garments as those of this lucky bride.

The *exposition du trousseau*, as such ceremonies are called in France, took place in the 'billiard-room at the fair *fiancée's* residence. Great clusters of palms, white-blossomed azaleas, snow-balls, camellias, and orange-trees filled up the corners, while the billiard tables and several long stands draped with white velvet caught here and there with antique silver clasps, supported the countless items of the *corbeille* with the jewels and other wedding presents. In a broad, shallow box of pale pink velvet mounted in silver were twelve yards each of point d'Alençon, point d'Angleterre, and point de Bruges flounces, beside it another enriched with gold filagree over blue *moiré*, and containing the same quantities of black Chantilly lace, black Venetian *guipure*, and of black application lace. The night robes were of sheerest nettle-bariste trimmed with

plissés of Valenciennes lace, the monogram and coronet being embroidered in open needlework on the left side, over the heart. The little chemises were marvels of fineness, in silk lawn, with tiny garlands of myrtle, clover-blossoms, and buttercups done in floss silks around both neck and hem of this dainty little garment. The rest of the underwear was similar to the night robes, and there were twenty-four pairs of black silk lace-inserted stockings artistically arranged in a large basket of plaited silver. Among the *peignoirs* were three *crêpe-de-chine* ones, respectively mauve, lemon, and cloud-gray in color, wonderfully blended with mother-of-pearl and silver, and a gorgeous *robe-de-chambre* of lettuce-green *armure royale*, entirely covered with russet-hued Venetian *guipure*. The bed and table-linen, sheets and pillow-cases, alike of the finest Dutch linen, inserted with *guipure-de-Genes* and adorned with the crests and coronets of the young couple in raised embroidery, the table-cloths and napkins, of heavy damask, bore superbly worked monograms in gold and crimson.

Among the superb jewels I confine myself to the mention of a diamond collar and tiara of large *fleur-de-lis* pattern and a stomacher of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, either of which would have befitted an empress. In an adjoining room the dresses, mantles, hats, bonnets,

slippers, shoes, jackets, coats, etc., were exhibited. Some of the frocks were thoroughly original in design, and bore the names of the most celebrated Parisian tailors. A neat walking dress was of green cloth made *en princesse*. The seams were defined at the back by Byzantine *galons* and *rouleaux* of velvet in a deeper shade of green than that of the cloth. The sleeves, too, were of velvet, and velvet formed the vest, also trimmed with *galon*, continuing to the hem of the skirt. A cape of Persian lamb and toque to correspond were to be worn with this costume. Among the dinner dresses were two of which no description can convey an adequate idea. One was of pale mauve *miroir* velvet enhanced with most delicate embroidery in gold, silk, and colored beads, on white satin arranged as a *tablier*, and *revers* on the low bodice, which also had a Medici collarette. The material of the other was gauze of a pinkish lilac shade striped with satin. The skirt — *en biais* — was close-fitting, with a fan-shaped train; it was ornamented with two wide flounces of splendid white lace headed with a *ruche* of *vert-Nil* velvet, a line of gold *galon* going through it. The *ceinture* was also green velvet embroidered in gold. The bodice was low, with a velvet *figaro* trimmed profusely with lace, the *revers* of the *figaro* and the lace forming the sleeve. To be worn with this *toilette* were lilac silk stockings and satin

shoes of the same shade, with an almost imperceptible diamond bow. One of the loveliest ball dresses was of heavy ribbed satin striped with two shades of pink with a little black line going down each stripe; close-fitting skirt, with small gathers in front and large plaits at the back, a wide velvet *ruche* encircling the edge. The low corsage was pink with the exception of the upper part, which was of black velvet going round the shoulders and forming an *épaulette* over the pink puffs of the sleeves. The cloak to go with this was *peluche argentée*, lined and bordered with silver-fox fur, boa and fan being of shaded pink feathers. As for the visiting *toilettes*, they were enough to induce infraction of the tenth commandment. One of them was in pale-pink velvet made with demi-train bordered with sable; jacket bodice with square ends edged with the same fur. The boa and muff were to match, with a large bunch of roses on the muff. The *capote* was a little bit of crumpled velvet bordered with sable, and two black wings in front. To worthily finish this attractive description, I must mention a frock of blue Pekin striped with green velvet, trimmed with bands of cocks' feathers round the skirt, basques of jacket, collars and cuffs. A bonnet of green and blue arranged as an Alsatian bow, with an aigrette of emeralds and brilliants in the shape of a lyre-bird's tail. A long sealskin man-

tle, princesse-shaped and reaching down to the feet, lined with ruby plush, was accompanied by a muff and toque of the same costly fur; while near by three magnificent Indian cashmere shawls reposed languidly in a sandal-wood box inlaid with mother-of-pearl. An opera cloak of exquisite design was carelessly thrown on a blue brocaded lounge, which showed off to perfection the delicate coloring of this masterpiece of Parisian *chic*. It was composed of a rich material called *peau de velours*, in alternate stripes of flesh-pink and palest willow-green, charmingly embroidered in sprigs of apple-blossoms and wild clematis. All around the edge was a roll of pink velvet twisted with silver cord and surmounted by a band of blue-fox fur.

I must not dwell at length upon the travelling cloaks, the numerous evening dresses, petticoats of silk and *moiré*, satin and lace; of the *matinées*, the ulsters, and the wrappers; nor take note of the gold and silver dressing-cases, the umbrellas, the sunshades, the fans, and what not else. Let it suffice to say that this regal *corbeille* might well serve for any young bride of wealth and refinement who is anxious to begin her married life surrounded by all the artillery of *chic* and fashion.

CHAPTER X

ACCESSORIES OF THE TOILETTE

EVERY book written especially for women must needs include a few words about this delight and favorite toy of our sex, jewels; and I must confess that this is a subject quite pleasant for me to discuss, for, like all other daughters of Eve, I am inordinately fond of jewels. Let me begin, however, by warning my readers most emphatically, whatever their station in life or their financial circumstances may be, against wearing imitation jewelry. Of all abominations invented by man, the latter is without doubt the most atrocious. Artificial flowers — although I do not like them much — can yet be pretty to look at; but a false gem, however good an imitation it may be, is bound to be vulgar, and it only deceives ignorance, as either a false diamond is what the jewellers called “backed,” and then is immediately detected, or if set exactly as a real diamond, its transparency and lack of fire reveal at a glance its falsity. If a woman is not wealthy enough to own genuine gems, let her be satisfied with wearing

some artistic gold or silver ornaments which will at any rate possess the merit of honesty and good taste; but let her beware of decking herself with cheap and tawdry articles which are quite sufficient to give her a thoroughly unladylike appearance.

Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and sapphires have been supplied to the world by India since the fugitive children of Israel offered to Jehovah "stones to be set in the ephod and in the breastplate of judgment." And from time immemorial the possession of fine jewels has been the pet wish of almost every woman who knows what a jewel is. It is a well-known fact that it is from India that the most beautiful gems are derived; and the Empress of India, Queen Victoria, receives every year by treaty an offering of the finest gems discovered in that country.

Indian jewellers are also renowned for the exquisite workmanship of their settings, and this leads me to remark that it by no means suffices for a stone to be large and lustrous in order to be a covetable possession for a woman of refinement. Much depends on the way in which it is mounted; and I have seen some really valuable jewels which looked so painfully vulgar that I could not help being amazed that a woman wealthy enough to purchase them should be so lacking in taste and knowledge of what is really appropriate as to

how to wear them. Moreover, there are diamonds and diamonds, as there are cabbages and cabbages ! Nothing can be more beautiful than a white, old-mine stone, but the mere mention of these yellowish, dull Cape stones, whatever their size and weight may be, which one unfortunately sees so often in the ears and on the fingers of the *nouveaux riches*, causes me to shudder with horror. I agree with that French *grande dame* who used to say that it was far better to possess one perfect gem than a basketful of indifferent jewelry, and who proved one day that she meant what she said, by exchanging a whole lot of jewels which she had inherited from an aunt for a solitaire diamond of surpassing beauty, size, and color, which has never left her finger since. Some years ago the diamond used to rank as the first among precious stones, but of late it has been superseded by the ruby, which is every day becoming rarer and consequently of greater value. A fine ruby is indeed a thing of beauty, but its great drawback is that it will not suit every color of dress. I well remember once seeing a very eccentric Russian princess who had dared to don a bright blue satin gown while wearing a magnificent collection of huge rubies. The effect was deplorable ; for the bright red of the stones absolutely killed the otherwise pretty and elegant *toilette*.

Jewellers classify gems as follows : ruby, diamond,

sapphire, emerald, pearl, turquoise, amethyst, aquamarine, tourmaline, coral, lapis-lazuli, and all varieties of agate, amongst which there are some charming pale tints which, when set in dull gold, harmonize beautifully with the soft hues so fashionable in late years for dresses. When choosing a wedding present, a great many people are at a loss to know what to select, and it is for their guidance that I mention a very pretty Russian superstition, which is attached to the gift of certain precious stones according to the month in which the recipient is born : —

January,	Diamond.
February,	Amethyst.
March,	Ruby.
April,	Moonstone.
May,	Agate.
June,	Emerald.
July,	Black pearls.
August,	Sapphire.
September,	Turquoise.
October,	Topaz.
November,	Cat's-eye.
December,	White pearls.

The ruby is synonymous with courage and loyalty ; the diamond with innocence ; the sapphire with purity ; the emerald is the emblem of happy love ; the topaz,

that of prosperity ; the turquoise is symbolic of friendship and tenderness ; and the pearl, of youth. From the oldest time the Latin races attributed to precious stones the faculty of giving health, beauty, riches, honor, happiness, good luck, etc., to their wearers. The earliest way of wearing gems was to bore a hole through them as we now do with pearls, and to hang them around the neck, arms, ankles, etc. The ancients were rarely without their birth-stone, whether they wore it openly or concealed about their person. In Russia, superstitious mothers touch their new-born babies with a ruby, for, as the old saying goes, "Whoever is touched by a ruby is safe from lightning, storm, and madness."

THE CARE OF JEWELS

Pearls should be worn as much as possible by their owners, as when locked up for any length of time in their cases, they are not only liable to lose their orient, but to "die" altogether, excepting when precautions are taken to place in the casket containing them a few pieces of ash-tree root, which preserves them from change. The pearl is perhaps the most difficult gem to purchase, as its entire value consists of what is called its "orient," "skin," or "color," and it is advisable for those desirous of acquiring some pearls to be accom-

panied by a *connoisseur* when making their selection. Jewellers call the round pearl "button," and the irregular, or pear-shaped one, "baroque."

In order to clean diamonds, they must be brushed softly with soap suds to which a little ammonia has been added, then washed well in cold water, after which they are dipped into the purest alcohol, whence they are placed one by one in boxwood sawdust which has been previously heated, stirring each piece of jewelry round vigorously until the sawdust has absorbed the alcohol. Place them on a clean piece of paper and dust lightly with a soft, long-bristled brush until every speck of sawdust is removed. Never clean precious stones over a wash-stand connected with the house-plumbing, as you may have occasion to regret the unaccountable disappearance of some valuable stone dislodged from its setting by the brush. Colored stones, such as rubies, sapphires, etc., can be cleansed like diamonds, with the exception of turquoises and cat's-eyes, which, when beginning to lose their lustre, should be treated thus: Take a small quantity of putty on a piece of chamois-leather, dampen it slightly, and rub the stone gently. Then dip it in some finely pulverized chalk, finish off by washing in soap and water and drying with soft chamois leather. When gold or silver jewelry has become either tarnished or

oxydized, wash it in a weak solution of potash water, rinse, then immerse in table salt, 1 part; alum, 1 part; saltpetre, 2 parts; water, 4 parts. Do not prolong this bath for more than five minutes. Rinse in cold water and dry off with a piece of chamois. Sometimes even this is not sufficient thoroughly to renovate silver jewelry which has become completely blackened by age, in which case dip it in a solution of 1 part sulphuric acid to 40 parts of water. As to ivory, it can be whitened most beautifully by rubbing it with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, or by the less expensive way of placing it in hot water and then rubbing with dry bi-carbonate of soda, rinsing in cold water.

The various accessories of the *toilette* are becoming yearly more luxurious, and a great deal more is really spent for them than for gowns, bonnets, or hats. The prosaic umbrella has become a veritable *objet d'art*, the handle being either of gold, silver, or rock crystal, incrustated with pearls and turquoises, or, at the very least, of dark or yellow tortoise-shell beautifully carved or even inlaid. Sunshade handles are made of violet-wood or sandal, adorned with ladybirds, bees, wasps, or even spiders of pink coral, lapis-lazuli, and fine enamel, or yet of Saxe porcelain representing a crooked stick on which are perched either a string of swallows, a little parrot scratching its wee head, or even a minia-

ture monkey munching at an apple. As to *toilette* sets, their name is legion, the newest being of aluminum with gold or gem monograms. Of course, if one wants to go in for something very fine and expensive, nothing can be more beautiful than gold-mounted rock crystal with raised monograms in brilliants and topazes, brilliants and amethysts, or brilliants and turquoises.

Fans, which have now come again to the front, are made in every color and tissue in order to correspond with the varying hue of dress. A very pretty one for small dinner-parties is a white or black gauze with showers of hand-painted flowers over which hovers a flight of butterflies or small birds. For balls and official receptions this *genre* would be passing simple, and should be replaced either by the large white or black marabout feather fan mounted in smoked pearl with jewelled monogram, or by the most beautiful of all, the real lace fan mounted in yellow tortoise-shell and incrustated with diamonds. It is a good plan to keep one's fans in a large flat box upholstered with perfumed satin, separating them from one another by flat sachets, thus communicating to them a delightful fragrance which it is a pleasure to inhale in the heated atmosphere in which a fan is generally carried. This ought also to be done with laces, both real and imita-

tion, the black ones, however, being kept separate from the white or russet. Black laces which have become slightly rusty can be completely renovated by rolling them carefully on a piece of wood or on a square piece of glass which has previously been covered with flannel, and then dipping them in ale, or in cold water mixed with strong vinegar. Unroll them gently and iron them between two pieces of black muslin, taking care that the iron should not be too hot. To clean white laces, you must also roll them in the same fashion as you do the black. Put them in an enamelled saucepan filled with weak soap-water. Iron them, while still damp, between two soft napkins. Russet and ecru laces, after being washed, are plunged into a light infusion of tea or coffee, according to the depth of color desired. Very valuable antique laces must be sewn in a small bundle and soaked for twenty-four hours in olive oil, then placed in a linen bag which is allowed to boil for five minutes in a thick solution of castile-soap water. Rinse the bag without opening it in several tepid waters, then immerse in water where some tragacanth gum has been dissolved. When this is done, remove the lace from the bag and pin it with the utmost care on a board covered with white linen. Iron under a layer of canton flannel. I must caution my readers against attempting to mend valuable lace

themselves. This intricate and delicate piece of work must be confided to the hands of specialists, for it is too risky to endanger so valuable a fabric by domestic efforts.

White satin or kid slippers and white gloves are cleaned by rubbing them with a piece of cotton wool dipped in ether, and then by brushing them over with a very soft beaver brush dipped in pulverized Spanish whiting. White felt hats can be treated in the same fashion. Here is an excellent recipe for washing black silk stuffs. Melt in an earthenware basin 8 ounces of white honey, 5 ounces black soft-soap, and a quart of corn brandy. Keep the mixture warm in a steaming saucepan; place the silk which requires renovation on a clean table and carefully rub every part of the stuff with a brush charged with this preparation. When this is done, dip each piece separately in a tub of cold water, avoiding either rubbing or squeezing the material. When thoroughly rinsed, hang the silk on a rope until partly dry. Then iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron. If you wish to remove grease stains from velvet, take a hot slice of toast and place it over the stain. This will be generally successful; but if not, put the soiled place with the wrong side against the iron, covering the velvety surface with tissue paper, the heat of the iron melting the

wax or grease, which will be entirely absorbed by the tissue paper.

Moths will be kept away from furs by hanging the latter in a closet lined throughout with tar-paper, and where sachets containing walnut-tree leaves, cloves, and stick sulphur have been placed. It goes without saying, however, that the furs must be beaten and well shaken several times during the summer.

CHAPTER XI

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S HOME

THE question of the "nest" is fully as important to a truly elegant woman as is that of clothes and beautifiers; and when I say "nest," I do not mean merely the more personal *boudoir*, or sleeping-room, but also every nook and corner of the house. It is from the way in which our entire home is arranged that people can judge not only the amount of taste which we possess, but our very innermost nature. A woman of refinement and delicacy will naturally — whatever her social position or her financial situation — surround herself with pleasing objects gracefully arranged and especially characterized by the most scrupulous cleanliness. Womanly influence should be felt in every detail, from the artistic draping of a curtain to the coloring of a pincushion, the grouping of cut flowers, or the folding of the dinner napkins. There are half a hundred small "nothings" easy to make or to procure, and very inexpensive, which yet wonderfully improve the homelike aspect of a household.

and which are in themselves sufficient to denote the interest taken by the lady of the house in her *ménage*. It is not by any means always the wealthiest establishments that are the best furnished, and I have frequently seen comparatively humble dwellings which delighted every sense of comfort and every artistic inclination of the on-looker. I propose to give a few hints as to the manner in which the principal rooms of a moderately large house should be furnished and decorated, steering clear of too much luxury as also of too great parsimony. In France, women whose income is moderate use their bedroom during the day as a kind of *boudoir*; and this accounts for the well-known saying that a *Parisienne's* sleeping apartment is invariably more luxurious than an Englishwoman's drawing-room. But even when money is no object, and when the mistress of the house can afford to have an entire suite for her own personal use, including *boudoir*, dressing-room, bath, and separate library, yet her bedchamber ought always to be the best-feathered corner—if I may thus express myself—of her entire domain. Is it not, *par excellence*, the casket made to contain the pearl,—a peaceful, fragrant retreat wherein she is certain to remain undisturbed, and where she can occasionally retire when tired or out of sorts, without fear of intrusion on the part of other members of the family?

Even the husband should not be allowed to treat his wife's sleeping apartment as if it were conquered territory, or to enter it unbidden, — alas ! as is too often the case, with his hat on his head and perhaps a cigar in his mouth. It is oftener than one imagines just such a lack of decorum between husband and wife that creates or precipitates matrimonial dissensions. Among the poorer classes, where, for want of space, husband, wife, and children are forced to crowd together into one or two tiny rooms, like so many herrings in a tub, the famous proverb about familiarity breeding contempt has fair play ; and the result of this déplorable state of affairs is that love flies away through the cracked ceiling and leaves nothing behind but disgraceful squabbles and subsequent blows. Let us who have been blessed with the possibility of so doing, maintain a little poetry and delicacy in our conjugal relations by the observance of these many little courtesies and *politesses du cœur*, which are the “small change” of good breeding. And now that I have moralized to my heart's content, let us proceed with our planning out of a comfortable and at the same time elegant bedroom.

THE BEDROOM

I must begin by warning my fair readers against encumbering the walls, bed, windows, and doors with too

many curtains, *portières*, etc. The craze for heavy and profuse plush draperies, and endless knickknacks of more than questionable taste, has died a natural death, and fashionable women now adopt a far more classical and simple style of decoration throughout their homes. For this let us praise the Fates, as such an abnormal quantity of drapery was a microbe-breeding death-trap, even when the utmost care and cleanliness were observed. Wool, plush, or velvet, should be strictly banished from the bedroom, not alone because these materials are too heavy in appearance, but also on account of the all-important question of germs, which they readily harbor. Smooth-faced linen or silken stuffs are far preferable, more pleasing to the eye, and should therefore be adopted in preference to any others.

Here is the description of a typical bedroom, that of a young French duchess, which is a marvel of dainty luxury. It is octagonal in shape, and contains three windows. Walls and ceilings are covered with a highly-glazed silk of a pearly shot hue, varying from pale-pink to delicate willow-green. Curtains of the same material, lined with pale sea-shell pink taffetas, hang down in straight folds on each side of the windows and doors. The gondola-shaped bed, the lounges, armchairs, and chairs are of dull ebony wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and upholstered in the pink and

green shot silk ; and in one corner — the duchess is devoted to music — stands an old spinnet of the fifteenth century inlaid by Martin Pacher of Brauneck. A pale-green Smyrna carpet, powdered with a design of pink and lilac sea-anemones, covers the floor, and pointed Alençon blinds lined with pink taffetas tone down the glaring daylight. The high mantelpiece is of superbly carved black marble surmounted by a Venetian mirror which reflects the nodding blossoms of an onyx, silver-mounted *jardinière* filled daily with pale-green and pale-pink odorless orchids. Of course, such a bedroom can only be enjoyed by a very wealthy woman, but still the idea might be carried out to suit a far lighter purse than that of the *Petite Duchesse*, as she is called in Paris. There is a material called linen taffeta, or *toile de Jouy*, obtainable at any first-class dry-goods store in beautiful colors and designs, which might be used instead of silk. The furniture would be very pretty if made of Indian bamboo, light oak, or *pitchpin*, upholstered in the same material, and the mantelpiece in this case would look well if it were in corresponding wood surmounted by a plain crystal square *jardinière* containing small ferns and pink cyclamens.

It is impossible to deny that even the most luxuriously appointed European or American houses are never one-half as comfortable to live in as are the

homes of Oriental people of high degree. It is impossible to conceive anything more barbarous than the ordinary dining-room chairs, which are usually the most uncomfortable in the entire establishment. A moment's thought will suffice for anybody to realize how unfeasible it is to appreciate the merits of culinary *chefs-d'œuvre* if seated on an uncomfortable chair; for instance, one of those abominations with straight, high, narrow backs and equally narrow and hard ledges. Strange as it may appear, I must confess that I prefer the Oriental method of dining in a recumbent position with my legs on a level with the remainder of my body. The position of the body when seated in a chair is neither natural nor healthy, and is bound to cause the blood to concentrate itself in the lower portion of the legs and to send it coursing to the head by way of restoring normal circulation. No better illustration of the evil effect of a sitting position at meals can be found than in the prevalence of gout among those noted for sitting the longest over their dinner; namely, the English. A lady to whom I was propounding these theories a few days ago put forward the objection that recumbent attitudes, although possible when arrayed in Oriental garb, were rendered exceedingly difficult by the exigencies — may I add the exiguity — of the dress imposed upon the women of the world by

the famous *couturiers* of Paris. In this she was mistaken, for most of the wealthy Levantines and a great many harem women of high rank obtain all their gowns from Paris nowadays, and their dresses invariably represent *le dernier cri de la mode*. And yet they never seem to prevent their wearers from lounging on huge divans with their feet not on the floor, but on the cushions beside them, in attitudes that constitute the quintessence of graceful ease and repose. As an illustration thereof, I would cite Her Excellency Madame Nubar Pacha, the Armenian wife of the most famous Oriental statesman of the age. She is no longer young, and she is not beautiful, but she is wonderfully graceful and stately. Graceful in her every movement, she is delightfully so when seated on a broad, low divan smoking a *papilletto*, with her feet on the cushion at her side. I am at a loss to describe just how she manages to curl herself up in this peculiar yet charming manner. I can only describe the result, which is eminently pretty, and conveys the impression of the most perfect ease and comfort.

The philosophy of chairs is a science that has not yet, so far as I can see, been explored to any extent in America. Hardly anywhere does one meet with a very low, very deep, very broad, and delightfully soft armchair with the back sloping just enough to rest

every portion of the body when reclining in it. Chairs such as this are to be found in every well-equipped English or French household, and contribute materially to the maintenance of the equanimity and imperturbability of our temper. It is simply impossible to retain any vestige of ill-humor when thus seated, and the most wooden-jointed and awkward of individuals will unconsciously lapse into a pose of graceful ease when ensconced in one of these exquisitely comfortable armchairs.

THE BOUDOIR

A pretty French marquise, who reigns over one of the best-regulated households in Paris, has caused her *boudoir* to be furnished entirely *à l'orientale*. The walls are painted a deep soft crimson, and are covered from floor to ceiling with superb latticed *Moucharabiéh* woodwork. All round the room runs a broad low divan, upholstered in heavy Persian silk cashmere thickly embroidered with tender-hued silks, gold and silver threads, and strands of burnished red copper. This divan is littered by big and small square cushions filled with the softest down, encased in embroidery, lace, silk, foulard, Turkish gauze, etc. The three windows of this poetical retreat open upon a balcony, which has been transformed by screens and colonnades of fretted

cedar-wood into a perfect semblance of a Caireneharem *patio*, seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, as it is only eighteen feet long by ten broad. Great brass perfume-burners and hanging mosque lamps add to the far-eastern illusion produced by this *tout ensemble*; and the finishing touches are given by silken hangings, low inlaid stools, and carved cabinets of sandal and lime wood, glittering with mother-of-pearl and turquoises, — rare bits of furniture, for which the marquise sent all the way to Cairo and Constantinople, that they should be absolutely genuine.

A *boudoir* being *par excellence* the unconventional corner of a house, the proprietress thereof can give full swing to her imagination regardless of hard and fast rules. I will therefore pass on to a description of a hall or ante-room *selon mon cœur*. This apartment, being the first which one enters in either house or flat, should be fully as carefully and prettily furnished as the others. But of course much depends on its size and shape. In the case of a large hall, especially when it opens on one of those double Dutch staircases which have of late years become so fashionable for both town and country residences, it should be very luxuriously furnished. The hall and staircase should be carpeted, let us say in dark blue or crimson velvet pile, and the arched recesses of the staircase filled in either with

bronze caryatides, supporting on their head great Satsuma or bronze vases wherein are palms or flowering shrubs, or again with square boxes of Delft also containing plants. In the hall, between the two branches of the staircase, a bronze fountain with a miniature jet of water, falling in sparkling sprays on a bank of aquatic plants, adds greatly to the beauty of the decoration. Along the walls, divans covered with dark blue or crimson sixteenth-century brocade, flecked with gold or silver, should be placed ; while the middle of this beautiful antechamber should be occupied by a huge square table of carved dark-colored wood, whereon two gigantic dishes of rare china and a Venetian vase for cut flowers stand. For a small and unostentatious hall, the walls should be covered with some dark cloth bordered with wooden *baguettes*, the furniture consisting of an oblong table, an umbrella and hat stand surmounted by a mirror, a couple of high-backed chairs, and a *jardinière* supporting a few green plants, whilst the carpet is in corresponding colors to that of the wall drapery, curtains, and *portières*. A brass lantern should hang from the ceiling, and, if desirable, a few trophies of arms can brighten the walls. Of the library, writing-rooms, studios, etc., I will say nothing, for these apartments must be left entirely to the individual taste of the master and mistress of the house. It would be im-

possible for me to lay down the law in so far as they are concerned. The dressing-room and bath-room I have described in the opening chapters, and I am now at liberty to sketch the two *pièces de résistance* of house or flat; namely, the drawing- and dining-rooms.

THE DRAWING-ROOM

Like the bedroom, the drawing-room must at a glance reveal the taste and refinement possessed by the mistress of the house. There are very few really well-understood and daintily furnished drawing-rooms, for even when a great deal of money has been expended on furniture, — nay, even on art treasures, — most of them are wont to betray the vulgarity which is the besetting sin of our age. Thirty years ago the most punctilious of *mondaines* was satisfied with a yellow, red, or blue drawing-room, where everything was of the same color and where the furniture was stiffly disposed around the walls in utter disregard of all artistic rules. To-day a really elegant drawing-room must give the impression of being half a museum and half a conservatory. It is filled with costly bric-à-brac brought from every part of the world, hung with priceless pictures, and decorated by upholsterers who are fully entitled to pose as artists. In this fad for curios lies, however, the

snare for those unwary beings who, without possessing the means to gratify their longings, yet attempt to substitute for the genuine *objets d'art* for which they pine a lot of cheap and tawdry knickknacks and draperies bought mostly at some great dry-goods emporium, which, without deceiving anybody as to their actual value, create a most distressing impression of one's being ushered into a dentist's waiting-room or the parlor of some second-rate boarding-house. Moreover, it by no means suffices that a vase, a statue, or a cabinet should have come from India, China, Japan, or Egypt for these decorative pieces to have a real value; for one must still be sufficiently a *connoisseur* to distinguish the genuine article from the thousand and one bits of crockery, ivory, bronze, or wood which are manufactured by the gross in the far East for what is called there "the European market." I will classify in the same category the more or less spurious imitations of antique furniture with which we have been deluged ever since the time when Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI. styles, Breton sideboards, and Dutch credences came into fashion. Beautiful and refined as the models undoubtedly are, the copies are painfully undeceptive, for they exaggerate, so to speak, every defect of these different periods, and involuntarily remind one of stage furniture meant only to dazzle the eye without captivating the

taste. It must not be forgotten that, in the days to which I have just referred, a workman, whether sculptor or cabinet-maker, thought nothing of devoting the efforts of many weary days, weeks, and even months to the production of one chair, one table, or one consol. Now everything is done by machine, wood is stamped with a given design and then sawn by steam-power, and anybody wishing to procure hand-made carvings must be ready to pay an absolutely exorbitant price for it. I am therefore of the opinion that, excepting when money is absolutely no object, a truly refined woman should confine herself to such a class of furniture as can be bought from conscientious dealers who would scruple to palm off on their customers bogus antiquities or loud *meubles* of which they will become thoroughly weary after possessing them for six months.

A very tasteful and pretty arrangement for a drawing-room, when the lady of the house does not wish to spend a small fortune thereon, is to have the walls and ceiling draped with some of this delightful, soft-toned, antique-looking cretonne which is easily obtainable at any first-class upholsterer's. Let us, for instance, suppose that this cretonne is of a mellow ivory hue, the design in old rose, delineated by a clever hand with a slim gold cord. Instead of the humdrum and ever commonplace-looking gas chandelier, which vulgarizes

the prettiest room, a pendant of Venetian glass representing clusters of morning-glories in pale-pink and blue, should hang from the centre of the ceiling, each pink flower containing a blue candle and *vice-versa*. Beware, above all things, of the stilted sofas and armchairs which most upholsterers take a fiendish delight in recommending to you, and order a couple of graceful lounges, three or four low armchairs, an ottoman, and some piles of cushions to be made for you. They can either be upholstered in the gold-delineated cretonne or be made of silk in harmonizing colors. In such a drawing-room I would not put a carpet on the floor, but conceal the latter under one of those exquisitely fine rice-straw Japanese mats painted with strange birds and exotic flowers. A table—for there must be a table—although this is rarely a graceful adjunct, should be of violet wood, lacquered bamboo, or, if the top notch of elegance is to be attained, of ebony, richly engraved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and copper. On the mantelpiece, in lieu of that abomination of desolations, a clock and accompanying candelabra, a handsome statue of Florentine bronze or of terra-cotta, signed by some well-known master, should be placed, backed either by green palms and ferns or by vases of scrupulously fresh-cut flowers. If really good pictures seem too expensive, abstain from hanging any on your walls,

and replace them by a few perfect etchings, or water-colors above reproach. If this description should appear too simple, I will add thereto a few words about the salon of a well-known Austrian great lady who is renowned throughout Europe for her exquisite and original taste. This salon is also draped, ceiling and walls alike, with soft, shimmering, willow-green silk embossed with silver unicorns. In the centre of the room stands a round ottoman, from the centre of which emerges a gigantic, flute-shaped vase of rock crystal filled summer and winter with superb long-stemmed cut flowers. The grand piano of *marqueterie* is partly concealed by an artistically draped altar-front of cloth of silver fastened here and there by authentic old miniatures rimmed with pearls, the high, white-marble mantelpiece being decorated in the same fashion and surmounted by a unique group of nymphs carved by Clodion, which emerges from a mass of flowering plants. All the seats in this ideal room are low and inviting. The floor is covered by a marvellous faint-green Aubusson rug, whereon wreaths of Bengal roses and of apple-blossoms are scattered in a thoroughly unconventional design. At night light is afforded by several silver hanging lamps shaded by antique lace over almond-green silk.

THE DINING-ROOM

Let us now cast a look on the dining-room as it should be. I need not say that it must be thoroughly in keeping with the drawing-room as far as luxuriousness is concerned. Otherwise your house would look like one of those walls painted to represent a gorgeous stone colonnade or some other pompous architectural design, but which are only intended to conceal the poverty of whatever lies behind them; and the visitor who, after having admired the beauty of your salon, would be suddenly ushered into a painfully contrasting dining-room, would form but a poor opinion of your breeding. To continue this simile, I may add that when every room in a house is not in keeping with one another, this is as much a fault of education, I would almost say principle, as if a woman donned an elaborate silk dress over some plain, cheap, and ill-cared-for underclothing. It must be borne in mind that a dining-room decoration should be as much as possible dark and magnificent rather than light and cheery, for in this instance the table being *the* object (rather like an altar where the daily sacrifices are offered), it is necessary that the surroundings of this nucleus should not intrench through too glaring an ornamentation upon its bril-

liancy. It goes without saying that hand-carved wainscotings and Gobelin tapestries are what suit a dining-room best; but as most people cannot afford to go in for such costly furnishings, I would suggest high oak, pear, or ebony wainscotings topped by panels of Spanish embossed leather and finished off with a dado of either dark crimson, royal blue, or Russian-green velvet furnished with a narrow wooden shelf, whereon is disposed a collection of old Delft, Satsuma, or Hungarian dishes, plaques, and platters. This will be quite sufficiently elaborate, especially if your sideboards boast a certain amount of plate. Naturally, the table, sideboards, and high-backed chairs must invariably be of the same wood as the wainscoting. Round tables have gone entirely out of fashion and have been completely superseded by square ones. I have seen in my day many a handsome dining-room, but I cannot remember any which could compare with the great dining-hall in Prince Dondoukow-Korssakow's Castle of Polonaja, in Russia. The prince was an old friend of mine, and many are the beautiful banquets which I have witnessed in this beautiful apartment panelled in oak and hung with Gobelin tapestries of inestimable value. So grandiose in fact was this hall that it was not used excepting on state occasions; and when we were only a small house party the meals were served in a much

smaller room disposed like a winter-garden, where camellias and azaleas, orange trees and mimosa bushes, formed fragrant bowers of blossoms and verdure. At either end of this pretty *salle à manger* there was a fountain of pink marble with carved basins filled with blossoming water-lilies, among which goldfish swam, and the marble columns supporting the roof were garlanded with purple and white passion-flowers. The table was always set in Louis XVI. fashion, the service of old Meissen china of a pale-pink hue, and Watteau figures of the same priceless ware upheld large shells containing flowers, fruit, and bonbons in superb profusion. This room, which was, however, in an entirely different style from the one which I advocated in the beginning of this chapter, formed, nevertheless, a truly charming picture, the table littered with Venetian glass and gold plate, the wines sparkling in their fantastically shaped Grecian ewers and Bohemian jugs, the pretty women with diamonds glittering on their white throats and in their hair, all grouped among the blossoming plants. In one word, everything looked like an eighteenth-century picture, and made one think of Versailles and Trianon. But this can only be considered in the light of a millionaire's fantasy, and can therefore not be used as a model for any of my readers excepting for the very wealthy ones whose circumstances permit them to

satisfy their every caprice. Let me add that people even in the humblest of circumstances can render their dining-room both attractive and pleasant to inhabit by the use of a little judgment in its decoration and furnishing. For instance, what can be at the same time cheaper and prettier than a papering of plain Pompeian red, relieved by a four-foot wainscoting of equally plain cherry wood matching the table, chairs, and unostentatious sideboard? Curtains of red military cloth and a red ingrain rug on the floor will complete this "natty" *tout ensemble*, which can be enhanced by a few chastely framed engravings and a *jardinière* or two, filled with homelike ferns and plants.

A point on which I will be inexorable, however, is the table linen, which must always be of snowy whiteness and as dainty as if fairies alone had touched it. The wealthy are able to indulge in rare china and dazzling cut-glass, Baccarat or crystal; but it is within the reach of all housekeepers who take to heart the internal arrangements of their homes to afford neat, well-laundered, and prettily disposed tablecloths and napkins.

CHAPTER XII

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

MODERN housekeepers do not as a rule sufficiently realize that the kitchen and dining-room departments are altogether too completely abandoned to the supervision of menials, who, not being endowed with the same sense of refinement and taste which most educated people possess, are absolutely incapable of attaining unalloyed success in either of these important features of the household. The very best of cooks and butlers require the master's eye cast daily upon their work, and it is an egregious mistake to suppose that there is anything derogatory in looking personally into these seemingly distasteful matters. I can assure my readers that Europe's greatest ladies consider it by no means an unpleasant duty to do so. Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who is one of the noblest and most perfect specimens of lovely womanhood that it has been my fortunate lot to know, invariably comes down every Monday morning when in Vienna, Gödöllő, or Schönbrunn and strolls through the kitchens and still-

rooms in order to see that everything is going on as it should. Nay, the question of *cuisine* is of so great an importance that it naturally finds its place in a work devoted to woman's beauty, health, and comfort. "Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you who you are," wrote Brillat-Savarin; and I feel impelled to emphasize this common-sense saying by adding that upon our alimentation both our physical and moral state almost entirely depend.

The art of eating well has become almost extinct in our century, which is one of hurry and scurry, and there are now very few places left in the length and breadth of the civilized world where a really good *cuisine* can be enjoyed. Even the French, who are born *gourmets*, are gradually lapsing into the most deplorable carelessness in this respect. Under the reign of Louis XIV., the kitchen and its numerous dependencies were considered the most important part of the house. Indeed, the way in which these gastronomical laboratories were furnished and decorated would give our modern epicure food for mournful reflection; for they were very far from resembling the skimpy, uncomfortable, and ill-planned basements which the householders of the present day do not hesitate to devote to the culinary department of their homes. At that period cooking utensils were veritable works of art,

and history mentions several *grand seigneurs* and courtiers of the *Roi Soleil* who preferred to spend the long winter evenings in their kitchen, than in any other apartment of their sumptuous dwellings. Even in antiquity the pleasures of the table were regarded as an all-important function. Let us cast a passing glance on Lucullus, that prince of *gourmets*, who died forty-six years before the beginning of the Christian era, and also on Apicius, whom a celebrated French author designates as "*le messie de la gourmandise*." Culinary art was then carried to the height of a science, and in the excavations of Pompeii were discovered proofs of such refinement in this direction that we must stand reproved thereby in our comparative indifference to the quality of what we eat and drink. I will quote the *menu* of a supper given by Paratus in the year 70 A. D. at Pompeii, — a *menu* which was found in the ruins of his princely villa : —

FIRST COURSE.

Roasted Sea Urchins.

Fresh Oysters in the Shell.

Thorny Oysters boiled with Red Peppers.

Ortolans on Toasted Unleavened Bread.

Capons smothered in Asparagus.

Oysters and Mussels with Wine Sauce.

Peacocks' Tongues stewed in Green Grapejuice.

SECOND COURSE.

Scollops stewed in Quail Consommé.
Mussels fried with Olives.
Sea-Nettle Salad.
Roasted Figpeckers.
Venison and Wild Boar in Cutlets.
Figpeckers stewed in Vesuvian Wine.
Roasted Asparagus.
Stuffed Murene Eels and Red Mulletts.

THIRD COURSE.

Boar's Head garnished with Limes.
Lamb's Breast stuffed with Figs.
Roast Wild Ducklings with Orange Sauce.
Roast Hare filled with Raspberries.
Filletts of Phrygian Grain-Pullets.
Wheat Cream flavored with Thyme.
Vesuvian Wine Cakes.
Crystallized Grapes.
Peaches cooled in Wine.
Watermelons and Figs.
Crushed Plums and Apricots in Syrup.
Devilled Field-lark Livers.
Rose Waffles.
Fresh Dates.

This lavishness leaves far behind it our most gorgeous Agapes; and if one takes into consideration the

extreme luxury of the Pompeian banqueting halls where such feasts took place, one is forced to recognize that we are but very poor creatures indeed as compared with the ancients.

One thing especially should be taken into consideration, and that is the importance which the way of serving up even the plainest of dishes has on our appreciation thereof. All that delicate porcelain, translucent crystals, and handsome plate can do to etherealize a meal, should be done by the careful mistress of a house. The viands should be prepared and dished so prettily that were fairies present they could not but feel tempted to break into them, and, above all, the dining-room should just so far as possible be conducive to perfect ease and mental as well as physical repose. As I remarked before, it should not be beneath the consideration of the haughtiest of *mondaines* to supervise in person the culinary department of her home, and to insist that every kitchen implement shall be kept scrupulously clean. This is very easily done if those employed in the kitchen could only realize that their labor would be greatly simplified if they would wash their saucepans as soon as they have been used, instead of waiting — as most of them do — until the grease, sugar, or sauce has cooled off and it takes wellnigh Herculean efforts to cleanse them. Most people, when they give a dinner,

consider it necessary to incur expense, even often when they can ill afford it, in order to convince their guests that money is of no consideration at all to them; and this is the reason why at almost every dinner-party to which one is invited, one meets with the same tasteless, highly decorated, and pompously named dishes which savor of the restaurant whence they have been ordered, and which are so insipid that they give one the impression of having all been cooked in the same pot. It is far better to place on your table a few carefully selected, home-made, and well-prepared dishes, instead of all this flashy luxury which is in no case ever worth its cost. In order to be able to give a good dinner at comparatively small expense, it is therefore absolutely necessary that the mistress of the house should be acquainted with the price of all eatables and table dainties, and that she should make a point, if possible, of going herself to market for such occasions, with a view of selecting the best she can obtain for her money. I will now give two *menus* which may serve as models, one for a ceremonious dinner, and one for a simpler occasion.

NUMBER ONE.

Pains Moscovites.

Bisque Soup.

Green Turtle Soup.

Brook Trout with Tartar Sauce.

York Ham stewed in Sherry.

Cutlets of Venison, Sauce Soubise.

Sweetbreads in Wine Jelly.

Broiled Truffles.

Ducklings with Asparagus Tips.

Truffled Pheasants stuffed with Foie-Gras.

Venetian Salad of Frappéd Vegetables.

Macédoine of Fresh Fruit with Maraschino.

Pistachio and Russian Violet Ices

(served in tiny scooped-out blocks of ice).

Wines. — Chablis. Château Yquem. Old Madeira.

Château Montrose Red. Mouton Rothschild.

Sparkling Moselle. Cyprus Wine.

Bonbons. Coffee. Liqueurs.

NUMBER TWO.

Little Neck Clams.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Lobster à la Pompadour.

Cold Salmon Trout with Green Mayonnaise Sauce.

Truffled Fillet of Lamb.

Roast Quails with Endive Salad.

Asparagus.

Czarina Cream.

Fruit. Bonbons. Coffee.

Wines. — White Claret. Red Claret. Sherry. Burgundy.

Liqueurs.

As I have mentioned several dishes which are not familiarly known, I furnish the recipes : —

Pains Moscovites. — Take some thin slices of slightly stale brown bread. Butter them with an equal quantity of well-mixed anchovy paste and butter, and garnish with alternate stripes of caviar, finely chopped hard-boiled egg and parsley, and delicately sliced, narrow fillets of preserved anchovy. Serve on small plates with a couple of slices of lemon and two or three olives.

Russian Violet Ices. — Prepare an ordinary water-ice, in which throw three handfuls of carefully picked, large, odorous, and freshly gathered Russian violets, a small glass of maraschino ; freeze as usual.

Macédoine of Fresh Fruit. — Slice thinly three Séville oranges from which the rind has been removed. Place them at the bottom of a plain china mould. Scatter over them a layer of grapes carefully detached from the stem, stoned, and separately wiped with a soft, dry towel. Then comes a couple of handfuls of large strawberries intermingled with fresh almonds, cut in small shreds, tiny square pieces of pineapple, similar pieces of peaches. Over these place another layer of grapes closed in with slices of orange. Dissolve a half ounce of pure gelatine in a pint of water. When ready for use, add thereto a tumblerful of syrup of sugar, two wine-glassfuls of champagne, a liquor-glass of anisette, and two soup-spoonfuls of kummel. Pour this fragrant mixture over the fruit so that it fills every crevice, and place the mould — tightly

covered — in a pail of crushed ice and salt. Leave it thus for three hours, or until it has thoroughly congealed. When about to serve, plunge the mould for a second in boiling water. Turn it over on a cut-glass dish, surround this transparent and appetizing structure with a garland of fresh flowers, and send it up quickly to table.

Czarina Cream. — Whip a quart of thick, sweet cream until very frothy and light. Add thereto a spoonful of orange-blossom water and a cup of finely powdered sugar. Have in readiness a basket of silver filigree, or, failing this, a prettily plated ordinary reed-basket. Put a layer of candied rose-leaves and sugared violets at the bottom of the basket and heap the cream over it. Decorate the top with a shower of candied rose-leaves, violets, and orange petals, and surround the pyramid with a circle of pistachios, fresh almonds, and candied strawberries. Serve, sending in at the same time a dish of rose macaroons.

I will now say a few words about table decoration. In Paris at the present moment the great *chic* consists in decorating the table almost exclusively with fruit, instead of loading it, as in days gone by, with banks of fruit and flowers. At a recent embassy dinner on the banks of the Seine the festive board aroused the sincere admiration of those present by the extreme originality and elegance with which it was arrayed. The cloth of antique Venetian point was spread over *vieux-rose glacé*

silk, which shone softly through the rich meshes of the costly fabric; in the middle of the table was a low square basket of wonderfully chased silver-work, filled with masses of blossoming apple branches whereto a number of tiny lady apples had been fastened. Similar baskets, but smaller in size, were disposed at all four corners, and were, so to speak, bound to one another by long chains and clusters of white and red currants, starting from the middle basket and meandering over the tablecloth, to which they were fastened here and there by windmill bows of pale-pink *moiré* ribbon. This thoroughly novel idea can be varied indefinitely according to the taste of the hostess. For instance, violets might be substituted for apple blossoms, and purple and white grapes for currants, with equally happy result; or, again, a centrepiece of orange-flowers and buds intermingled with diminutive tangerines, would certainly be a pleasant diversion from the everlasting parterre of roses or chrysanthemums to which we have all been treated at dinner-parties the world over since time immemorial.

A new decoration for the table has just been introduced in Vienna. It consists of a set of silver snakes with jewelled eyes, which seem to glide among the flowers, some of them rearing their vicious, triangular little heads in the air, others lazily coiled between the

tiny fronds of the maiden-hair ferns so largely used now in table decoration.

Polish, Russian, and Austrian ladies are excellent housewives, and even the richest among them devote much attention and time to the embellishment of their family hearths. *Parisiennes* of wealth are beginning to adopt Polish fashions in this particular, but I only mention this style for the delectation of my readers, and in an anecdotal way; for it can only be indulged in by millionaires. The table must be square and of some costly inlaid wood, the corners being visible, as the cloth is spread diamond-shape. This cloth is made of bright-hued brocade studded at the corners with gems, such as turquoises, amethysts, or topazes. In the middle stands a ponderous silver or gold *épergne* composed of three tiers of trays, the lower one bearing some fine fruit, the second, a mass of elegant bonbons, and the upper supporting a wide cup in which are placed a wealth of cut flowers. Divers little cups are scattered about holding flowers, fruit, and bonbons. No lamps are used for the illumination of this table, but tall silver candelabra alternate with huge silver wine-jugs resting on silver trays. In lieu of glasses, gold or silver-mounted Venetian mugs are placed before each guest, together with highly ornate salt-cellars, whilst the plates and dishes are either of gold, silver-gilt, or silver. I must

confess that the *coup d'œil*, although very gorgeous, is by no means absolutely pleasing to the eye, and that, in my opinion, a lighter, if a far cheaper, decoration is much more tasteful. However, while on the subject of outlandish dinner-services, I may mention a very attractive one rendered fashionable by the present Dowager Empress of Russia. In this instance, the plates and dishes are of *Tolsk* pottery; not decorated with flat painting, as our finest dinner-sets generally are, but adorned with figures and designs executed in colored relief, resembling in a cruder way the Bernard de Palissy *genre*. The wines are served in superb ewers of *niello* silver, enriched with raised ornaments, and the spoons, knives, forks, salt-cellars, etc., are of black and white *Tula* silverware. The tumblers and wineglasses are of that peculiar opaque glass generally known as *Schmelz*, — that is to say, a mixture of shot sea-green and purple, — and the liqueur sets are of thick diamond-cut crystal. For these dinners, flowers are not arranged in the ordinary way, but a low *jardinière* of *labrador* (a Russian stone of a soft gray tint with an irradiating blue and gray tint) occupies the centre of the table. In this are planted Russian violets, leaves, blossoms, buds, and roots, intermingled with an odd, feathery species of dwarf reed which grows on the steppes of the Ukraine, but which can be replaced by pampas-grass.

In Paris, which in all matters of fashion is pre-eminent, the great fad of the moment is to give what are called exotic dinners. The dining-room is decorated on such occasions in strictly Spanish, Russian, Indian, Moorish, or Japanese style down to the minutest detail, and at the dinner nothing but national dishes complementary to the decoration are served. Some time ago a beautiful French fashion-leader who has spent two years in Japan, invited her friends to a genuine Japanese dinner of which the *menu* was as follows : —

Banana soup, slices of octopus, or devil-fish, feelers. Roasted porcupine. Oranges preserved in ginger syrup, boiled pomegranates, candied lizards' tails, etc.

The daintiest morsel of the feast, which is to the Japanese what oysters are to us, was a magnificent fish of the turbot species. It was served on a large dish of priceless Kioto porcelain garnished with a wreath of variegated bamboo leaves. It was still alive, for its gills and its mouth moved regularly. To the horror of the guests, the butler raised the skin from the upper part of the fish, which had been previously loosened, and picked off slice after slice of the creature, which, although alive, had been carved in such a fashion that no vital part had been touched. The heart, gills, liver,

and stomach had been left intact, and some damp seaweed on which the fish rested sufficed to keep the lungs in action. The miserable thing seemed to look with a lustrous but most reproachful eye upon the guests while they partook of its body, the transparent flesh of which they were forced to admit was delicious. It should be added that this particular fish, the *Dai*, is only good when eaten alive. The moment it dies, its flesh becomes opaque, tough, and starchy, and this individual one had been brought all the way from Japan in a glass tank for the occasion.

Of course, all these *fantaisies* and ruinous decorations do not commend themselves to people in moderate circumstances; and for the latter I should advise the following very tasteful table-centre, which can be made at very small cost by any clever feminine hand. The table-scarf is made of coffee-colored silk canvas embroidered in soft hues of pale-pink, azure, lemon, and Persian lilac floss-silks, the design being one of these thoroughly original and pretty cross-stitch patterns which one sees in Russian or Armenian embroidery. Around the edge is a thick, fringed-out *ruche* of pale-pink surah finished off at each corner by a windmill bow of *moiré* ribbon in the colors of the embroidery. In the middle and at both ends of this scarf are placed ordinary but daintily shaped rush-baskets, through the interstices of which

some correspondingly colored narrow *moiré* ribbons have been drawn. The largest of these three baskets should contain either ferns or seasonable cut flowers, whilst in the two others candies or tiny cakes can be disposed. For every day occasions, the best and most practical table-scarf will always be the white linen one embroidered in washable cottons or silks, and bearing at each end the monogram of the master and mistress of the house. A small earthenware or metal fernery will last throughout the winter if properly watered at night, and will give even to the humblest table a thoroughly *distingué* and *recherché* appearance.

Let me add that sherbets served in the middle of dinner, as well as Roman punches, have entirely gone out of fashion, and that champagne is not admitted any longer to the table of really smart people, excepting in the case of wedding breakfasts, christening dinners, or ball suppers. It is, moreover, quite permissible during the heat of summer, whether in town or country, to invite one's friends and acquaintances to partake of an entirely cold dinner, including iced *consommés*, fish *en mayonnaise*, salads, cold fillet of beef, frapped vegetables, and iced *entrées*, capped by the ordinary finish of ices and fruit. A pretty idea for such a dinner is to place on the centre of the table a square or round mirror tray whereon reposes a large irregularly shaped

block of ice scooped out in the middle and containing some trailing branches of blossoming ivy-geraniums, or some plant of the convolvulus species, which drape this novel flower-vase and are allowed to run down to the tablecloth in rich profusion. The trays destined to support these ice-blocks are provided with a small aperture in the middle of their slightly concave surface, by which the water of the melting ice is received into a flat basin placed under the tray, so that the tablecloth runs no danger of being wet.

CHAPTER XIII

SERVANTS

WHILE on the subject of household arrangements, I must not omit to touch upon one of the most important questions that a careful and elegantly inclined housekeeper should always have in mind; namely, that of servants. The question of servants is every day becoming more vexatious throughout the United States, and many a conscientious housekeeper often feels ready to abandon her post and fly to some hotel or even boarding-house, in order to avoid the continual friction and conflict entailed by her "help," as these domestic tyrants are sometimes called. You do not, however, sufficiently realize that there are faults on both sides; for masters and servants have both changed, and you must adapt yourselves to modern conditions. In the end the social relation of master and servant must depend, in the working, upon the character of individual master and servant, never forgetting that French proverb which truthfully says, "*Tel maître, tel valet!*" "Love begets love" is another irrefutable

saying; and why should not fair treatment beget fair treatment too?

In wealthy establishments, where a staff of servants is kept, matters generally go well because there are fixed rules by which the entire household works, and which the upper servants as well as their more humble comrades are bound to obey, if they are anxious to keep a situation where they enjoy good wages and good fare. In small *ménages* it is altogether a different affair, for the maid-of-all-work — who is the only servant that such establishments can afford to keep — is invariably either a perfect Tartar, ruling master, mistress, and children with a rod of iron, or else a “slavey” in the full acceptation of the word, in which case I say, God help her! Taken when utterly inexperienced because she cannot demand high wages, and beguiled by the promise of being trained so as to enable her to rise in her vocation, the poor girl leads a life like that of a slave, working for hours and in amount a great deal more than ever ought to be her share. Beginning service in a small house where there is no method or management, she contracts the slipshod habits of her *entourage*; and instead of ever improving she drags on a miserable existence on about \$8 to \$10 a month. She seldom has a kind word said to her. She is expected to be clean, tidy, methodical, and civil when every one around

her is the reverse ; and when the day comes that, broken down in health by overwork, another " slavey " takes her place, she is shipped off to the workhouse. Who then can be surprised at the feeling of animosity that too often exists in a marked degree between employers and employed, and which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that for numberless generations might has governed right in this instance. In Europe one still finds some old family retainers who have at heart their masters' interests, who share their joys and sorrows, and who take pride in the thrift of the house they belong to. But here in America this is very seldom to be met with, and your domestics are far more like serpents, ever ready to bite the hand that feeds them, than like humbler members of one family, who look upon their employer as a child does on his father, with affection and respect. Most certainly half the friction which exists at present would be smoothed away if those who have the control of a household showed a feeling of sympathy, and sometimes administered judicious praise, and also if you endeavored to make your servants realize that you are, in a measure, grateful to them for the services they render you. To be sure, you pay them for the performance of their duty ; but still you can hardly expect that in return for a few dollars a month you are entitled to their respect, affection, hon-

esty, and constant toil without adding thereto the courteous and considerate treatment which every kind heart should dictate towards inferiors. Servants are in your sight nothing but a necessary evil, whose numerous failings must be endured because you cannot do otherwise; but you never stop to recollect that you could easily make this painful situation of affairs far easier both for master and servant by, so to speak, oiling the works of the household.

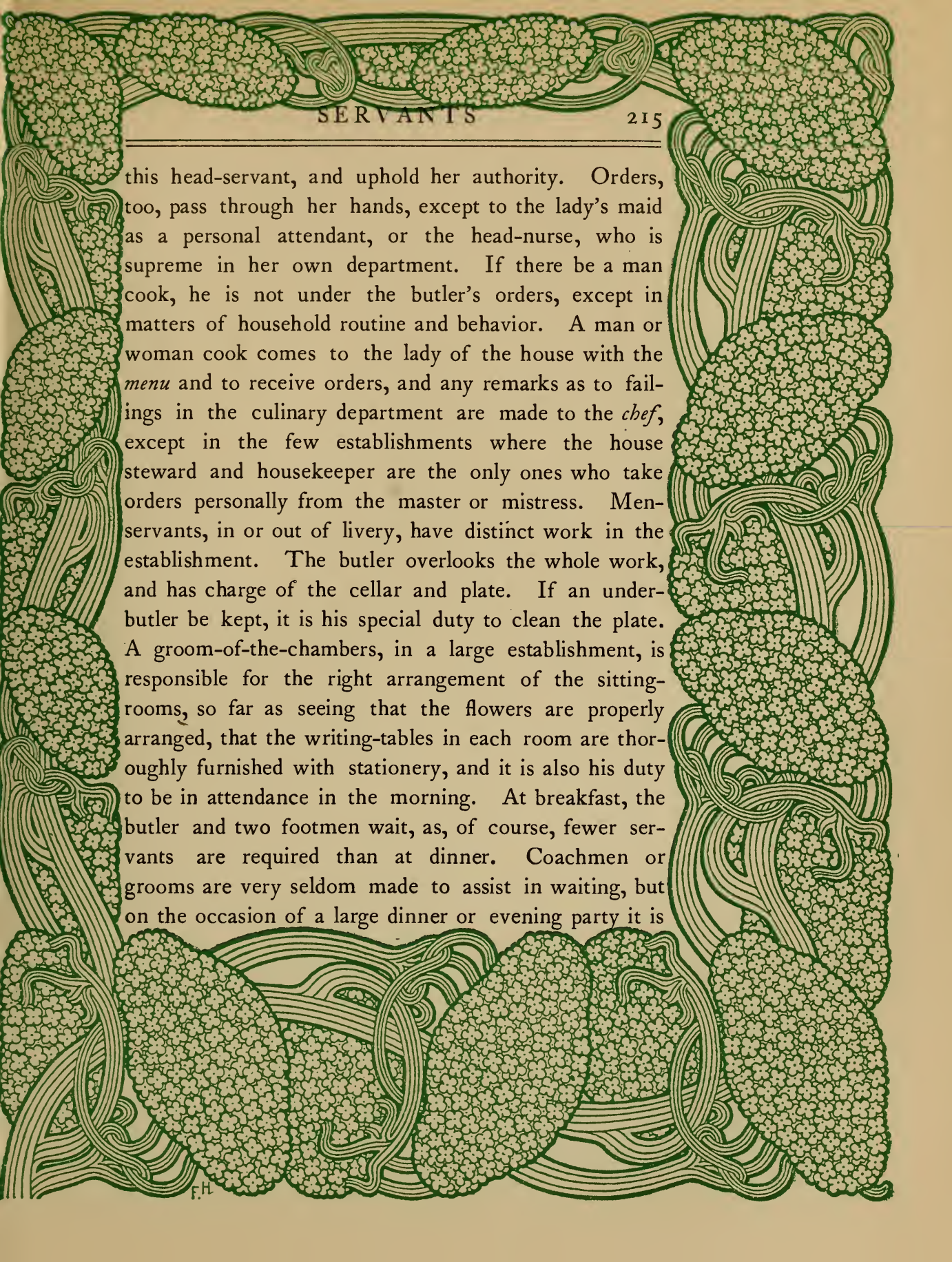
“We may live without friends,
And may live without books;
But civilized man cannot
Live without cooks.

“We may live without love —
What is passion but pining;
But where is the man
Who can live without dining?”

Therefore it would be far better if you did not always keep in mind that the wages you pay your “help” are all that you owe them; for you owe something more than wages to those upon whom the comfort of your home depends, and a few encouraging words by the way, and a little assistance given occasionally, will bring about in the servant a feeling of respect for his master or mistress; while unreasonable

demands, too much restriction, and the use of stern tones instead of quiet ones will soon destroy all kindly feeling.

It is of course very difficult for me to lay down fixed rules here with regard to the management of the servants' hall, so much depends on how many domestics are kept, and also on the amount of money which the mistress of the house has at her disposal. In large European establishments the distinction between upper and under servants is very rigidly enforced. The head of the whole household is the butler or steward, with the housekeeper as coadjutor. The whole responsibility of the care of the house rests with the housekeeper, but the butler has to look after all the menservants and see that they fulfil their duties, while the maids should only receive orders or complaints from the housekeeper. The keys of the rooms during the absence of the family are in the housekeeper's charge, and orders are always sent to her for the preparation of the house before the arrival of the family. The housekeeper's, or steward's room, is for the use of the upper servants only; and if any guest brings a valet he takes his place in this room, unless wearing livery, when he would go to the servants' hall. When there is a housekeeper, no lady of the house personally finds fault with an under-servant. All such remarks go through



this head-servant, and uphold her authority. Orders, too, pass through her hands, except to the lady's maid as a personal attendant, or the head-nurse, who is supreme in her own department. If there be a man cook, he is not under the butler's orders, except in matters of household routine and behavior. A man or woman cook comes to the lady of the house with the *menu* and to receive orders, and any remarks as to failings in the culinary department are made to the *chef*, except in the few establishments where the house steward and housekeeper are the only ones who take orders personally from the master or mistress. Men-servants, in or out of livery, have distinct work in the establishment. The butler overlooks the whole work, and has charge of the cellar and plate. If an under-butler be kept, it is his special duty to clean the plate. A groom-of-the-chambers, in a large establishment, is responsible for the right arrangement of the sitting-rooms, so far as seeing that the flowers are properly arranged, that the writing-tables in each room are thoroughly furnished with stationery, and it is also his duty to be in attendance in the morning. At breakfast, the butler and two footmen wait, as, of course, fewer servants are required than at dinner. Coachmen or grooms are very seldom made to assist in waiting, but on the occasion of a large dinner or evening party it is

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a very common thing to make the family coachman stand at the entrance door in order to usher in the guests, and at such times the grooms can don footmen's liveries to help in the dining-room and hall. The butler is not expected to answer the drawing-room bells in the morning; that is the footman's duty or the groom-of-the-chambers', but after luncheon he is always in attendance to announce visitors. The stablemen are usually under a distinct rule of their own. In most houses they never come into the house for any meals, having their own rooms and separate hall and kitchen in the building devoted to the horses, and the stud groom or coachman takes orders only from the master or mistress of the house.

The housekeeper has the charge of all china, house-linen, and everything connected with the furnishing of rooms, and it is her duty to see that everything necessary to comfort is in the rooms; but she does not look after the writing materials in any sitting-room, which is one of the special duties of the groom-of-the-chambers or butler. The housekeeper, the butler, and the lady's maid are the only servants who are expected to have a book of small expenditure; and a good mistress, however large the establishment, always looks carefully over such accounts before passing them to the steward or agent for payment, or paying them herself. In small

households rules must vary according to circumstances, but in all cases where there are distinctly upper and under servants they are strong in their observance of the etiquette laid down.

I do not wish to include governesses and tutors in my remarks about servants, yet as I cannot write a separate chapter concerning their position and their rights, I will devote a few words to them here. There can be no doubt that men and women of a comparatively high social standing are forced by adverse circumstances to accept menial positions, and that it is exceedingly difficult to know how to treat them, for, being neither fish nor flesh, their standing in the household is very difficult to define. How can one avoid in such cases the shoals upon which an employer who is at all unmindful of the past of such subordinates is bound at times to strike? A mother seeking for a suitable person to place in this responsible position will naturally choose one whose qualifications include more than the ordinary educated teacher, and will strive to make his or her life happy. First, then, the school-room should not be the dark back apartment so often chosen for that purpose. It should be bright and well furnished, like any other sitting-room, with the additions necessary for work and study. A happy family gathering at the breakfast-table makes a pleasant start for parents and

children, but of course the hour must not be too late or irregular. If possible, one maid should be engaged entirely as school-room maid, her duties clearly defined as to waiting on the governess, who often suffers more from the inattention and rudeness of the servants than people know. If neither the children nor the governess appear at the late dinner, it is incumbent on the mistress of the house to see that supper is properly served in the school-room; probably the children may not require a meal, and have gone to bed, or else have gone in to dessert, that very old-established custom. Nothing is more depressing than a solitary meal served carelessly.

I need not say that in the case of a tutor, especially when, as frequently happens in Catholic houses, he is a priest, he invariably takes dinner with the family; but the governess, excepting when she is an elderly lady, is not supposed to be present at meals, her dinner and lunch being served in the school-room. Moreover, if the school-room is bright and cheerful, and if parents and children show her that true courtesy and *politesse du cœur* which are invariably the sign of gentle birth, her life should be a happy one.

In the households of the middle classes, one of the greatest difficulties with servants is their lack of self-control, and their liability to "go off at half-cock," as Mr. Gladstone once said of a Cabinet whose members

were always resigning because of some temporary friction. A servant is annoyed because a mistress insists upon some particular thing being done which the servant thinks foolish or unfitting. Thereupon the servant, in a fit of temper, gives warning, and takes herself off, because "she ain't a-going to put up with such nonsense." An educated person, though annoyed, would argue: "Why should I bother? After all, it's not my house, but Mrs. So-and-so's; and if she likes to have things done in a particular way, that's her affair! As long as she does not ask me to do more than I agreed to do, I shall do what she says!" No one ever hears of the clerks employed by a great commercial firm giving warning because "the partners" have issued a particular order. In a household, however, a servant entirely repudiates the idea of obeying as obedience is understood in an office. This melancholy state of affairs could readily be remedied by the employment of a little tact on our part.

Although my own opinions, I am not ashamed to confess it, are exceedingly aristocratic, and on some points even somewhat autocratic, yet I have always felt deep sympathy and pity for servants in general, sincerely regretting the misguided ways of many employers towards their employés, and *vice versa*. The respective duties of mistress and servant are justice and obedience;

but often the obedience is expected—and exacted—without the corresponding justice being given, and in ruling a household a mistress must remember that there should be firmness, patience, prudence, benevolence, and self-possession—especially benevolence. For ages and ages the lot of servants has been a sad one. In olden times domestic servants were merely slaves, and could be bought and sold, or even killed, at the will of the mistress; and frequently instances are given by old writers of their having been imprisoned in iron fetters and scourged to death for the most trivial offences. Besides this, in those days, the rather humiliating name given to domestics in Anglo-Saxon was “hlaf-cetan,” or loaf-eater, which proves that even then their food was more or less begrudged to them. During the Middle Ages the lot of house servants had considerably improved; they were, comparatively speaking, well fed, but at all periods the sleeping accommodation left much to be desired. It was customary for them to sleep on bags of straw laid on the benches and tables of the great hall; and even so late as the reign of Elizabeth in England they lay on pallets of straw covered by a sheet, with a good round log instead of a pillow. An old chronicler says: “As for servants, if they had any sheet above them it was well, for seldom had they any under their bodies to keep them

from the pricking straws that ran through the canvas of the pallet, and raised their hardened hides." These improvements did not, seemingly, ameliorate the relations between master and servant, for, if other chroniclers of the day are to be believed, life was not always easy in homes of that period. There still exists a very satirical song, written during the reign of King Edward I., which by no means idealizes the grooms of that epoch.

"Whil God was on erthe
And wondrede wyde,
What was the resoun
Why He nolde ryde?"

"For He nolde no groome
To go by His side,
Ne grucching of no gedelyng
To chaule ne to chyde."

(While God was on earth and wandered wide, what was the reason He would not ride? Because He would have no groom to go by His side, nor the grudging (grumbling) of any gadling to jaw or to chide.)

Is not this tableau very amusing, and do we not ourselves at the present day often hesitate to do many things we should like to do, for fear of being grumbled at, or at least frowned at, by these charming specimens

of servants which our own and our forefathers' remissness have created for our delectation? In France, during the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., the habits of the upper classes became exceedingly cultivated and refined, with the result that a similar change took place in those of the domestic servants. It became no uncommon occurrence for these ideal servitors to cast in their lot with, and remain faithful to, one family for the greater part of a lifetime, tending and watching over the different members thereof, with a devotion often wanting in those connected by the most sacred ties of blood and kinship. In return they received, when old age had incapacitated them from further labor, the reverence and love that they had given with an unstinting hand. This proves that what I have said above is perfectly correct, and that "a good master makes a good servant" in nine cases out of ten. I well know that one does not always reap what one sows, and that ingratitude is likely to be the reward of our best efforts in that line, for it has happened to myself in several instances. But yet one may try, and the game is in this special case quite worthy of the candle.

In the English village of Hornsey travellers who happened to visit the little church, all overgrown with ivy and honeysuckle, which stands so picturesquely

amid a litter of mossy gravestones imbedded in flowery grass, will have noticed a tablet whereon is graven :

To the memory of
Mary Parsons, the diligent,
faithful and affectionate servant
in a family during a period of 57 years.
She died on the 22nd of November, 1806, aged 85.

Also to the memory of Elizabeth Decher, the friend
and companion of the above, who, after an
exemplary service of 47 years in
the same family, died on the
Second of February, 1809,
aged 75.

Their remains, by their mutual request, were
buried in the same grave.

Such proofs of the — alas ! — long-departed fidelity of old-fashioned servants should surely encourage us to try to train ours to become equally devoted to us.

A charming French *grande dame*, who belongs to the purest *Faubourg St. Germain*, but who by no means disdains personally to look into every little detail of her household, has laid down a programme defining the duties of each of her servants, a copy of which is nailed to the door of their respective rooms. She exacts from all implicit obedience, but is extremely kind and consider-

ate towards them. She told me once, when I had been praising the excellent management of which her entire establishment gives abundant proof: "I never permit my servants to use coarse or indecent language, or to insult one another, while in the servants' hall. If such conduct is reported to you, you should be unmerciful in your reproof, for it is in this way that they lose their self-respect and, consequently, that which they owe you as their mistress. Moreover, you must give good wages, for, as it is nowadays—with very few exceptions—motives of interest that bind our servants to us, we should make it worth their while to accomplish their duties well."

It is advisable to associate one's servants in any family rejoicing,—weddings, births, birthdays, etc., being made the occasion of giving them a present of greater or less value, according to your means. In so doing you will make them feel as if your house was their home, and will reap the benefit of this pleasant illusion. There can exist no happiness, and certainly no peace, in a household where servants are not thoroughly disciplined, or where their masters' interests are not made to become their own. Therefore, although this chapter may seem hardly to fit into a manual of *How to be Beautiful*, yet having in the beginning pointed out to my fair readers the enor-

mous influence which a quiet and happy life has upon their looks, it will become readily understood that I should make a point of explaining all the means of obtaining it.

Much space has been devoted both in the foreign and in the American press to the discussion of this servant question, which plays so important a rôle in our lives. But no results can be achieved by these disjointed and disconnected dissertations in the public press; and I fear that nothing I can say in the matter will be of much use to my readers, especially in a country where the domestic class is recruited from the people of every nation under the sun. Having kept house in almost every country of Europe, in the Orient, and also, for the matter of that, in America, I can without undue modesty consider myself an authority on the subject. I may add that I have found the management of servants equally difficult wherever I have been, although by following the principles which I have endeavored to describe in this chapter, I have invariably succeeded in gaining their confidence and obtaining their devotion, even if their service was not such as a stricter mistress would insist upon. Without a doubt, excepting in the case of a few old family retainers who have been in my mother's house since long before my birth, I have found that the colored race, both in the United States and in

the Orient, are far ahead of white servants. Berberins, who are considered as being the best servants in Egypt, have a great deal to be said in their favor. To begin with, they are exceedingly dignified and graceful in appearance, and move about with a noiseless tread which is in itself a great qualification in the eyes of persons whose feelings have been tortured by the ponderous footsteps and creaking boots of the German *Johann* or the English *Jeames*! As a rule, they are very anxious to please, and capable of devotion and attachment to their masters, but they lack that exactitude and precision in the performance of their duties which constitute so invariable a characteristic of the English flunky. An Oriental servant will bring you a glass of water, a footstool, a fan, or a cigarette without your ever having to ask for them. He will arrange the flowers in your dressing-room and *boudoir* with consummate taste and innate artistic conception of color; but he is utterly unable to comprehend that you want your clothes laid out for use at a certain fixed hour, that your meals are to be served exactly on time, or that the lamps must be lighted as soon as darkness sets in. On the other hand, he is far more deferential and courteous than any other domestic. He never addresses you otherwise than with bowed head, and he prefaces his every remark with a profound aspiration in

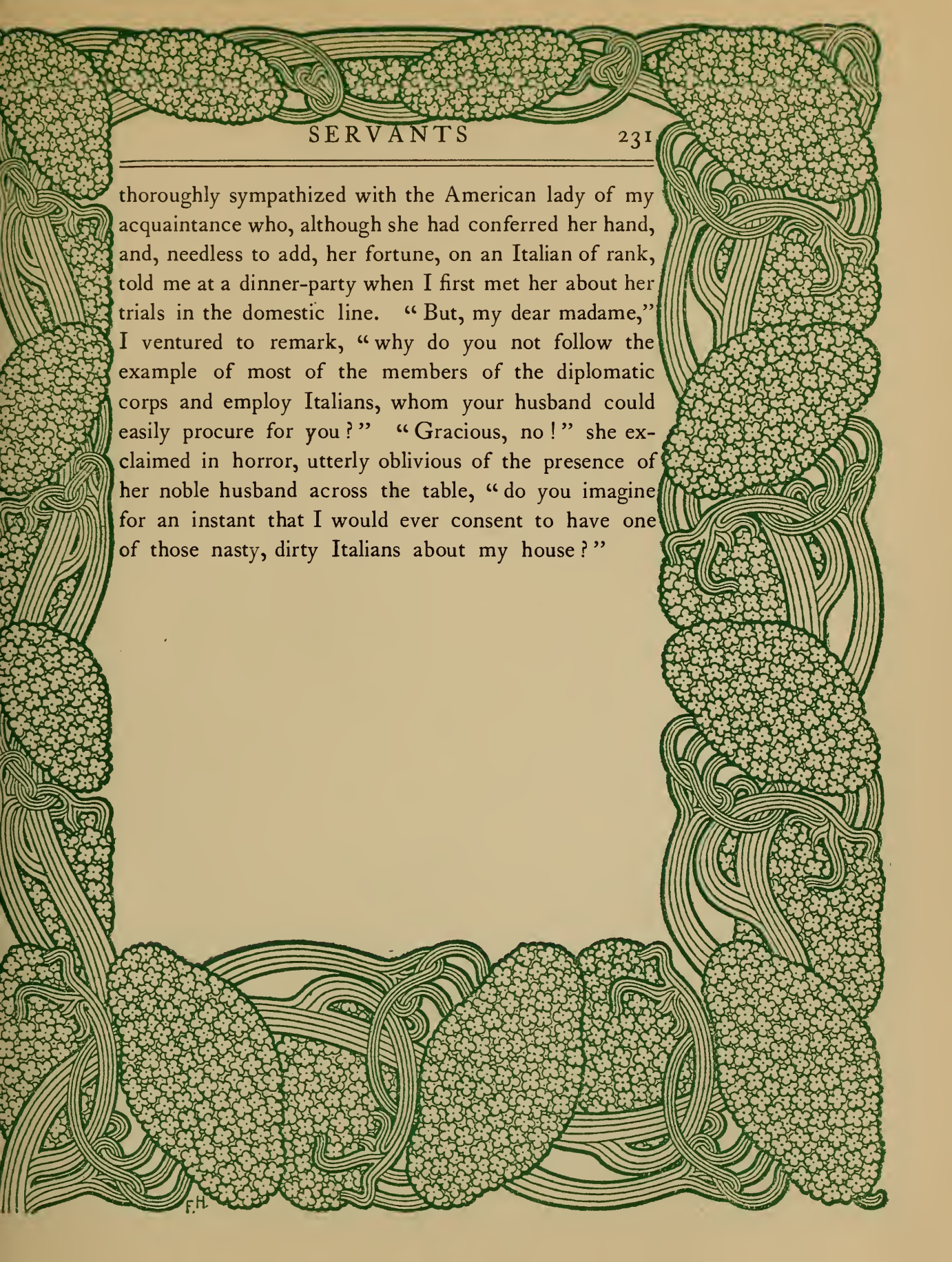
token of respect. Of course there are many Europeans, and Americans as well, who affect to be shocked by such self-abasement on the part of a fellow-creature. Permit me to say that this is a mistake, for Orientals invariably misconstrue the kindly meant consideration of foreign masters, and soon become completely demoralized and unbearable when emancipated from manifestations of deference and respect. English servants had formerly the reputation of being the best in the world. But this was in the days of bygone generations; for now there is no longer any of the old blind trust shown by the servants in their masters. Instances of servants with tears in their eyes bringing up their modest savings to avert the ruin of a kind master belong now almost to legendary times, and are regarded as mere myths by the employers of the present day. I must nevertheless confess that, as far as the performance of the actual duties is concerned, British servants are among the very best. This is mainly due to the excellent training that they receive, and partly also to the careful gradations of class distinction. In England, France, Russia, Austria, or Germany, the servant never dreams of considering himself the equal of his master; that is to say, when in the service of a born and bred gentleman or lady; but, notwithstanding this, he retains a very pronounced feeling of self-respect, and prefers to abandon

even the most select of situations rather than perform some act of service which he rightly or wrongly considers as being outside his regular duties, and therefore derogatory to his rank as butler, valet, coachman, or footman, as the case may be. This also applies to female domestics. French servants of both sexes, particularly those of the present time, are with few exceptions rather objectionable. Indeed, it is a very difficult thing to find a good servant in France, barring a lady's maid or a nurse, who, being endowed with the *chic* inherent to the nationality, is invaluable to a woman of fashion. A great objection to French servants is their loquacity, which is of the torrential kind. They will talk to their masters, they will talk to their fellow-servants, they will keep up a running fire of small talk with their employer's dog, nay, they will even converse with themselves by the hour sooner than remain silent. But in spite of this they do their work well, and a good deal of it too, far more than could be got out of English or American servants. Of course, there are exceptions, especially among the older generation of servitors, who resemble their British *confrères* in their exaggerated notions as to respectability and propriety. An amusing illustration of this was afforded on one occasion when Monseigneur F., at the time Archbishop of Tours, attended one of my mother's weekly receptions at Paris

some years ago. The handsome old prelate had been a dashing captain of cuirassiers in the days of his youth, and had only entered the church on the death of his wife, who had left him with two little boys. The latter, now grown up and officers in the army, accompanied their father on the occasion of his call. The gray-haired groom-of-the-chambers, on asking the Right Reverend gentleman whom he was to have the honor of announcing, started as if he had been shot on receiving the reply, "The Archbishop of Tours and his two sons." "*Jamais, jamais !* Never will I be guilty of such disrespect to *Madame la Comtesse !*" exclaimed the worthy domestic, in tones of choking indignation ; and he vanished, leaving the prelate and his two sons to make their way into the salons unannounced. It was only subsequently that we were able to explain to the excellent man that the Archbishop's boys had been born in lawful wedlock previous to his entering holy orders, and that the fact of his being accompanied by them should not be taken as evidence that he had violated his priestly oath of celibacy.

The only domestics that are worth their salt in Germany are the military servants of the officers, and also those who have been reared on their master's estates. Servants of this kind may be expected to perform their duties conscientiously and punctually, but without the

slightest intelligence. Russian servants, according to my experience, are either such knaves or such fools that it is difficult to make a choice between the two evils; and I am sorry to say, moreover, that they are all more or less, both male and female, addicted to drink. The most striking proof of their unadaptability to domestic service is afforded by the fact that nearly all the body-servants of the Czar, the imperial family, and great Russian nobles are foreigners. Austrian servants are excellent. Their deference smacks more of the Asiatic than of the more civilized westerner, and they are in the habit of kissing your hand night and morning in sign of their subserviency. The only distinction which is made in that country, where the *Hand-kuss* is a national institution, is that, whereas ladies give their right hand to be kissed by servants, tradespeople, and inferiors in general, they reserve the left hand, which is always the daintier and the more idle of the two, as well as the one nearer the heart, for their equals. As for Spanish and Italian servants, they certainly occupy the lowest place on my list, for they are revoltingly deficient in the simplest principles of cleanliness. To begin with, they have an atrocious liking for garlic and other kinds of food of a highly accented flavor, the *bouquet* of which is likely to prove a trifle too powerful for their employers. I have always



thoroughly sympathized with the American lady of my acquaintance who, although she had conferred her hand, and, needless to add, her fortune, on an Italian of rank, told me at a dinner-party when I first met her about her trials in the domestic line. "But, my dear madame," I ventured to remark, "why do you not follow the example of most of the members of the diplomatic corps and employ Italians, whom your husband could easily procure for you?" "Gracious, no!" she exclaimed in horror, utterly oblivious of the presence of her noble husband across the table, "do you imagine for an instant that I would ever consent to have one of those nasty, dirty Italians about my house?"

CHAPTER XIV

ETIQUETTE FOR YOUNG AND OLD

"ETIQUETTE" is a word which usually frightens most people, for they imagine that it is a code of hard and fast rules as strict and immutable as those of the Medes and Persians, and created for the sole purpose of annoying them and hedging their life with uncomfortable and embarrassing restrictions. To all those who have seen a great deal of the world, however, the word "etiquette" has an entirely different meaning, and they are only too glad to be told by competent persons what is right or wrong, not only with regard to good manners, but also as far as the recognized rules of society are concerned; to receive such hints as may prove profitable, and to know just when and where to apply the knowledge thus imparted to its best advantage. Literally translated, the French word "etiquette" means the art of correctly observing and performing all large and small ceremonies connected with refined and civilized life. But I may add that etiquette also comprises our daily intercourse with our fellow-crea-

tures, our manners in general, and also the way in which we bring up our children, treat our husbands or wives, act towards our servants, and, in one word, understand the difficult task of smoothing out the angles of existence and of making life as pleasant as possible both for ourselves and those around us. In days gone by, courtesy was so inherent to all classes of society that "manuals of etiquette" were hardly needed. Our ancestors and ancestresses knew exactly the right moment to bow or to courtesy, and the precise amount of attention which was expected by one person from another, any breach of such matters of form being quite the exception and not at all the rule, as is unfortunately the case in our degenerate time.

A great many people, even among those belonging to the smart set, receive notes and cards of invitation which require an immediate answer, and are often very careless of this very important little piece of etiquette. "R. S. V. P." is much disregarded, so much so indeed that English hostesses have had to adopt the much more peremptory postscript, "An answer is requested."

When about to give a ball, hostesses should never omit to add, in the left lower corner of the invitation-card, one of the two above-mentioned requests. It is also well to state on the card the exact hour at which

the dancing commences. In cases when the ball is not given at the residence of the hostess, but, as is now quite fashionable where large parties are concerned, at some hotel or first-class restaurant, this fact should also be stated, and the request made that an answer be sent to the residential address, and not to the place where the ball is to be given. It is necessary to be very systematic in sending out invitations for any large party, or else the most distressing and hopeless of confusions ensues. A list of one's acquaintances and friends should be first drawn up and the guests selected. Then, when the answers arrive, "accepted" or "refused" should be marked opposite each name. Very fashionable people never confide such invitations to the post, but send them by a liveried footman; but this is a matter of detail. These remarks apply also to weddings, christenings, or funerals.

For a dinner-party cards of invitation are sent only on official occasions, or when the number of guests exceeds twelve, otherwise it is considered better form for the mistress of the house to write the invitations in her own hand. It must not be forgotten that, especially during the season, it is necessary to give plenty of notice to those whom you invite, a week being the minimum, and three weeks the maximum, of the time which ought to be accorded. When verbal invitations

have been given, even to intimate friends, a card or note, as a reminder, must nevertheless follow, else the day and hour may easily be forgotten. Dinner invitations should be answered by return of mail, or at any rate during the next twenty-four hours. Invitations to very small parties, luncheons, or afternoon teas, may be worded much more informally, especially when in the country. It is always better, however, to specify the time at which you expect your guests, and in the case of country-house invitations, the general rule is to specify the day of arrival and the length of time for which the recipient is to be your guest. Invitations received which meet with no recognition by attendance, excuse sent, or an after call, should never be repeated; for any one ignoring such civility is not fit to figure on a visiting list.

There have been of late so many accessions to the already large number of marriages between American girls and foreign diplomats and noblemen, that it may prove agreeable to many of my youthful readers to ascertain, with an eye to eventualities, what court ceremonies involve. First of all, it will be well to give a sketch of the royal English court of St. James, which differs but slightly from other European courts. Everybody knows that levees are for gentlemen, and drawing-rooms for ladies. Some of the existing rules governing

these receptions are of very ancient date, while many others have been set aside and fresh regulations established. There is, in the Herald's College in London, a manuscript written in George the Second's reign which states that a married woman cannot be presented at the English court by an unmarried one, nor indeed can any unmarried woman make a presentation to the sovereign unless she possesses the loftiest rank and is of advanced age. The Queen's hand is kissed by all who are presented, and Her Majesty salutes with a kiss those of high rank, from a duchess to an earl's daughter, with whom this special honor ends. When any lady, married or single, desires to attend a drawing-room, she must secure the presence of a friend who will in person introduce her to the Queen. Any married lady who has herself been formerly presented can do this; but, by the latest regulations, no lady can attend court more than once a year, excepting the wives of Cabinet ministers, of foreign ambassadors, of great nobles or high court officials, who by virtue of their position are expected to attend every drawing-room. It goes without saying that the lady who presents another is morally responsible for the *débutante*, and is held accountable if she should chaperon an unsuitable person. The lady making the presentation must either call at the Lord Chamberlain's office, giving the name of her *protégée* or

friend, and answer any question with regard to the social position and antecedents of the latter, or a letter may also be sent to the same effect to the Lord Chamberlain, and in the course of a day or two the necessary cards of presentation will be received. These must be filled in with the name of the chaperone and of the *débutante*, and must be carefully retained until the day of the drawing-room, when the sponsor takes them in her hand to the palace.

An invitation to a royal ball, concert, or garden-party, given at Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, is sent out by the Lord Chamberlain, who is instructed by the Queen to invite the guests; and such an invitation being a command, no reply is ever sent unless sickness or death prevents one from obeying, in which case a letter is sent to the Lord Chamberlain, expressing the regret that the person invited was prevented by illness, absence, or deep mourning, from attending. The invitations to the garden-parties of Marlborough House are sent out by the Prince of Wales' Controller of the household, and are also almost impossible to refuse.

The Austrian and Russian courts are far more exclusive than that of England; and it is much more difficult to be presented to Emperor Francis Joseph and Empress Elizabeth, or to the Czar and Czarina, than to Queen Victoria. Americans, however, are

rather privileged; for if their ambassador is ready to vouch for their respectability, with few exceptions they experience no difficulty in being admitted to the court.

It is more difficult yet to obtain a private audience with the Emperor of Austria, or with the Czar; and the fact of having obtained one constitutes a privilege which is looked upon by European society almost in the light of having become the recipient of *lettres de noblesse*. The authority which the Emperor of Austria wields is enormous. His way of speaking with those who seek an audience with him, his apparent interest in the most trivial details concerning those who are favored by an interview, are characteristic, and make these visits periods of unalloyed pleasure, every visitor coming away happy at having spoken with the Emperor, and feeling that His Majesty is quite as much interested in his particular affairs, whatever they may be, as he himself is.

The court drawing-rooms at Vienna are very grand functions indeed, and far more brilliant than those which take place at any other court in the universe. The aspect of the hall of ceremonies when the imperial *cortège* makes its entrance is absolutely fairy-like. Arrayed in superb uniforms and exquisite dresses, the very pink of the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy are present, only those who can show the proper number of

nobiliary quarterings, untarnished by any *bourgeois* or plebeian strain, being invited. Any *mésalliance* on the part of an ancestor, even when it occurred a couple of centuries back, is considered as sufficient there to render a woman, no matter how high her rank and her title, unworthy to be received at the etiquette-bound court of Vienna. The diplomatic corps appears in full uniform, with the exception of the American envoy, who is the only man present allowed to wear ordinary evening attire. The magnificent hall is brilliantly lighted and gorgeously decorated with groups of palms and exotics. Posted in the adjoining salons are the Hungarian bodyguards of the Emperor, wearing the crimson, silver-embroidered uniforms, high yellow boots, and scarlet kalpáks with a snowy heron's plume, which give them so mediæval an appearance; the Reiter-Garde-Escadron, in dark green coats, gold epaulettes, white leather breeches, and long patent leather boots, with silver helmets on their heads, and the splendidly apparelled guard of archers.

The Grand Master of the Court walks in backwards, preceding the imperial procession, and striking the floor repeatedly with his ivory wand to announce the sovereign's approach, whilst the band, every member of which wears the red court uniform and sword, plays the National Anthem. The procession enters

in the following order. First, the Empress, or her representative, with the highest personage visiting the court at the time; then the Emperor, leading the most prominent imperial or royal lady present; then the members of the imperial family in rank determined by precedence. The Emperor and Empress, as soon as they enter the hall of ceremonies, part, — the former striding up to where the men are ranged, the Empress advancing to where the ladies have taken up their position. To almost each of the men the Emperor addresses a friendly remark; some he honors with a grasp of the hand, while others, unknown to him, are presented by their respective sponsors. The Empress, or her representative in her absence, proceeds in similar fashion with the ladies. By the time they have reached the end of the long room, Their Majesties change sides, the Empress passing up along the rows of men, while the Emperor strolls up the opposite side, graced by the fair sex. When they once more reach the throne-room, which opens into the hall of ceremonies, the Empress generally takes her place either on the *dais*, or on a sofa, and sends her master of ceremonies to summon to her side the various ambassadresses, with each of whom she converses in turn, and each of whom is permitted to present to her notice those of her countrywomen who are making their *début* at the

Austrian court. The general rule which governs the issue of invitations to a *Ball-bei-Hof*, — a far more exclusive function than the ordinary *Hof-Ball*, — to a state concert, or to a court dinner, are the same which regulate all the courts of Europe; namely, these “cards of command” are only sent to people who have previously been introduced at court. It is true that by no means all those who have been presented are invited to these functions; but what I mean is that it is necessary to be first presented in order to become the recipient of such invitations. Moreover, many people who are naturally qualified to receive such commands are not sent any, in some cases men or women of rank being excluded by the fact that they have married wives or husbands whose past has rendered them ineligible for what is called “private court appearance.”

I think I have said enough about court etiquette, for those whose intention it is to be presented at court will be able to find out from their sponsors all the minor details of such a function. I will therefore return to every-day social life by saying a few words on the subject of the now so fashionable five o'clock tea. Most *mondaines* have adopted the custom of being at home to their friends and acquaintances every afternoon between five and seven, and to give at least once or twice during

the season what is called a *musical*, or literary tea, in which case special invitations are sent out. The wearing of any other than an afternoon dress and bonnet, or hat, is not permissible on such occasions. The mistress of the house usually wears an elegant tea-gown and gloves of some light or white, untanned kid. For informal receptions of this kind, the servants are not in the room; and it is the hostess, assisted by some young friends or members of the family, who serve the tea and its accompanying dainties. On a side-table, covered with a richly embroidered or colored silk cloth, the tea-equipage is disposed. Five o'clock tea being usually indulged in only by wealthy society people, this service is generally very luxurious. The acme of *chic* is to possess a Russian *samovar*, in which the water for the tea is kept in constant ebullition. The cups and plates should be of finest and rarest porcelain, the napkins and doyleys, of white silk or edged with precious lace and embroidery; whilst the spoons, teapot, cream-jug, bonbon-tongs, and fruit-scissors should be both artistic and valuable in make and metal. Tea is merely an excuse for making a dainty little repast; and the table is loaded with sandwiches, *pains au foie-gras*, fruit, cakes, bonbons, warm chocolate, and even champagne-cup or claret-bishop for those preferring something more invigorating than the "soothing herb."

At musical or literary teas, the service is performed by footmen in full livery, and in some instances even tiny tables are brought by them into the room and placed before each party of two or three guests, — a very practical idea, for it is always exceedingly embarrassing to know how to hold gracefully a cup and a plate on one's lap. The five o'clock tea invariably takes place in the largest drawing-room, excepting when one is the lucky possessor of a winter-garden. In Paris, for instance, the drawing-room is no longer the feature of one's home, for whether the latter be a luxurious mansion or only a modest apartment, fashion requires that it should include a winter-garden, even if it be merely a little bit of a one. For those fortunate enough to possess a large rent-roll, this costly whim is of course easily gratified, but the triumph of ingenuity is achieved by attaining a satisfactory result at a comparatively trifling expense. The following description of a lovely little flowery nook which a Parisian lady managed to create in her apartments, which are situated on the second floor of a corner house on the Boulevard Hausmann, may inspire my readers, if they wish, to do likewise.

A moderate-sized room with two large southern-exposed windows was fitted with two deep zinc-lined boxes fastened to the walls on three sides of the room.

In these boxes azaleas, camellias, dwarf-palms, and rhododendrons were planted, the earth being concealed under a mass of moss and ground-ivy. A little tin gutter, cunningly hidden beneath drooping ferns, carries away the surplus water, when the plants are moistened, to the main drain. The walls are painted a delicate green and are covered with trellis-work of gilded wood, whereon vines, ivy, and Chinese hibiscus and passion-flowers are trained to climb. On the floor is a fine Japanese matting, and hanging-baskets containing nasturtiums, asclepias, and other gracefully drooping plants, hang from the ceiling. The window embrasures are filled out by broad *jardinières* transformed into ferneries, the delicate fronds of the "lady-ferns," "Venus-hair ferns," and "lygodium-palmatum" overshadowing a bamboo sofa placed immediately beneath them. In front of this sofa, a dainty five o'clock tea-table stands permanently, surrounded by rocking-chairs and piles of cushions, and in a corner is a vernis-Martin desk, at which the mistress of the house sits in the morning to transact her correspondence. This is without doubt the prettiest and most poetical *boudoir* and five o'clock tea-room which a young and pretty woman can own; and, all things considered, the amount spent for the arrangement of this fragrant retreat, including plants and ferns, is not nearly as large as that which would

have to be expended on what is commonly called by upholsterers "a satin and plush boudoir set."

I may as well mention that it has absolutely gone out of fashion for women to kiss one another before a drawing-room full of people, and that it is exceedingly bad form to do so. Public caresses are vulgar and disrespectful, and really refined women restrict themselves to a more or less aerial shake of the hand. This new edict saves much straining of the collar and corsets, and, alas! in many cases also the possible obliteration of artificial beauty from the lip and cheek. Another advantage thereof is the fact that it simplifies the art of salutation, which is a far more difficult question than appears at first thought, and is well worthy of more serious attention than it generally receives. How many women are there, for instance, who do not feel embarrassed when they receive from their tradesmen, servants, or social inferiors of any kind, arrayed in Sunday clothes, the same conventional recognition that they receive from their social equals? Some women pass straight on, affecting to ignore the bow; others, again, return it in a constrained manner; while only a few — and this is the perfection of good breeding — acknowledge the greeting in a perfectly natural and tactful manner in which condescension is leavened by geniality and kindness. Men are even more embar-

passed than women with regard to the method of acknowledging the salute of inferiors; and there are any number of them who are in a quandary as to the correct thing to do when they happen to accidentally meet their female domestics in the streets. Some time ago there was a long controversy on the subject in the English papers. This, to my mind, was preposterous and altogether unnecessary, for in the countries where western civilization prevails, and where our religious and political creeds teach us that we are all equal in the sight of the Divinity, as well as in the eyes of the law, a superior never errs by showing politeness and courtesy to an inferior. Every honest woman, be she duchess or chambermaid, the wife of a millionaire or the daughter of a street-sweeper, is entitled to a bow — that is, the baring of the head — from a man. It is a well-known historical fact that the great King Louis Quatorze took his hat off to his children's nurse. In the same way, every honest man, whether prince or peasant, clubman or pedler, is entitled to receive from women a bow or inclination of the head in acknowledgment of his greeting. Such courtesy as this involves no loss of dignity or of social prestige whatsoever, and renders the relation of our daily life more agreeable and more unconstrained. Only in this way is it possible to obtain a more comfortable arrange-

ment with regard to salutations. In countries where there exist well-defined classes, such as in the Orient, in Austria or Russia, and where the members of the class below the highest are by no means ashamed of belonging to the lower ranks, it may be possible to keep up a graduated system of salutations. But in western countries, and especially in the United States, where all are supposed to be equal, and where at the utmost the various social gradations must be regarded as rather on a gentle slope than in sharply accentuated steps, it is impossible to keep up class distinctions in salutations; and therefore the taking off of the hat before all women, and the inclination of the head by all women for all men, is the only possible salutation. It cannot detract from our social prestige to accord a kind and friendly greeting to people who do not enjoy our advantages of rank and wealth in life. To ignore them is opposed to every principle and doctrine of our political and religious creed, and will tend, moreover, to promote that sentiment of antagonism between the classes and the masses which constitutes so great a source of weakness in every western nation.

There is a far greater difference between "good form" and "fashion" than most people imagine, and there are many who labor under the misapprehension that "form" is synonymous with style. The distinc-

tion between them lies in the fact that whereas good form involves perfect and correct taste, combined with a complete absence of affectation and exaggeration, fashion and style do not. The latter are often tainted by vulgarity and by the loudness of their appeals to the attention of the public, whereas good form implies quiet refinement and elegance, a lack of all ostentation and violent contrasts, and an adaptation of fashion to one's needs and ideas instead of any subservience thereto.

When good form is allied to originality, it becomes what the French call *chic*,—a subject upon which I propose to say a few words subsequently. Good form is by no means confined to dress or appearance. The use of the expression may be applied to every act of a man's existence; for instance, the mistake into which some purse-proud people fall of "cutting" friends and acquaintances, who, although possessed of birth and breeding, are, by reason of their limited means, shabbily dressed, is not good form. Nor is the habit of abbreviating words, such as "y'rs" for "yours" and "d'r" for "dear," else than extremely offensive. Abbreviations leave it to be inferred that the writer does not regard the person whom he is addressing as worthy of the trouble involved by writing out the word in full. To really well-bred people, good form is almost a religion, whereas fashion is of comparatively small importance.

It is well to remember that to be "fashionable" indicates that you are merely one of the crowd of men or women who, without any ideas of their own concerning taste, elegance, and form, merely shape their dress, their appearance, and their manners on some given model, which may or may not be a person possessing refinement, breeding, and tone. Being one of this crowd constitutes an admission that you have no originality, that you are commonplace, and that you are prepared to sacrifice your comfort, your appearance, and your breeding to the dictates of persons whose surroundings are probably entirely different from your own. If you do want to follow fashion, do so to the verge of vulgarity if you choose, but no farther. Study your comfort, study your principles, your *entourage*, and the consideration which you owe your fellow-creatures, and only yield to *Madame La Mode's* exacting demands sufficiently to prevent your becoming conspicuous by openly revolting against them and by going to the other extreme.

There is a subject on which people not born in monarchical countries often err in a very pardonable way, but which is, however, so open to ridicule that I consider it my duty to point it out to them: it is the misapplication of heraldry. I am forced to confess that this defect prevails to almost as great an extent in the

old world; for in Europe, and especially in England, as soon as a person of plebeian origin has succeeded in amassing a sufficient amount of money to enable him to assume a position in society, — or in what he fallaciously supposes to be society, — he immediately adopts armorial bearings as an outward and visible manifestation of the fact that he now belongs to the gentry. Sometimes he applies to the Herald's College in London, — a State department where, in return for a sum of \$400, he is able to obtain a government grant of arms in due form, which thenceforth remains the property of himself and of his legitimate descendants. But in most cases the *nouveau riche* dispenses with the costly assistance of the Herald's College and coolly adopts whichever heraldic device strikes his fancy among those submitted for his approval by the stationer where he purchases his note-paper, or by the tailor who builds his servants' liveries. There are, indeed, hundreds of thousands of persons in the so-called fashionable world who are guilty of the unauthorized assumption of the arms of gentle families. It is easy to understand the eagerness displayed by newly enriched people to adopt armorial bearings, since their use has from time immemorial been regarded as an indication of gentility. Still, it would be far better for women to devote their attention to the selection of appropriate mottoes for themselves rather

than to sport on their note-paper, the panels of their carriages, or the handles of their forks and spoons, heraldic devices to which they are not entitled, and which are only part and parcel of their estate as rich and fashionable women. There is something far more feminine, more characteristic, and more personal in a motto than in a coat of arms. It gives a clew to the personality of the owner.

In France and Austria mottoes are all the rage, and there is scarcely a single well-known *Parisienne* or Viennese, either of the great world, the smart world, or the half-world, who has not her motto, which figures to the exclusion of the ordinary armorial bearings on her note-paper and on her *objets de toilette*. Thus, for instance, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, who is a daughter of the late Prince de Luynes, and by far the grandest lady in France, being to all intents and purposes the autocrat of the *Faubourg St. Germain* society, has on her note-paper no coat of arms, but merely the ducal coronet, and underneath, on a scroll, her motto, *C'est mon plaisir* (It is my pleasure). Very characteristic and significant is the motto adopted by the Comtesse de Paris, the mother of the present chief of the ancient royal house of Bourbon, the Pretender to the throne of France. It is in Latin and as follows, *Lilia nent atque laborant* (The lilies

spin and toil). Lilies play an important rôle in the Bourbon coat of arms. Indeed, they constitute the heraldic emblem of that royal family, the altered and saddened condition of which is indicated by the Comtesse's paraphrase of the scriptural verse to the effect that "The lilies of the field they toil not, neither do they spin!" The Comtesse de Martel, who has achieved such brilliant success in the literary world under the pseudonym of "Gyp," which has become synonymous for everything that is sparkling and bright in French literature, has selected for her motto the words, *Et puis après?* (Well, and what then?). Madame Adam, the well-known proprietress of the Paris *Nouvelle Revue*, who has frequently appeared as a contributor in the pages of American magazines, has adopted a paraphrase of the famous motto of the noble family of Rohan. The latter runs *Roi ne puis, Prince ne daigne, Rohan suis* (I can't be a king, I am too proud to be a prince, but I am a Rohan). This Madame Adam has transformed into a motto of her own as follows: *Marie ne puis, Eve ne daigne, Adam suis*. Yvette Guilbert, the *café chantant* songstress, whose vogue at Paris during the last seven or eight years has been superior to that of any other cantatrice, adopted as her motto, *Nulle Divette qu'Yvette* (There is no other diva but Yvette). Sara Bernhardt's indomi-

table character is well shown in her motto of *Quand Même*, which may be translated as "Notwithstanding Everything." Another equally popular actress, Madame Réjane, uses as her motto the phrase, *Je ne crains que ce que j'aime* (I only fear that which I love).

So pretty and characteristic are all these mottoes and many more of the same kind which it would take me too long to enumerate, that I do not see why American women should not adopt this attractive fad; for, as I remarked before, a motto has far more meaning and more *raison d'être* than armorial bearings, which, when merely "adopted" in lieu of "granted," have no true significance, whereas a motto always conveys some indication of its bearer's character.

In America a very widespread impression seems to prevail that European titles are a marketable commodity, and this is to a certain extent borne out by the advertisements that occasionally appear not only in the European, but also in the American press, offering to secure Spanish, Italian, or German titles for those who choose to pay for them. I take pleasure in stating that the advertisers are unworthy of any attention unless it be on the part of the police, as they are swindlers of the worst description. They squeeze all the money that they can out of the aspirant for nobiliary honors

under the pretext of preliminary expenses and registration, and then, when they have got all out of him that they can, they either present him with bogus parchments or else laugh in his face, aware that he is in nine cases out of ten unwilling to incur the publicity and ridicule involved by any attempt on his part to prosecute them for obtaining money under false pretences. Strictly speaking, there is only one country in the old world where nobiliary titles are openly and publicly sold by the government at a fixed tariff, and, strangely enough, it is a republic, the most ancient as well as the most diminutive in Europe, — namely, that of San Marino, — and the revenue derived therefrom is devoted to the maintenance of the State Foundling Asylum. With this exception there is no civilized country in the universe where nobiliary titles are an object of legal barter and sale, and all statements to the contrary are untrue. I suppose that what has contributed more than anything else to the erroneous impression that prevails on this subject is the fact that heavy registration dues are exacted by the chancery of the sovereign who confers a title. The money thus paid, however, does not go into the private treasury of the so-called "Fountain of Honor," but into the national exchequer. In some countries the fees are heavier than in others, the rates as a rule being proportionate to the condition

of the national resources. Thus, in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, at both the Papal and the Royal chanceries, registration fees are very large, amounting to about twenty thousand dollars in the case of a creation of a duke, fifteen thousand dollars for the title of prince, twelve thousand dollars for that of marquis, ten thousand dollars for that of count, and three thousand dollars for that of baron. In England, on the other hand, the charge levied by the government under the denomination of registration fees for royal letters-patent are two thousand dollars in the case of a duke, fifteen hundred dollars for a marquis, twelve hundred dollars for an earl, one thousand dollars for a viscount, seven hundred and fifty dollars for a baron, — a title carrying with it a seat in the House of Lords, — five hundred dollars for a baronet, and only one hundred and fifty dollars for a knight. In Germany the dues of this kind are so onerous that Prince Bismarck absolutely declined to assume or make use of the title of Duke of Lauenburg, conferred upon him by the present Emperor, on the ground that he could not afford to pay the ten or fifteen thousand dollars demanded as government fees for the registration of the letters-patent containing the grant of that dignity. The late Emperor William I. paid out of his own pocket the registration fees at the time when the title of Prince

was conferred upon his Chancellor, and that of Count upon Moltke and Blumenthal. In France, of course, the present Republican *régime* confers no titles; but as long as the government was of a monarchical character, newly created nobles were forced to pay a heavy fee for the registration of the handle to their name. Although I maintained just now that, with the exception of the tiny state of San Marino, there is no country in Europe where nobiliary titles constitute a legitimately purchasable commodity, yet I cannot deny that they may be obtained not alone on the continent, but even in Great Britain, by means of a judicious use of money. In England several plebeian-born members of the Upper House of Parliament are indebted for their peerages to their munificent contributions in favor of the electoral campaign fund of their party. Another financial method by which nobiliary titles may be obtained in England is by contributing to some charity or benevolent scheme in which royalty is interested. From this it will be seen that although titles are not, strictly speaking, purchasable in Europe, yet they may be obtained through services rendered to the government or even to reigning families and charitable institutions. But it is worthy of note that the old aristocracy throughout Europe looks upon the new nobility with a kind of pitying disdain which should be very galling to

the latter, and that the possessors of genuine old titles always recognize the supremacy of ancient but untitled families who can trace their descent in an unbroken line back to the Crusaders, over the possessor of some high and mighty but recently conferred title.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS

One of the most objectionable and frequent manifestations of bad form is to be found in the manner of entertaining guests who are staying in the house on a more or less prolonged visit. So very few persons possess the delicacy, tact, and intuition requisite to make their friends feel at home; and so many are the discomforts of a moral and physical character which I have had to undergo in this connection, — that a cold shiver runs down my back whenever I am requested to make myself at home. Thus, what can be more distressing, for instance, than the host who is so solicitous of our enjoyment that he cannot bear to see us doing nothing? He seems to have an idea that it is a reflection upon his hospitality, and that it is his duty to provide us with occupation for every waking hour out of the twenty-four. To such a pitch have I known hosts to carry this mania that even when they would see me

reclining in an easy-chair and attempting to rest after some labor which their forethought or ingenuity had imposed upon me, they would burst in with the unwelcome query of "Well, and what would you like to do now?" and proceed to overwhelm me with offers to ride, drive, row, sail, or play tennis, as the case may be, with a touching indifference to my exhausted condition and desire for a few minutes' peace. Of course one is obliged to fall in with their ceaseless yet well-meant suggestions; and after a few days of this enforced life of pleasures one returns home thoroughly worn-out mentally and physically and in serious need of medical treatment. The worst of it is that it is impossible to quarrel with such a host as I have described, either in his house or out of it; for his intention is so manifestly hospitable and kindly, and his manner so hearty and cordial, that one cannot even enjoy the satisfaction of asking in the name of pity to be left alone just for a short time. I am sure that there are many of my readers who will sympathize with me as they read this and recall memories of their own experiences of an analogous character. There must certainly be many who have been led around to see stables which did not interest them, scenery which did not charm them; dragged from cellar to garret for the purpose of inspecting all the household arrangements; conducted over fields and

ditches to observe the condition of the crops ; called upon to admire the porcelains, ivories, or any other pet fad of the host, — every man has some hobby of this kind, — or else be treated to all the local gossip, in which one can have no possible interest or concern. This reminds me of the great Austrian magnate who was so proud of the admirably well-preserved secret dungeons existing in one of his Tyrolese castles that on one occasion, while showing to a party of guests the ingenious mechanism which permitted an unsuspecting enemy to be suddenly cast into the very bowels of the earth, he precipitated his entire party of friends, as well as himself, helter-skelter into a dark, mouldy, and rat-ridden subterranean chamber. From it they were extricated with the greatest trouble, bruised, battered, and bleeding, after having screamed themselves hoarse in their attempts to attract the attention of the servants, who, at first believing them to be ghosts, took to their heels and were only brought back by a strong-minded coachman. This man, hearing a few well-known and unmistakably personal imprecations characteristic of his master, placed himself at their head and boldly volunteered to discover whence the unearthly sounds proceeded. Hosts such as these should be avoided, no matter how good their heart or how excellent their household arrangements, barring a few very

curious but eminently uncomfortable trap-doors belonging to an altogether bygone age.

Equally objectionable is the host who assures you that his house is "Liberty Hall," and that you are expected to do everything when and as you please. When staying at another person's house, especially when it is for the first time, one likes to have at least some little kind of direction and indication as to the ways and customs of the place, nor does one like to be left altogether to oneself. It is not pleasant, for instance, to come down to breakfast, and either to be forced to wait an hour for that meal or else to find it half finished and most of the things cold. Nor is it particularly agreeable to discover the people on their knees in the act of family prayers, such as are still the fashion in a great many Catholic and Protestant houses. The way people thus engaged look around over their shoulder at the person entering the room and disturbing their devotions is particularly disconcerting. Moreover, hosts who describe their house as "Liberty Hall" are very apt to assure you, when inviting you, that they never dress for dinner, and that the simplest of costumes will be all that it is necessary for you to bring. Woe betide you, however, if you take him at his word, for you will certainly find on your arrival that host and hostess are in full evening dress and are entertaining

their friends on a magnificent scale. I have been caught several times this way, and have consequently made it a fixed rule never to believe people who tell me not to dress for dinner, even when they declare it on oath that they never do so themselves. I may as well confess that in my opinion nobody really can feel so comfortable in another person's house as in one's own, and that I therefore make a special point of never accepting any invitation which I can possibly refuse, and that I rarely invite even my most intimate friends to stay in my house. This may sound very inhospitable, but I know from personal experience that more enemies are made during the course of one large house-party than one could possibly manufacture for oneself during years of ordinary social intercourse; for it requires considerably more than the average modicum of tact to be able to strike the happy medium between neglecting one's guests and overwhelming them with attentions that become irksome. On such occasions, the old proverb that says, "Familiarity breeds contempt," is doubly true. Another drawback to staying at other people's houses is the question of tipping the servants, which, in Europe, for instance, is carried to far greater excess than most of my readers would care to believe. Thus, in a country-house there is the butler to be attended to, and the man or maid appointed to look

after you, if you have not brought your own valet or maid, likewise the chambermaid intrusted with the care of your room. Then there is also the coachman who drives you to and from the station, and at least one of the grooms, if you do any riding during your stay, not to mention the huntsman and gamekeepers if your host happens to have any shooting or hunting preserves, the *chef*, and, last but not least, the gardener who provides your breast bouquets and fills the vases in your room with freshly cut flowers. All this constitutes a heavy drain on the purse, when one remembers that the stay rarely extends longer than a week, and that during the course of the summer and autumn months one is expected to pay a good many of this species of visit. Nay, so exacting has this rule of tipping become in Europe that whenever I dine at my mother's house in Paris it costs me from five to ten dollars, which I divide between the butler, the footman, and the groom-of-the-chambers.

Still another drawback to country stays is the question of church on Sunday. If at one's own home, one would go to church, of course, of one's own accord; but at a friend's house one feels that religious attendance is compulsory, and this in itself is quite sufficient to render the matter irksome and to give rise to a longing to remain away from the sacred edifice alto-

gether. In all English and American houses where I have stayed, the attendance at church has been a feature of the Sunday, and a very proper one too, if only I had not had that unpleasant feeling that I was under an obligation to attend, and moreover that, being a Catholic and fortunately a broad-minded one, politeness was the only sentiment that impelled me to accompany my hosts to their place of worship. In some houses this church attendance is carried to excess, and I remember especially one country house in England where I stayed over Sunday, and where I was driven to one church in the morning, to another for afternoon service, and to a third in the evening. Not content with this, our host brought home with him to the house the clergyman who had conducted the evening service, and toward ten o'clock our hostess, who had been unable to accompany us to church that evening, requested the parson as a particular favor to read or recite for her special edification the sermon which he had preached a few hours previously. This proved the "last straw that broke the camel's back," the camel in this instance being myself, and I need scarcely add that I never stayed at that house again. I consider that this manner of bombarding one's guests with four sermons in one day, with family prayers thrown in, is not altogether good form, although I claim to be a religious woman.

My principle, when I have guests staying in my house, is this: I tell them what amusements I can place at their disposal. I offer them the use of what I possess in the way of horses, carriages, books, musical instruments, outdoor games, etc., and not unlike the Spaniard, I pronounce this well-known sentence, "*A la disposicion de Usted*," — with very few restrictions. I grant them as much of my time as I can conveniently spare from my other occupations; I see that all the necessities of life are placed within their reach, so to speak; I instruct my servants to be absolutely subservient to their every desire; and then I wash my hands of the whole matter, trusting to a kindly Providence that all my well-meant efforts shall not miscarry and sour against me the spirit of those whom I harbor under my roof.

THE USE OF VISITING-CARDS

Trivial things though they may seem, visiting-cards play a very important rôle in our existence, and constitute one of the main features of our social intercourse. They are capable, too, of bestowing a great deal of pleasure, since their appearance at your door usually denotes that the person whose name they bear desires to show you courteous attention. They may be used to express welcome to the neighborhood, kindly congratu-

lation in the case of any piece of good fortune, or sympathy in the event of sorrow. Sometimes, too, they announce, with the mystic "P. P. C." in the corner, the departure of some undesirable acquaintance hence. So, for one reason or the other, visiting-cards usually furnish us with an agreeable sensation when we survey them on the hall-table on our return home. There is a great deal more character in a visiting-card than most people would be willing at first to believe; and from its shape, appearance, and from the manner in which the name is inscribed, the recipient is often able to determine the social status, the breeding, and the breed as well, of its owner. Thus, the slightest exaggeration of or departure from the strictest simplicity either as regards the size, texture, or lettering is distinctly bad form. Women's cards nowadays should be rather large, the name engraved in script, without any flourish or ornamentation, and the card perfectly plain white, innocent of any suspicion of glaze or analogous fancy-work. The "Miss" or "Mrs." should be prefixed to the name unless the bearer possesses a title. One of the most unpardonable pieces of rudeness, which I regret to say is becoming more and more frequent, is that of sending visiting-cards by mail. There is only one case in which this is admissible; namely, when the owner of the card leaves a locality so suddenly that he has not had time to

make his farewell call in person. In that event, visiting-cards bearing the "P. P. C." in the left-hand corner may convey at the same time both adieux and the announcement of the departure. But except under such a circumstance as this, the sending of cards by post is exceedingly discourteous, implying that the recipient is not worthy of the trouble of being called upon in person. The "P. P. C." in the lower left-hand corner of a card stands for the French words "*Pour prendre congé*" (to take leave). When the card is sent by mail under the circumstances above-described, these mystic letters should be written in ink and in pencil when the pasteboard is left in person. Other abbreviations of the same character admitted by social usage are the letters "P. F." standing for "*Pour féliciter*" (to congratulate), while "P. C." stands for "*Pour condoler*" (to condole or console). When, however, the owner of the card calls to inquire at a house where there is sickness, the pencilled words, "To Inquire," are written out in full. There are many theories in existence with regard to the practice of turning down a corner of the card. The rule most generally accepted, and the one which is in vogue in the diplomatic service throughout the world, is that the card should be turned down at the upper left-hand corner when the call is made in person and the recipient is not

at home. This indicates that the call has been made personally. When, however, the call is not made in person and the card is left either by one's husband, some other relative, or by a footman, it must not be cornered. One of the most amusing instances of the punctiliousness with which this rule is observed in Europe is that of an old Spanish gentleman who went to pay his devotions at the shrine of a saint, but discovered that the church was undergoing repairs, that there was not only no priest officiating at the altar, and also that the miraculous statue of the saint in question was surrounded by boards. Unwilling to lose credit for his devout intentions, he drew a visiting-card from his pocket and, carefully turning down a corner, reverently deposited it on the altar.

MENUS, NOTE-PAPER, AND BALL PROGRAMMES

The oldtime fashion of sealing letters is coming in again, and everywhere may be seen wax of every conceivable hue. In place of the small and thin sticks once in vogue, large and solid shapes are now adopted, some being so heavy that they often serve as paperweights. The use of motto wafers is also being revived; but this fancy is more ornamental than really

useful, and the prettiest and most aristocratic way of closing a letter nowadays is by means of a large ruby-colored seal, whereon is the impression of armorial bearings, monogram, or motto, as the case may be. A very pretty innovation is to cause one's stationer to place a carefully made seal on the upper left corner of one's note-paper. This is newer and far more original, if not quite so classical as the embossed monogram and crest. At any rate, colored note-paper, excepting in the case of this peculiar shade of blue which is called "slate," and which goes so well with a silver monogram or crest, is not distinguished. The note-paper and envelopes should be of medium size, cream-hued, and of roughened surface. Nothing can be ruder than, when writing a letter, to indulge in what is commonly called "crossing the lines;" and it is well to remember that people afflicted with one of those illegible handwritings which remind one vaguely of Egyptian hieroglyphics would do wisely to avoid inflicting upon their friends too many epistles, for they are only a source of irritation to even the steadiest nerves. Christening announcements, if one wants to follow the *very* latest innovation, are written thus: —

"Pierre, or John, or May, or Margaret So-and-So has the honor of announcing his arrival into this world on such-and-such a date."

These words are engraved in silver on a pale-pink, highly glazed card in the case of girls, and on a pale-blue one in that of boys, and the envelope containing them is sealed with white silver-flecked sealing-wax imprinted with a Cupid's head.

The acme of *chic* for dinner-parties now consists in having the *menus* written on small oval tablets which look exactly like bisque porcelain, with hand-painted flowers. These tablets have been introduced by a celebrated French *parfumeur* and are made of some delightful material which diffuses the most delicious perfume. Some are scented with violet, some with tuberose, some with lilac, etc., and the corresponding flowers are painted around the *menu*. The question of *menus*, as well as of ball programmes, is one in which the imagination of the hostess can give itself full scope, for anything is admissible in this line provided it is in good taste. Hand-paintings, engravings, pen-and-ink sketches, water-colors and etchings, or plain white parchment framed in silver or gold, frosted over or decorated with monograms, crests, or devices, can be adopted. But the prettiest and most refined of all is always the thick Bristol board with the date of the dinner embossed in silver and the *menu* written by hand, the name of the guest for whom it is destined being also written on the back. Of course, when the

dinner takes place in the country, the name of the residence can also be engraved or embossed on the upper left-hand corner of the card. Whilst on the subject of the *menu* I must say a few words about the wines which should be selected for a thoroughly refined dinner, for one cannot but regret that so many otherwise excellent feasts should be completely spoilt by the carelessness and lack of skill displayed by the mistress of the house or by her butler, in the selection and mode of serving vintages.

WINES, THEIR SELECTION AND SERVICE

Ladies ought really to take a little more interest in this matter, and have the wine-list and the cellar under their studious and intelligent protection. The wine-cellar and its contents have too long been considered out of their province. This is a relic of the barbarous days when any liquid trash was thought "good enough to drink with dinner," and when the choice flowers of the vinous bouquet were only "pushed around" after the ladies had left table. The practice has happily disappeared, but the tradition still survives to spoil our dinner wine-list, to pervert our palates, and to balk the legitimate aspirations of the

accomplished hostess. Any woman who wishes to render her dinner-table attractive to true *connoisseurs* and *gourmets* ought to make a careful study of great vintages, and should know, for instance, that the wines of Medoc (of the first class) are Château Lafite, Château Latour, Château Margaux. Among those of the next-best-known grade, are the Châteaux of Mouton, Rauzan, Léoville, Larose, Pichon, Brane-Cantenac, and Cos-d'Estournel. Among the best-known of the third growth are Lagrange, Langöe, Palmer, Gescour, etc., etc. Complete lists can be found in many books, and may be had of most leading wine-sellers, which will enable the careful hostess to ascertain what wines ought to be procured, and at what prices. A word now as to the glasses and the serving of the wine. Clarets should always be served in large shallow, broad glasses. They should not be warmed before the fire, toasted, as is sometimes done, until all the aroma has been driven out, but served at a temperature of about seventy-five degrees. Moreover, the best way of warming claret is to stand the bottle upright in a deep pan full of hot water, until ten minutes before dinner, when it should be decanted. All wines should be brought up from the cellar in the morning of the dinner, stood upright all day, and decanted with that side uppermost which was in that position in the cellar. Wine-glasses cannot be too

thin and delicate in texture. The best claret will lose much of its delicacy of flavor if served in deep, thick glasses. The "dock-glass" of the wine-taster is the true model for the dinner-table.

As to champagne, there is a tradition in America which requires it to be very old and dry. The taste for very dry champagne is a British fancy, which admits of some argument, and calls for a little discussion. Champagne is an artificial product, which differs essentially from claret, a pure and natural juice of the grape, the fruit being simply stripped off their stalks and thrown into vats where their own weight expresses this juice, to which nothing is added. It is not so with champagne. Here, various grapes are blended and wines are mixed, candy-sugar and brandy artificially flavored are added at a later stage, and the wine is doctored to suit special markets and arbitrary tastes. To my mind, the demand for very dry champagne is, without doubt, an attempt to alter the character of sparkling wine, which by its very nature is sweet, the effervescence being due to fermentation of the excess of sugar. This wine has gone greatly out of fashion, as I have said before, and in Paris, London, and Vienna, champagne is no longer considered the best form. In these three leading cities of Europe, I feel impelled to relate that it is not served at any *chic* dinner, but has entirely

fallen to the domain of the *bourgeoisie*; and in America whiskey and water, curiously enough, is now perhaps the most common dinner drink of fashionable people. The wines especially suited to refined palates, and for hospitable entertainments of the higher class, are old Burgundies, red or white, very choice clarets, Tokay, and also old and mellowed Spanish wines. A good selection for a dinner is: Pontac de Reine (a Sauterne of the highest quality), La Couronne, 1878, Brayne-Cantenac, 1874, Léoville-Poyferré, 1875, and Château Palmer of 1880, in decanters, to be drunk with the table water. An excellent recipe for making a "bishop" (the best of all beverages to drink on a cold winter's night) may be cited: Stick a Seville orange all over with cloves and roast it before a slow fire, allowing the tops of the cloves to be slightly charred. Put equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace, and allspice, well pounded, with half a pound of sugar and the thin rind of an orange or lemon, into a small saucepan, add half a pint of water, and let the whole boil until reduced one half. Empty a bottle of claret into a perfectly clean glazed saucepan, and place it on the fire till the contents simmer. Add the roasted orange and the prepared spice; let the mixture stand on the hob for ten minutes, then pour it into a bowl, add sugar to taste, a little grated nutmeg, and just

before serving, fill a tablespoon with brandy, set it alight, and pour over the brew. Slips of dry toast or rusks should be served with it.

For those who are fond of gastronomical curiosities and who, when giving dinners, are always anxious to place some novelty in their *menu*, I may say that French culinary artists have decreed that in the future the chrysanthemum is to be eaten as a salad. The Japanese discovered long ago that, boiled with a clove, chrysanthemums are very palatable; but the leading Parisian *chefs* now serve them either raw, with mayonnaise sauce, or boil them and send them up to table in the guise of a vegetable. It appears that, arranged thus, they are perfectly delicious; and why should they not be so? For with the exception of a few directly poisonous plants, most flowers are edible. In Russia, exquisite salads are prepared of violets, and in Turkey fresh rose-leaves are served as dessert with powdered sugar and vanilla custard. Hop buds are eaten in Belgium, and thistles are not alone liked by those quadrupeds which from time immemorial have been exposed to unjust derision because their ears are ungracefully long and their voices somewhat the reverse of melodious. When carefully freed from their asperities, thistles can be cooked like spinach, and are the joy of epicures. A new salad called *Salade Duchesse* has been introduced in Paris of

late; and it is well qualified to arouse not only the admirer of what looks pretty, but the delight of those who prize above all things an eminently palatable dish. The description thereof will make my readers smile, as it seems fitter to be placed on Titania's banquet table than to be eaten by us poor mortals. To begin with, it is of all the colors of the rainbow, being arranged in layers of multicolored chrysanthemums, intermingled with light and dark violets, forget-me-nots, and rose petals. In the centre is a mound of pale-green mayonnaise dotted over with tiny orange blossoms, and the edge of the great crystal dish wherein this edible bouquet is disposed is lined with small white lettuce leaves, watercress and slices of white truffles intermingled with nasturtium blossoms. This salad is the greatest triumph achieved by cookery since the days when the pleasure of the eye began to be as carefully studied by true *gourmets* as that of the palate. It will probably take us some time to get accustomed to these floral dishes. But where is the man to be found who at first taste liked green oysters, caviar, or tabasco sauce?

Whilst speaking on the subject of *menus*, I ought to have said something about the much-vexed question of English *versus* French dinner *menus*. Sir Henry Thompson condemns all attempts to use English in the make-up of bills of fare, for the reason that the

introduction of certain indispensable French words would result in a sort of mongrel *patois*, but the reasoning is hardly logical. French is the language of cookery as Italian that of music and Latin that of medicine, yet no one expects our concert programmes to be translated bodily into Italian, or our doctors to address us in Latin. Let us rather regard the indispensable foreign words as children by adoption of our mother-tongue, and treat them as if our own. It would be a boon to many people whose knowledge of French is of a limited nature to have the *menu* written chiefly in English, especially when the writing is indistinct or when gilt lettering is used. The individual who sees *riz de veau* on his *menu* card and allows the dish to pass, not knowing that it is sweetbreads, feels intensely disgusted when he discovers that interesting fact too late. The only French words that must absolutely remain in use on our bills of fare are those for which there is no English equivalent, such as *entrée*, *purée*, *chaud froid*, *hors d'œuvre*, and the like. Nevertheless it must be confessed that a *menu* never sounds well in any language but French; and when the present Emperor of Germany, actuated by an overweening access of patriotism, gave orders to the effect that all court *menus* should be written in German, he found to his cost that the plan did not work very well. This idea of his sent

all aristocratic Europe into fits of laughter, for the *menu* did look very silly when translated; and the young monarch, seeing the error of his ways, repealed his edict, with the gratifying result that the *menus* of the Berlin court have ceased to be Europe's laughing-stock.

CHAPTER XV

TACT AND CHIC

TACT is a word most difficult to define. The best of French dictionaries describes it as "delicacy, or delicacy of judgment," and that in my humble opinion comes nearest to the true interpretation of the quality. It is one which is indispensable to every-day life and the absence of which gives rise to boundless misery, while its possession may be regarded as forming one of the principal ingredients of the happiness and welfare of humanity. Lack of tact has served to reduce to ruin many a noble and grand career, and to bring obloquy upon the most upright of characters; while its presence has served to counterbalance serious defects, and not only to successfully cloak moral shortcomings, but even to render them tolerable, for tact implies kindness of heart, and to those possessing the latter we are always inclined to accord indulgence. A woman devoid of tact is like a flower without perfume. She may be beautiful, graceful, highly educated, talented, but if she lacks this emi-

nently feminine virtue, her moral contact is not pleasant, for she is bound to place her *entourage* in many an embarrassing situation. Tact might be likened to that golden key which opened every door of Haroun al Raschid's palace ; and it undoubtedly facilitates every social relation and endears those possessed of it to all who meet them.

Napoleon III., for instance, a man whose private life was far from being above reproach, and whose unfortunate surroundings brought disaster upon his house and upon his country, was the most kind-hearted, and at the same time the most tactful, of men, and it was not by his statesmanship nor yet by his conduct, but solely by his extraordinary tact, that he was able to conquer the strong prejudices that had been formed against him by Queen Victoria, by the late Czar and his consort, and by so many of the reigning families of Europe. There are many instances that could be recounted in illustration of his marvellous tact, but the following will probably suffice. At one of the court balls of the Tuileries, a gallant colonel while waltzing lost his footing and brought himself and his partner to the ground almost at the feet of the Emperor. "*Madame,*" remarked the latter, as he assisted the lady to rise, "*c'est la deuxième fois que je vois tomber le colonel. La première fois c'était sur le champ de bataille*

de Solferino" (It is the second time that I have seen the colonel fall. The first time it was on the battlefield of Solferino). That was an exquisite piece of tact and kindly consideration, for it was calculated to raise the colonel in the eyes of his fair partner, and to dispel the sentiments of mortification and humiliation which he would naturally feel on account of his awkwardness. But displays of tact such as these are not necessarily limited to speech. Sometimes the very avoidance of any utterance constitutes tact. Few people had more cause to appreciate this than old Baron Schaeffer, who for so many years represented Austria at Washington. The baron, it may be remembered, returned home and handed in his resignation in consequence of a blunder which he had committed here by communicating a strictly confidential despatch intended for his own secret information to the American Secretary of State. This mistake for a time seriously affected the relations between Austria and the United States. Yet never a word of reproach did the old baron receive from Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs. "It was all my fault," Baron Schaeffer used to say, in discussing the matter with his friends; "but Count Kalnoky possessed far too exquisite a degree of tact to tell me so." Tact is not necessarily restricted to persons of ancient or of

high breeding and lofty rank. The seaman on the deck of a steamer, or the porter at a railroad station, who discreetly turns away his face so as not to appear to intrude upon our grief in parting from those near and dear to us, or upon our joy in welcoming them again, displays just as much delicate tact as did either Napoleon III. or Count Kalnoky in the two instances quoted. Where could one find more courtier-like tact than in that H-less mayor of a small English provincial town, who on the occasion of royalty attending a ball at the Mansion House in London, having received a smiling warning from the Princess of Wales that her children were just recovering from the measles and that he must therefore beware in dancing the quadrille with her, gallantly responded with a low bow that he was not afraid and that he would be delighted to take anything from "so charming a source"? Some of my readers will probably be surprised to see me include tact in the chapters in this little guide-book of a *mondaine*. My excuse for so doing will be found in my introductory remarks; namely, that to be beautiful, a woman must also be happy and comfortable as well as healthy, and a tactless person cannot be either completely happy or in any way comfortable.

CHIC

There is no word in the entire French language which has been subjected to so much misconstruction as the one which figures at the head of this paragraph. Its use is by no means confined to the French, for it is current at Berlin, Vienna, and London. One finds it in Webster's Dictionary, and it has even been adopted by Oriental people. Yet few seem to understand its true meaning. Webster tells us that it stands for good form and style, which, with all due reverence to so eminent an authority, is altogether wrong. At Vienna and Berlin it serves to describe articles of raiment, that savor rather of the *grands couturiers* at Paris than of the native *modistes*; while in London it is not only used in the same sense, but also as a synonym for "smart" and "swagger." What *chic* really means is not style, form, nor fashion, so called, but originality combined with correct taste, and a complete absence of affectation; therefore the use of the word should by no means be confined simply to dress or outward appearance. Thus, when the French became aware of the circumstances in connection with Marshal MacMahon's resignation of the Presidency in 1879, both friend and foe were unanimous in declaring that the gallant old soldier had acted with

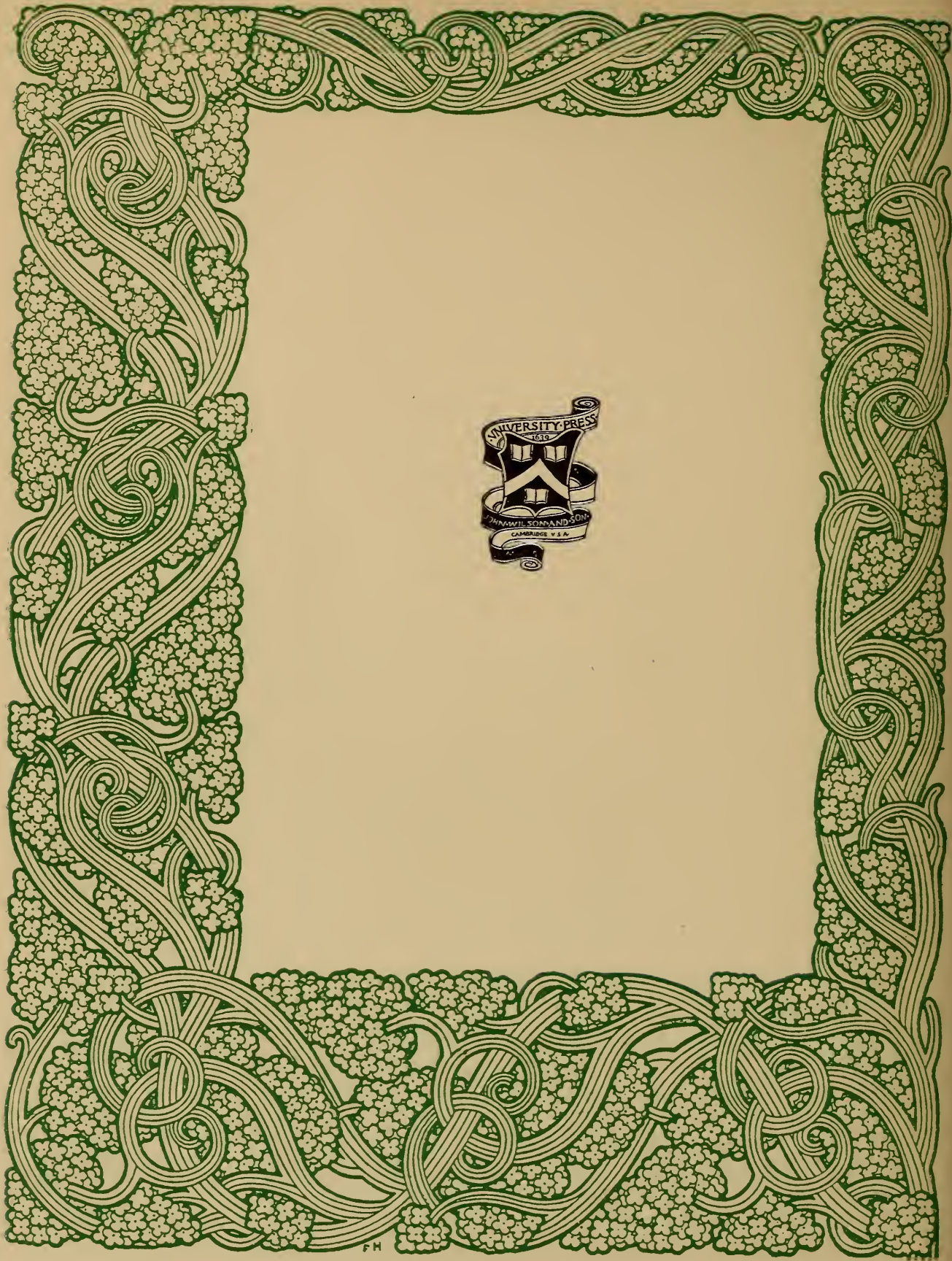
an immense amount of *chic*. It was very *chic* in their opinion for him to have preferred to resign the chief magistracy of the republic with all its advantages rather than affix his signature to a measure passed by the legislature which injuriously affected the welfare and the status of his old comrades on the list of generals. It was very *chic*, too, for him to have spent so much of his private fortune in maintaining the dignity of his office as President of the French Republic that after his resignation he was forced to sell half of his handsome town-house, and a considerable portion of his property in the provinces, in order to restore the equilibrium of his finances. Both things were done without a word, without a murmur, modestly, naturally, and without the slightest trace of affectation. And if the gallant and honest old soldier spent the latter part of his life in somewhat straitened circumstances, he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that he had furnished his countrymen with a true and attractive illustration of the real meaning of the word *chic*.

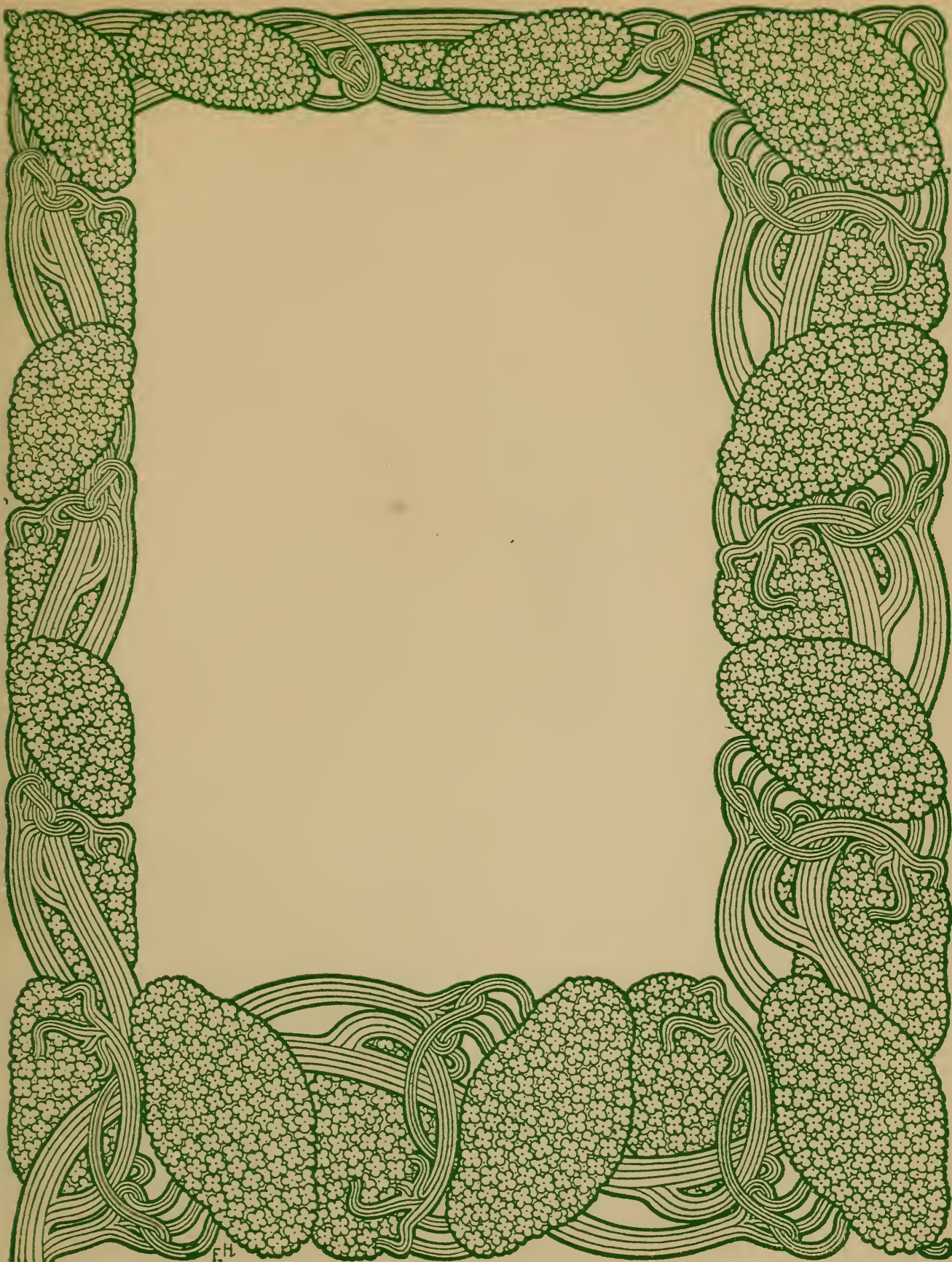
One of the best living illustrations of the word *chic* is Princess Pauline Metternich. She is *chic* to the tips of her shapely fingers, in thought, speech, dress, manner, conduct, and appearance. She is *chic* because, she is so original, so unaffected, and yet tasteful in everything she does. No person who follows a fashion

servilely, or who seeks to shape his or her ways in accordance with those of any particular example or model, can lay claim to being *chic*. For in order to possess *chic*, it is necessary to have a well-defined character of one's own, with qualities, ay, and defects as well, that are peculiarly one's own.

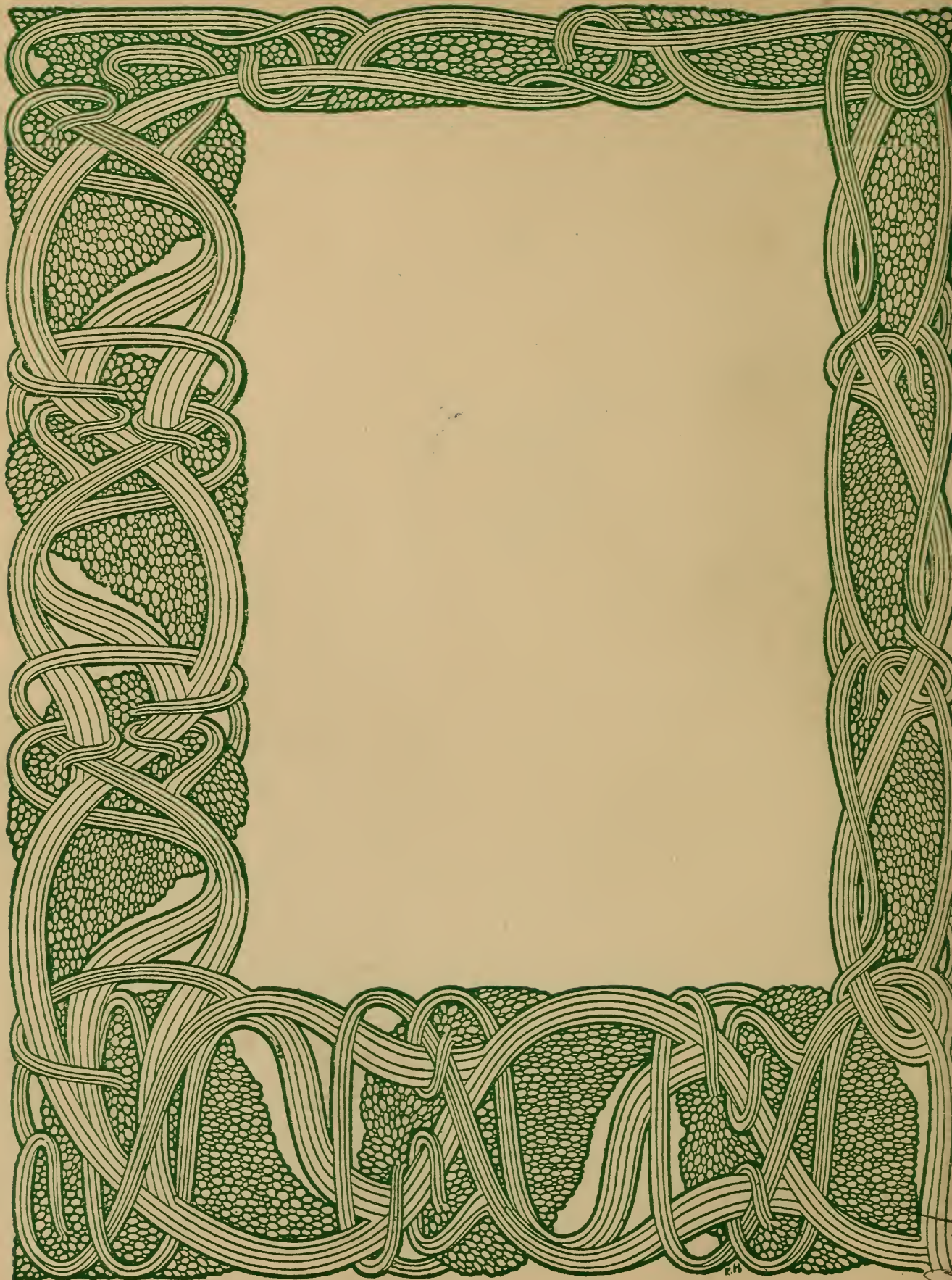
Chic and tact are two qualities which come naturally and are difficult to acquire. I have often seen children possess them to a very marked degree; for they are more or less the result of good blood and good breeding. Whilst on the subject of children I may as well say a few words about the little creatures who form so integral a part of every true womanly heart. In my opinion it is by no means necessary that our offspring should be tortured at an early age with too much study, and I am confident that it is far better for them to begin their education late. What is of great importance, however, is to instil into them from the very cradle the principles of honor, loyalty, and good breeding, which will make them later true gentlemen and ladies. This sort of education cannot begin too soon, as bad habits when once formed are more difficult to uproot than the toughest of weeds in a rocky soil. They should be taught especially courtesy to inferiors, good table manners, and a quiet and modest demeanor. Nothing is more obnoxious than the pertinacious, self-possessed,

not to say impudent child, who seems one of the worst products of our *fin-de-siècle* epoch. Children are now sometimes only little old people who apparently have been born at eighty, knowing everything, and with all the bloom rubbed off from their little persons. The old French saying of "*Rien n'est sacré pour un sappeur*" (There is nothing sacred in the eyes of a sapper), may be applied with tenfold force to the modern child. They are generally devoid of any real feeling of respect and submission to their parents and elders. This lack of diffidence, which in America is called "cheek," is extremely painful to witness in babies and young children; for it is a pity to see them literally recoiling at nothing. They inflict their company unbidden in their mother's drawing-room on her reception day; they crook their elbows in raising soup to their mouths; they sample tea or coffee with a spoon; they break the shell of their boiled egg in a most repulsive manner, or else turn out the entire egg in a glass or cup; and after making therewith what is commonly called "parrot-soup," they swallow it with a most disagreeable smacking of the lips. It would take me too long to enumerate the various shortcomings of the *fin-de-siècle* child, and also the remedies which I could think of, and I will do so at a future time, as it is a question which interests me deeply.

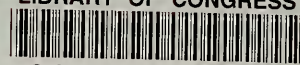




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